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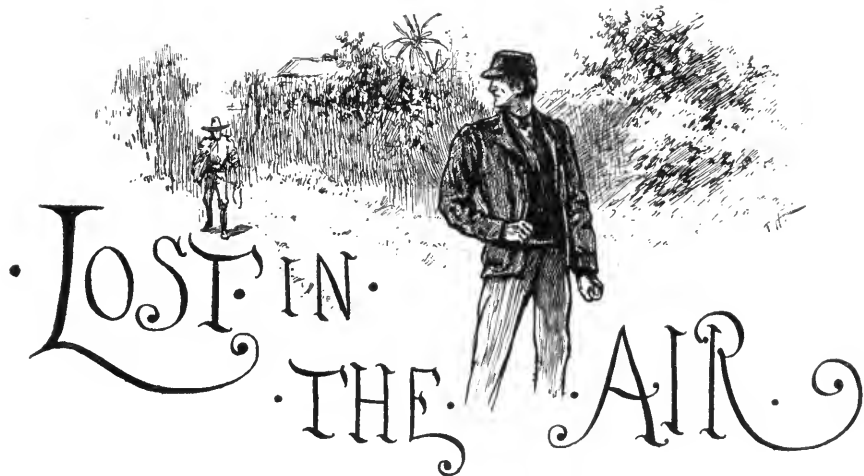
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"UP WENT THE BALLOON."

(See page 231.)



FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGÈNE MOUTON.



ON his return from Cochin China, where France had not then set foot, one of my friends came to dine with me one day, as well as Congourdan, the captain of the corsair *La Bonne Mère*. As usual, the new arrival took the lead in the conversation. He described the manners of the Siamese, and, in due course, came to the strange and horrible punishments which, as everybody knows, are among the most marked peculiarities of this very remarkable people.

When a subject of this kind is introduced into a conversation, you know how difficult it is to drive it away—a sort of mysterious attraction always brings it back again. I did my best to give a gayer turn to our table talk, but I only succeeded in still further exciting the orator. In despair, I had recourse to the worthy captain, who, silently smoking his cigar, appeared to be listening with deep attention.

“What do you say to those charming traits of national character, captain?” I asked. “Aren’t those stories horrible enough to drive the hearers into a lunatic asylum? To listen to them, and see what human creatures can be made to suffer at the hands of their fellows, makes me think that it would be better to fall into the clutches of a gorilla or a monster octopus, as you have done, than into the grip of a man!”

“You are right,” he replied; “*I’ve* bought that knowledge at a heavy price.”

“You have fallen into the hands of the Siamese?”

“No; into the hands of one of my enemies. But, white as he was, he treated me in such a way that your Siamese and Cochin Chinese tortures are mere ticklings in comparison with what he made me suffer.”

The surprise and interest I felt in all that concerned the captain’s adventure made me wholly forget that I was trying to turn the conversation into a livelier channel, and I could not help saying, pressingly, “Tell us about it,” to which he replied:—

“My dear friend, you cannot imagine what the life of a sailor is. It is not only the accidents of the sea he has to count with. You make a good passage—all goes well; you don’t so much as break a hawser; you land your cargo—not a bale damaged. You reload and put your bill of lading in your pocket. Good back freight, good crew. You pat yourself on the chest, and say: ‘Marius, my boy, you’ve done a winning stroke of business.’

“Oh! it always comes upon you when and from where you least expect it! A tile, as big as a house, falls crash upon your head. That’s just what happened to me at Mobile, about eight o’clock one fine November morning, and you’ll see whether I could have been on the look-out for it.

“My vessel was at the lading-quay. I

went on shore over a single plank, almost always alone; for my crew, with the exception of two men, to keep watch, were about in the city or its neighbourhood. It was not too hot; it wanted two hours of breakfast time, and I said to myself:—

“Suppose you go and see the consignee?”

“This gentleman, who was a Marseillais, and whom I knew well, lived about half a league out of the city. The way to his house was along the river on a well-kept road, shaded with trees and bordered by country houses and gardens.

“I had gone about a third of the way without having seen anybody besides a sort of red-headed giant, dressed as a hunter, who had followed me out of the city. He passed me once or twice, then fell back, then advanced again. These tactics were beginning to annoy me, because, in that country, as you know, one must always be upon one’s guard. Continuing my way, and without seeming to do it purposely, I turned round and looked at him, at the same time moving my hand towards my revolver and glancing at my belt, to see that my knife was within easy reach.

“I had not time to raise my head, my dear friend, before I was stretched upon the ground like an ox, half strangled by a lasso which the scoundrel had thrown over my head. I put up my hands to save my throat; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he dragged me into a garden, the gate of which slammed to behind him, and I became unconscious.

“When I recovered my senses, I was seated in a chair, my arms and legs free, in the midst of a garden filled with flowers. Before me stood a group of evil-looking men, foremost amongst whom I recognised a tall rascal of an American sailor who, three years earlier, had almost caused my crew to break into mutiny. But I had made him pay dearly for his freak, by first giving him the wet and then the dry hold.

“You don’t know what the wet hold means? You are lashed along a spar, then drawn by a pulley up to one end of the main-yard, from which height you are three times dropped into

the sea and hauled under the ship’s keel. For the dry hold, you are three times made to drop upon the deck.

“He had begged and prayed, and thrown himself upon his knees before me, like a child; but I never go back on my word. When he came out of the water the third time, he was mad with fear and anger. When they began to haul him up for the dry hold, his yells were so frightful as to make the whole crew shudder—I even saw some of them inclined to snivel; but I looked at them, and *that* didn’t last long, I tell you! Then he uttered such threats against me as I have never heard in all my life. As you may suppose, I merely shrugged my shoulders—but that did not prevent my keeping a close eye upon him all the rest of the voyage, during which he did his work without incurring any further punishment.

“At the end of the passage, when we landed at Havre, he came very respectfully, hat in hand, to settle his account; but, when he had signed a receipt and pocketed his money, he clapped his hat upon his head and, seizing my hand, said to me:—

“Now that you have no more power over



“BEFORE ME STOOD A GROUP OF EVIL-LOOKING MEN.”

me, captain, if you will take a word of advice from me, you will pray to your Virgin never to let me meet with you out of France !'

"That said, he walked away, darting at me the glances of a rattlesnake.

"I was not much disquieted by this threat,



"NEVER LET ME MEET WITH YOU OUT OF FRANCE!"

though I determined to bear it in mind, knowing that he was quite capable of carrying it into execution. But, in the long run, one forgets things, and I ceased to remember him, though I had written conspicuously on the cover of my log-book, on the front page of my pocket-book, and on the outside of my case of charts : 'Beware of the American.' So that, on seeing him before me surrounded by his pals, I was astonished only at one thing—to find myself still living ; but I quite understood that that fact did not go for much.

" 'Captain Marius Congourdan,' he asked, smiling like a demon, 'do you remember me?'

" 'Enough of that,' I replied. , 'You want to assassinate me—do it out of hand. But you are a coward and I despise you—and you don't make me fear you in the least.'

"I rose, with the intention of advancing up to them, but felt myself held back, and then perceived that I was fastened by a leathern belt and a long rope to an enormous balloon secured by four ropes to as many trees.

" 'Wretches !' I cried, 'at least you are not going to hang me ?—it is only thieves or traitors that are hanged, and all that I have done in this world has been done openly and boldly !'

"The American advanced a step and replied to me :—

" 'Captain Congourdan, the punishment which is about to be inflicted on you is of my invention, and does not in any way resemble the penalties known on earth. For three years I have suffered by your order and unjustly, for I was innocent. I have spent days and nights trying to invent a torture by which I could bring you to death through sufferings unknown in the history of man's ferocity ; at length I have discovered *this !*'

"And he pointed to the balloon.

" 'You need not trouble yourself to explain your purpose,' I said. 'You are angry with me—you have me in your power, and I cannot defend myself. Ah !—thousand millions of

thunders !—if I only had you for five minutes on the deck of *Bonne Mère*, you and your crew of ruffians !'

"To this outbreak he paid no heed whatever, but bowed his head as if in an effort to concentrate his thoughts.

" 'In the first place,' he said, 'understand that, in what I am going to do to you, I shall be carrying out a sentence regularly pronounced on you in accordance with lynch law. The men you see about you are American citizens, my friends, and it is in virtue of the verdict found by them that you are going to be punished.

" 'As I wish you, if it be possible, to exhaust the measure of what a man may suffer,' he went on, 'you must be made to know in advance what is going to happen to you. Do not be afraid of dying too quickly. You just now asked whether we were going to hang you. Bah ! that would be mere child's play ! I might have had you broken up limb by limb, flogged to death, or inflicted on you one of those Chinese punishments, the mere recital of which makes one feel all goose-flesh ; but that would not have satisfied me, and I have found something better. Without shedding a drop of your blood, without touching a hair of your head, I am going to make you pass through terrors and agonies unheard-of in the history of human suffering !'

"'I am not afraid of pain,' I said; 'no living man can boast of ever having made me fear him, and that honour will not be yours, scoundrel that you are!'

"To tell the truth, my dear friend, I felt my heart sinking. He appeared to be so sure of his purpose, and the balloon had about it something so strange and mysterious, that, in spite of myself, I changed colour. He perceived this, and I saw in his face a smile of infernal satisfaction.

"'Perhaps you'll be better able to judge as to that presently,' he said. 'To assist you, I'll describe to you some of the torments you will have to pass through on your way to death. You will be slung by a stout belt of buffalo-hide beneath a balloon filled with gas. Shortly, when I give the word, the four ropes by which it is held will be detached, and it will rise, carrying you away with it into the air. It will continue to mount until, distended by the reduction of atmospheric pressure, it will burst and let you fall from a height of fifteen or twenty thousand feet.

"'You will first feel your feet lifted from the ground, then sweep the points of the grass. Your arms and legs will agitate in space, and your body will swing over the abyss growing from moment to moment deeper and deeper. You will feel yourself drawn into and absorbed by the void: terror, cold, stifling agony, will hold you for long hours suspended between all that there may be most terrifying in life and death! Now you are going to start! But, first, we'll walk you about for a few seconds, to enable you to take leave of the earth. Look well at these trees, these flowers, this beautiful country, and, more than all, at this green sward, on which it is so pleasant to tread: in a few moments you will have quitted all that—and you will never see it again!'

"At a sign made by him, four men detached the ropes holding the balloon to the trees, and all, keeping their distance, began to move away slowly. A sudden jerk threw me off my balance, but I was held up by the cord by which I was fastened to the machine.

"Then began a scene, the mere memory of which makes the flesh creep on my bones. In the movement given to the balloon, it rose and fell, making the cord which sustained me now too short, now too long, now taking me off my feet, now causing my knees to bend under me, then jerking me up into the air miserably, like a marionette at the end of a string, the monsters who were inflicting this torture on me laughing all the time till their sides ached.

"Seeing this, I had for a moment an idea that the whole proceeding was nothing more than a bad joke, and that when they were tired of it, they would let me go; but the face of the American did not long allow me to deceive myself.

"It expressed demoniacal enjoyment. His panting breath hissed through his rapidly opening and closing nostrils, and sounds like the half-stifled roars of a wild beast issued from his compressed lips. When he had gloated on the sight long enough, he cried in a loud voice: 'Stop!'

"The four men halted, and I regained my feet. He then called to one of the gang, who brought him a big bottle, a large piece of roast beef, and a loaf of bread in a net bag. Two men held me by the arms, while a third fastened the bag to my belt.

"'As I don't know how long you will take to die,' he said, 'I should be sorry to leave you to expire of hunger and thirst; here you will find food and drink for three days. By the way, don't hope to make yourself drunk: the bottle only contains water with a little brandy in it, sufficient to keep up your strength and prolong your existence. Now you have half an hour to think of your spiritual affairs; that over, your sentence will be carried out.'

"I cannot describe to you, and you cannot imagine, my dear friend, the horrors of that half-hour! At length, he looked at his watch.

"'Let go one rope,' he cried. Then, after a pause, which seemed to me not more than the fraction of a second, he shouted again, 'Another! Another!'

"Held now only by a single rope, the balloon began to sway, but was held down by four strong men. Then, as if to enjoy my agony for the last time, the American came slowly towards me with one of his gang. He placed himself in front of me so near as almost to touch me. I could easily have seized and strangled him, but I said to myself:—

"'Who knows?—there is still, perhaps, a spark of pity in his heart; if I make a gesture, he has but one word to say.' He said it!

"Suddenly, as if moved by a spring, he raised his head, flashed at me a glance of triumph, made a sign for the rope to be released, and said to me, with a laugh that could only be uttered by a demon:—

"'Good voyage to you, Captain Marius Congourdan—we are now quits!'

"'Not yet!' I cried; and seizing him by the hand, I carried him up with me. My American struggled, tried to force open my



"LIKE A MARIONETTE AT THE END OF A STRING."

fingers, but found the attempt to be useless, and as the balloon was rising, was only able to clutch the hand of the friend who, as I told you, was at his side. But the balloon dragged him upwards. Fastened as I was by the waist-belt, the weight of these two men caused me to hang with my head downwards and my feet in the air. But that position, awkward as it was, gave me the free use of my two hands, and I seized him with my other hand. He could do nothing, and hung between the friend he was holding and myself, who would not let him go.

"'Courage, Marius!' I said to myself; 'so long as you hold on, the balloon will not mount far, and there may be time for help to arrive!'

"At that moment I heard a frightful crash on the side of the garden gate—the wooden barrier flew into splinters, and a dozen of my sailors, led by my little cabin boy, Bénoni, dashed across the flower-beds. But the balloon swayed upwards so much that the friend, feeling ground no longer under his feet, cried to the American, 'I must leave you.'

"As he spoke he opened his hand, but the other gripped it only the more tightly.

"'Let go, or I'll cut your hand away!' cried the friend, at the same time drawing a keen-edged bowie knife, and slashing at the American's fingers, which instantly relaxed their hold, and the balloon, lightened by a hundred and fifty pounds weight, took flight. All this needed only a few seconds to enact. When my sailors came up, the balloon was yet not more than fifty feet from the ground, and, as the rope was thirty feet long to which I was fastened and the American was hanging below me, we were only a few feet out of reach. But I was beyond assistance, and could only call out to my men: 'Good-bye, lads!'

"Up, up went the balloon. Below me I saw my sailors turn for a moment, mad with rage, to the spot whence the balloon had mounted; then, like a troop of tigers, they dashed upon the gang of scoundrels, who, with their noses in the air, were thinking only of the American.

"In spite of the frightful position in which I was placed, I could see the whole of

the two parties gathered as if into a black ball, out of which issued a dozen pistol-shots. But I had other things to think of. I still clutched the American with both hands. The wretch writhed like a shark on a hook, and roared frightfully. But it was all of no use; no power in the world could make me quit my hold on him: my hands were riveted to his.

"'Mercy! mercy!' he cried.

"'Mercy? You are a nice fellow, to ask mercy of *me*! I shall let you go—but not just yet. Do you understand what I mean by that?'

"'Save me, and I will save you! Hold me by my wounded hand, and leave the other free. I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make a rent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"You must be hanging five hundred feet in the air to realize what one feels on hearing that word 'earth'! In a moment I seized his left hand and let go the other. He drew his revolver and fired. But we had not taken into account the swaying of the balloon, which was untouched, and went on mounting higher and higher.

He let his revolver fall, and again seized me with his freed hand; not a moment too soon, for the blood of his wounded hand was gradually making it slip through my grip.

"'Captain,' he cried, wild with terror, 'in the name of your eternal salvation, do not let go of me!'

"'Not let go of you?' I replied. 'Do you think I am going to hold on to you in this way to the hour of my death? What I am already suffering in my arms, my shoulders, my back, no tongue can tell, and if my hands had not been fixed like claws

of iron, they would long ago have opened. For the past ten minutes the blood has been settling in my brain and eyes and I have been in a sort of dream, that will tell you that, at any moment now, you will have to make the plunge. You have behaved very badly to me—but I was too severe, unjust perhaps towards you. You have avenged yourself, and I am doing the same—and we are both going to die. I can only hold you a few seconds longer—do you repent?'

"'No!' he hissed, through his clenched teeth.

"'Well,' I gasped, '*I* repent of what I did to you; as for what you have done to me, I forgive you for it.'

"'Congourdan,' he said, raising his eyes towards me, 'I also forgive you—and may God save you!'

"My hands opened—he uttered a shriek—and I saw him go down, turning over in the void, like a bale of merchandise thrown into the sea.

"Down to that point I had remained conscious of my situation, though I had begun to feel dizzy, owing to the flow of blood into my head; but, on returning to an upright posture, I felt like a drunken man become sobered. But, then!—but, then! Hanging, face downwards, by my belt, I could have sworn that the earth was above me! I stretched out my hands—my feet, in a mad effort to clutch it—to hold on to it!

"At the same moment, something more terrible still, perhaps, happened to me. Whether it was owing to a rising of the wind, or to the lightening of the balloon by the fall of the American, I began to feel a rolling movement, becoming more and more violent, till my body swayed backwards and forwards over a space of fifty or sixty feet. Every time I reached the highest point, there was a jerk



"DOWN!"

which nearly broke my back, and I said to myself, 'The rope will break!' And, indeed, I do not know why it did not snap asunder. As often as I felt the upward sway beginning, I shut my eyes, and murmured: 'It's all over!'

"How long this went on I cannot tell you, for after awhile I lost consciousness—happily, for otherwise I should have gone mad.

"My first sensation, on coming to, was a feeling of extraordinary refreshment. I involuntarily raised my hands to my face, and, on withdrawing them, found them filled with blood, which was escaping from my mouth, nose, and ears. Doubtless this bleeding had relieved my head, for I regained complete consciousness. I could no longer see the earth, and was floating smoothly through an atmosphere of unbroken cloud, as if I had been on board my ship in the midst of a thick mist.

"With the recovery of my senses, I began to think of all that I could possibly do in my situation. First I noticed that my girdle had shifted considerably below my waist, and that fact suggested to me the idea that I might be able to get it still lower into such a position that, by clinging to the rope to which it was attached, I might turn it into a seat. After many efforts, I succeeded in achieving this change of posture, and so obtaining enormous bodily relief. My spirits rose and, after resting for a while, I said to myself:—

"'Courage, Marius! you'll be able to save yourself after all, perhaps! You have got a seat, instead of being hung. None of your bones are broken; you have a stout rope between your hands—and a sailor can do many things with a rope. You don't want for food, and—talking of victuals and drink, a moment, just now, would be well spent in tasting the contents of your wallet.'

"A quarter of an hour later, after having eaten a good lump of roast beef, washed down with three or four mouthfuls of grog, I had recovered my usual *sang-froid*. Looking up at the balloon above me, I said to myself:—

"'You'll do nothing by staying down here at the end of a rope that is bound to break under you, sooner or later.'

"I tried to draw myself up to the balloon, hand over hand; but it was beyond my exhausted powers. Half-a-dozen times I repeated the endeavour, but vainly; and the last time, my remains of strength suddenly deserted me. I lost courage—relaxed my hold, and fell back, groaning:—

"'I'm done for!'

"If, unluckily, my legs had been straightened out, I should have slipped through the belt, and all would have been over; fortunately, they were hooked at the knees, and the shock which I sustained when they caught in it told me that I was not yet lost.

"As you may imagine, my dear friend, I did not allow myself to remain long in that position: in a very few moments I regained my sitting posture.

"'Thousand thunders, no!' I said to myself, after resting awhile, 'it shall never be said that Captain Marius Congourdan lost his life through being unable to swarm up 30ft. of rope. But what you have first to do is to recover some of your strength, and then to find some means of resting on the road, while you are hauling yourself up hand over hand.' That problem posed me; for I could see no possible way of refastening my belt to the rope higher up with less than the use of three hands.

"I believe I fairly howled with rage on coming to this conclusion; I even went so far as to seize the maddening rope in my teeth and to dig my whole thirty-two ivory nippers into it. Miracle! I had found a third hand in my jaws.

"I lost not a moment in setting to work. I advanced gently: one, two, a grip of my teeth; then, letting the rope go with both hands, I untied the knot at my belt, drew in the slack, and, as well as I could, re-tied the rope, of which there was now three feet less above me. I then resumed my sitting posture and rested a bit.

"Three times I repeated this operation, and, at last, found myself hanging only two feet below the cords of the net—near enough to seize hold of them. I gripped one of them, and in a few moments was touching the balloon. In that position I felt almost reassured, and began really to hope that I should be able to save myself; the solid machine, which hid a portion of the sky above me, seemed like a sheltering roof.

"I scratched with my nails the material of which the balloon was made, and found it much stronger than I had imagined it to be; it was coated with a hard varnish, and was so tightly stretched that it was impossible to make any impression on its surface.

"'The thing to be done now, is to make this big ball descend,' I said to myself; 'but how?' More than ten times in succession I repeated, as a way of encouraging myself, the words of the American: 'I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make



"I GRIPPED ONE OF THEM."

a vent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth !'

"I repeated those words like a madman ! Oh ! once again to see trees, flowers, houses, men ! to feel gravel crunch under my feet ! Ah ! my poor ship, my *Bonne Mère*—to be once more on her deck, in fair weather, at sunrise—my crew lying right and left of me and singing gaily, while I, lounging on my quarter-deck, with a good cigar between my lips, hum some little Marseillais air. 'Ah ! though I have to tear it open with my teeth, I must—however I do it—make an opening in that great bag of gas !'

"I plunged my right hand into one of my pockets and drew forth my knife—a dagger-knife, with a blade sharp enough and strong enough to rip open a rhinoceros : I opened it and plunged it into the balloon. Misery ! I struck the point against one of the knots in the netting—the blade snapped and fell into space, leaving the handle in my grasp. For a

few moments I felt petrified, then, seized with despair, I was strongly inclined to release my hold and so, at once, put an end to my sufferings.

"But I am not a man to give in so easily as that. I soon regained my courage, and searched amongst all the objects I had about me for something with which to pierce the balloon. I broke a franc-piece between my teeth ; but it was not pointed enough. For a moment I thought of breaking my bottle and using the foot of it for a knife ; but I reflected that I should deprive myself of the drink which had sustained me, and of which I might still have need.

"After once more vainly searching in all my pockets, with a feeling of despair, I passed my hand round my waist-band and felt a sharp prick in one of my fingers—the buckle of my trousers ! With an almost frantic movement I tore it from the band to which it was attached, and found that it had three sharp prongs. These I plunged into the balloon as high as I could reach. Three hisses burst from it, swelling into a whistle like that of a blacksmith's forge. The balloon had begun to empty itself ! To say that it began to descend was more than I knew, for it did not seem to change its position in the least. At the end of a few minutes, however, I felt positively that the cold was diminishing, and that I could breathe more freely.

"A fresh uneasiness overtook me. The material of which the balloon was made was rent, and the slit was perceptibly growing longer and longer.

"If that goes on,' I said to myself, 'the balloon will open from bottom to top, and you and it will fall in a mass !'

"Fortunately, the meshes of the net afforded me a little hope, for on reaching the cord the opening appeared to stop. That calmed me somewhat, and I took advantage of the relief to look below me.

"I assure you, my dear friend, if I had not been in such a cruel position, I should have thought the spectacle which met my eyes one of the most beautiful a man could look upon. All about me was brilliant sunlight, unbroken by the least speck of mist. Beneath me—three or four hundred feet—rolled a sea of clouds, half black, half fire-red, as if I had been descending into a blazing coal-furnace. In a few minutes we reached it and were enveloped in a mist, first white, then grey, then nearly black ; then I heard a dull, booming sound, and felt a furious gust of wind ; then came a frightful

burst of lightning and thunder, with torrents of rain and hail, the stones as big as pigeons' eggs. One flash of lightning passed through another, so that I could see as plainly as in broad daylight.

"I was horribly alarmed, as you may easily imagine; and yet, when I think of what I then saw, when I recall how I was

and *Aves*, I sang Marseillais songs, I flung my limbs about as if I had been dancing. Alas! my good friend, my joy was not to last long!

"I felt a burning and powerful wind, and concluded from that that the balloon would be carried swiftly before it. Looking at the sun, which was getting low, I saw that we



"A FRIGHTFUL BURST OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER."

dazzled by those morsels of ice illuminated by the lightning-flashes, falling like a shower of inflamed pearls and diamonds, I wish I could see it all again—but not from the cords of a balloon.

"The thunderstorm lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then gradually subsided, the clouds becoming every moment lighter. A warm breath of wind shook the balloon and turned it round; the mist grew thinner and thinner, and, by degrees, as through a gauze veil, I perceived beneath me an immense stretch of green and yellow—it was the earth!"

Here the captain, as if suffocated with emotion, paused, his big eyes rolling and his lips quivering. Tears came into my eyes as I took his trembling hands in mine and wrung them heartily.

"Thanks!" he said: "I well know that you love me. You fancy I was now at the end of my sufferings? Ah! listen!

"At sight of the earth, I went out of my senses. I shouted, I wept, I recited *Paters*

were going towards the north-west. I was making these observations when, twice, in rapid succession, a 'Sligh! sligh!' and, looking up, saw with alarm that the rent I had made in the balloon had increased over the space of two meshes of the net, and had become at least a foot and a half long. This discovery filled me with apprehension of the machine descending too rapidly. Against that there was no remedy—I could only trust to fortune, and pray that Providence would not, after all, abandon me.

"On we whirled. The space below me changed colour: one part became a pale and unbroken plain of blue; another a dark green streaked with deep yellow or light brown. I comprehended that the blue part was the sea, the other the land. The balloon gave a fresh 'sligh!' followed speedily by two more!

"The sounds sent a thrill of terror through me, but, on looking up and seeing the increased rent, I only said: 'Split if you must; I can do no more!' But I still hoped

that we might reach the ground before the rent extended from bottom to top. At the rate at which we were being sent along, the end of the voyage could not be far off ; for I felt my beard and whiskers lifted by the air through which we were driven. Every moment the colours beneath became more positive—every moment objects separated themselves from the plain. Ah !—a mountain !—a wood !—a rock !—a prairie !—a lake ! The lake grew wider—wider ; trees sprang up on the borders of it—became enormous. The balloon descended towards it—lower, lower. A flight of birds sped across the water. Sounds came up from the earth—the cry of beasts. The wind made the balloon deviate a little from its course, and it was so violent as nearly to prevent my breathing.

“On, on, we are whirled. We are not more than sixty feet from the water ! The wind grows stronger, we fly more quickly ; but the gas is escaping, the balloon is splitting—is falling, lower and lower ; we are within thirty feet of the water ! Another

thirty feet and we shall touch the shore ; twenty feet more and I am in the water ! A furious gust raises the balloon a few feet ; one more—and I am saved !

“The gust exhausted itself. The balloon continued to descend, the wind driving it to within two paces of the shore at the foot of a ledge of rock. I drew my body out of my belt and, swinging myself with my hands, dropped into the water, swam to the rock and clutched hold of it. I was saved !”

“And then——?” I said.

“Then?” he answered, crossing his arms, “that’s a nice question ! What more do you want me to tell you ? I should have thought that what I have told you was enough for one dose of goose-flesh !”

“No doubt, no doubt. What I want to learn is, how you got back to Mobile ?”

“How ?—can’t anybody with a tongue in his head get from anywhere to Rome ? The proof of it is that, by one means and another, I finished by finding my way ; and, by the same token, here I am ! What is there to be said against that ?”



The King and Queen of Denmark.

BY MARY SPENCER-WARREN.



CHRISTIAN IX., King of Denmark, born on April 8th, 1818, married Louisa, daughter of the late Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse, a niece of the late Christian VIII., and also of the late Duchess of Cambridge, being born on September 7th, 1817. He succeeded to the throne on November 15th, 1863. Six children have been born to their Majesties: Frederick, the Crown Prince, the Princess of Wales, George I., King of Greece, the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince Valdemar. They were all born with more than the average share of good looks, and the fortunate way the King and Queen married off their children is proverbial. Our Princess of Wales has been with us so long now, and has so fully established herself in the hearts of the people, that anything appertaining to her early home cannot fail to be read with appreciative interest. Hence, I gladly undertook the somewhat tedious journey to Copenhagen, having the King's gracious permission to explore and photograph his palaces.

The present Royal residence, Amalienborg, consists of four small palaces, which were bought by King Christian VII., in 1794, after Christiansborg was destroyed by fire. One of these palaces contains what is known as the State apartments, two being occupied by the King and Crown Prince; the fourth being used as the Foreign Office.

Here I may say a few prefatory words concerning the King and Queen. They are no strangers to us, having visited London on several occasions, always receiving a deservedly hearty welcome. The genial, kindly nature of the King is well

known; and it is for this, quite as much as for the great strides his country has made under his rule, that he is so much beloved by his subjects. On account of his age he is now prohibited from the activity in public questions he formerly displayed, but though living a somewhat retired life, he is a familiar figure in the streets of the capital, and on several occasions I met him walking quietly along, quite unattended, looking with interest into the various shops, or stopping now and again to gaze at anything going on around him—always acknowledging the respectful salutations with which he was greeted. His Majesty shows a remarkable activity for his age—which age he carries so well that few would believe him to be between seventy and eighty. The eldest son of the Crown Prince is an expert bicycle rider, and nearly every day may be seen riding to and fro to his duties connected with the regiment of Life Guards to which he is attached, clad in undress uniform.

Her Majesty the Queen is remarkably gifted in many ways. Of the extremely useful education which was imparted to her daughters all are familiar. The early days of our Princess and her sisters were not remarkably affluent ones, so that the training of necessity compelled very much of the useful. The Princess of Wales's good taste and remarkable needlework abilities seem to have been inherited, as Her Majesty the Queen is much gifted in that direction. She is also a skilful and cultivated musician, being a good pianiste, and a harpist of more than ordinary ability. Whenever she has the opportunity, her great delight is to take part in harp trios, either with professional players or finished amateurs. She is, of course,



THE KING OF DENMARK.
From a Photo. by Steen & Co., Copenhagen.



From a Photo. by]

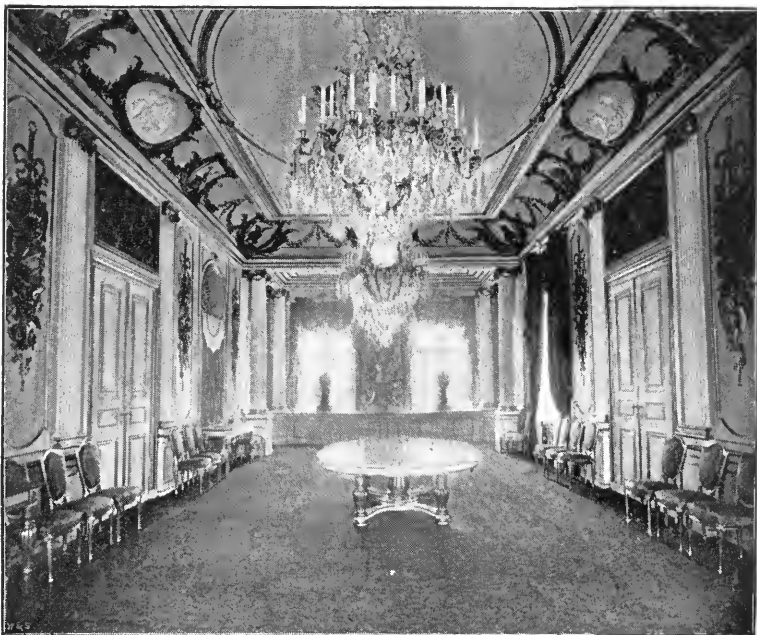
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

[Steen & Co.

considerably advanced in years, but, like her husband, her appearance would lead one to believe her much younger; and so extremely active are her movements, that when she attended the wedding of her grandson, the Duke of York, comments as to her youthful vigour were freely interchanged amongst the company present.

It is admitted on all sides that this King and Queen are a remarkable couple; they and their family being certainly destined to become prominent figures in the world's history. Two of their children occupy

thrones; another is likely to do so in the future—although we hope that future may be far ahead; while still a larger number of their grandchildren will occupy similar eminent positions. If anything were wanted to show the universal popularity of these monarchs, the celebration of their golden wedding amply supplied the want. On that occasion congratulations and presents poured in from nearly all quarters of the globe. The festivities connected with the event lasted for one week; comprising audiences, receptions, State dinners, balls, and a public thanksgiving service at the church, to which all the Royal personages, Ambassadors, and Envoys went in procession. In the Palace, to which I shall presently draw your attention, may be seen many of the presents given at the time; perhaps one of the most highly valued would be the beautiful golden wreath, to which 100,000 school-children each subscribed one penny. A special feature of the celebration was the immense number of free dinners given to the poor all over the King's dominions, and the creation of one or two special charities from sums freely subscribed for the purpose.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM—AMALIENBORG.

[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.



THE THRONE-ROOM—AMALIENBORG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

But the King allows us to see some of the rooms, so we enter the Palace of Amalienborg, and proceeding to the State apartments, commence with the Dining Room. This is a long and spacious apartment, beautifully decorated, and made brilliant with the electric lights lately introduced. The ceiling is cream with gold relief, and casts of plaster figures, the whole supported with Ionic columns. The panels of the walls have also beautiful gold relief ornaments. Over each of the doorways are paintings, some on porcelain, some on canvas. Three beautiful crystal and ormolu chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling, and at either end of the room are immense marble and gilt sideboards, the centre of each showing fountains supported with the arms in gold, and piscatorial decorations of the same. The furniture is in crimson and gold, with curtains of crimson brocade and Brussels lace alternate.

The Throne Room is quite small, and really is more of an audience chamber than a throne room proper, and is used by the King for such purposes. On a dais stands the chair in crimson velvet and gold, with a carved top surmounted by crown and "C. IX." The canopy is of crimson velvet lined with cream silk, the roof of which is profusely ornamented with gold crown and gold carving, cord, tassels, and fringe being of the same hue. On either side are beautiful paintings by old masters, with some similar ones in panels over the doorways. The decorations of this room are in cream and gold, the floor being covered with a costly Persian carpet.

Then I go through a corridor rich in old paintings, prominent amongst which is a full-length one of George III. of England in his coronation robes; and so on into the

Ball Room—a room more than ordinarily rich with artistic decorations. Indeed, so brilliant is its appearance, that although I have seen larger, I have seen none so beautiful in Europe. The matchless parquetry floor, the rich colours of the many paintings, the crystal and gold of the chandeliers, the cream with gold relief of ceiling and walls, the rich crimson and costly white lace curtains, with the added effects of marble-topped console tables and costly Sèvres



From a Photo. by]

THE BALL-ROOM—AMALIENBORG.

[Gunn & Stuart.

china, combine to make a scene of really fairy-like splendour.

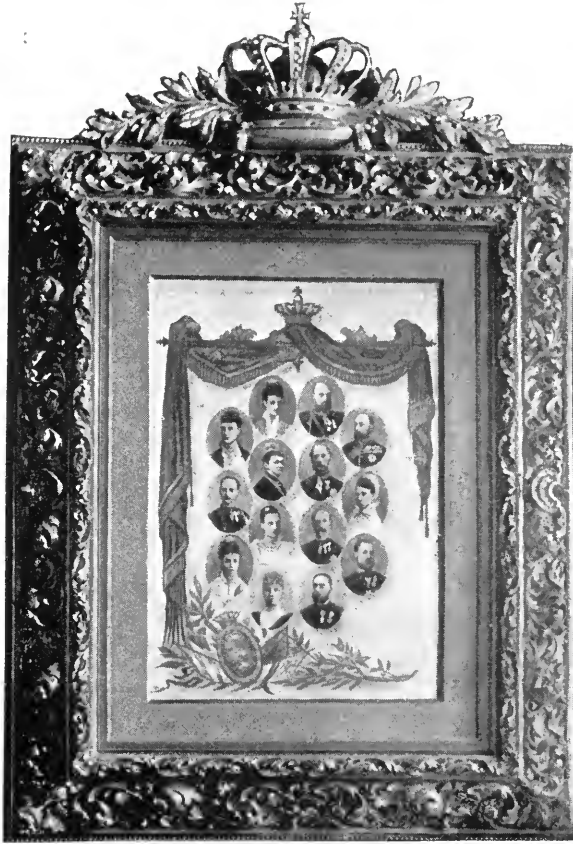
In a reception-room near at hand stands a framed group on an easel. It was a golden-wedding present to their Majesties, depicting themselves, their children, and their children's wives and husbands. The likenesses are all remarkably good, and the whole is what I deem to be worthy of reproduction.

From here I enter one of the State drawing-rooms, which has a ceiling in cream and gold, walls hung in crimson, and window and door hangings in gold and cream, with furniture of the same. On the walls are some very beautiful tapestry paintings. At one end of the room hangs a fine painting depicting the King watching the embarkation of the troops; and over each handsomely curtained doorway are panels with painted centres and gold carved outlines. I note two very costly cabinets in pebble relief; some ormolu and marble tables, and one or two with plush tops; on one of which stands a golden horn, one of the before-mentioned Jubilee presentations. Some Sèvres china is scattered here and

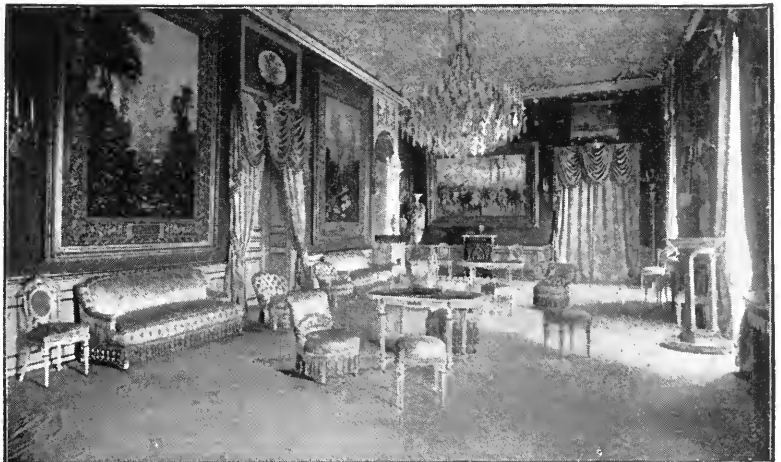
there, and in one corner stands a very large and valuable Dresden vase; also a wedding present.

One other room I must mention, known as the Rose. This has some fine paintings in the ceiling in representation of the feasts of Bacchus, and musical celebrations. On the walls are some valuable old paintings, some of which were brought from the Christiansborg Palace on the occasion of the last fire there. Torn down hastily, with neither time nor opportunity to remove the massive frames in which they were encased, the canvases only

were saved, hence their somewhat remarkable appearance of being stretched on ordinary deal, instead of the handsome gold carving one expects to see. One of these



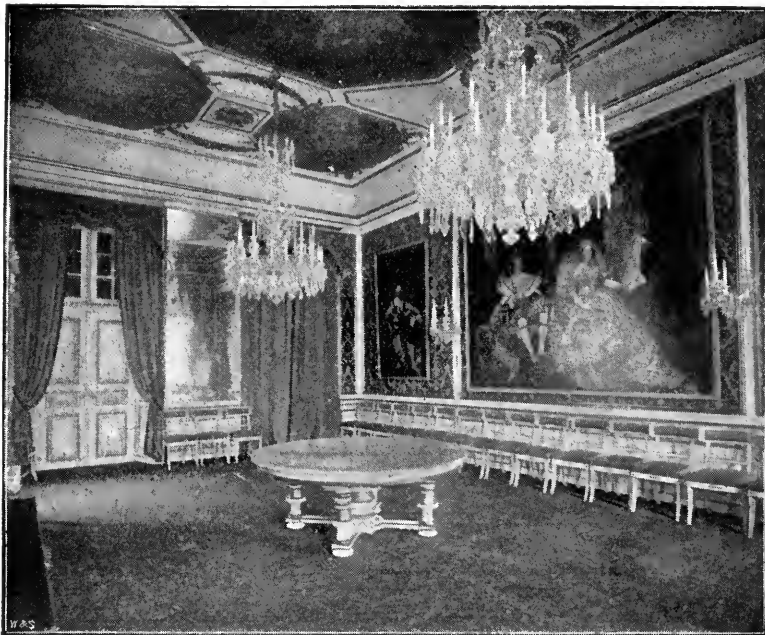
THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.
(A Golden-Wedding Present.)



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM—AMALIENBORG.

[Gunn & Stuart.



From a Photo. by]

THE ROSE—AMALIENBORG.

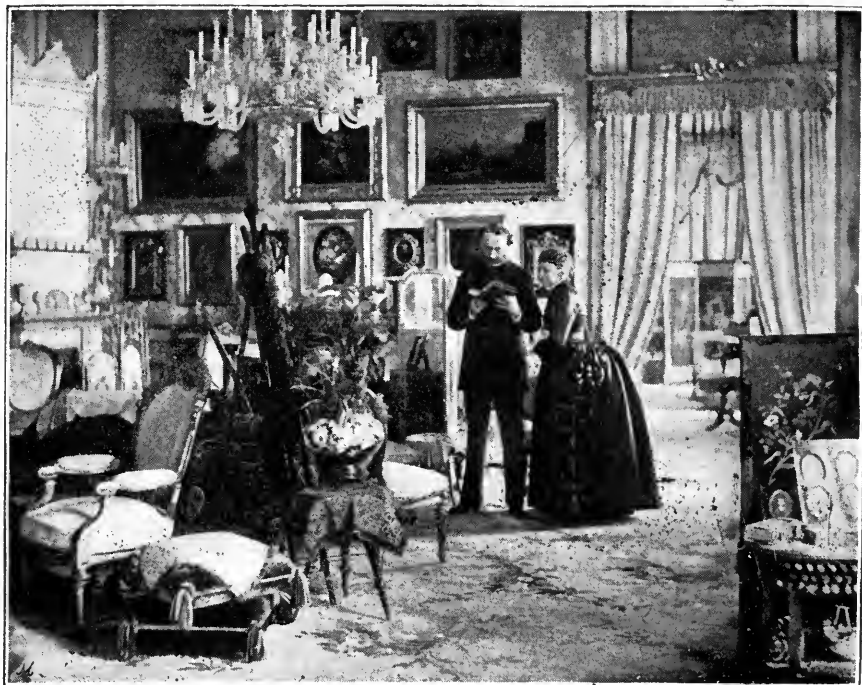
[Gunn & Stuart.

paintings is very large, and shows a former King and Queen seated on the throne chairs, with the silver lions in front, all of which may

ner of outdoor exercises, and enjoying to the full all the ordinary indoor amusements of a happy family party. Just now Fredensborg

now be seen at the Palace of Rosenborg.

We hear very much of Fredensborg, the favourite summer residence of their Majesties, situated in a magnificent park some few miles from the city, so must pay a brief visit to the same. Here, every autumn, the entire family are wont to gather, going from England, Russia, Greece, etc., to meet and spend a few happy weeks in an unconventional manner; putting on one side all State duties and cares, partaking in all man-



From a Photo. by]

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE LIBRARY—FREDENSBORG.

[Steen & Co



From a Photo. by]

THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR.

[Steen & Co.

is dressed in brown holland, and but little can be seen of the many beautiful things contained in its rooms; but everywhere are evidences of thoughtful affection from various members of this large and united family. Here is the Library, well stocked with a careful and valuable selection from the best authors, past and present, a photograph of which room I am able to furnish you with, having also the additional value of showing the King and Queen standing at a table in the centre, looking at a favourite book. Here, too, is Her Majesty's boudoir, crowded with portraits of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and curios and articles dear for their associations, sent from many countries. Here you will observe the central figures of Her Majesty the Queen, the Czarina of Russia, and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Other portraits of the family I am also able to include in this article by special permission.

There is another and a third Palace, which the King permits me to see and photograph—Rosenborg Castle—to which we proceed the next day. It is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the Palaces which I had the pleasure of exploring; dating back as far as 1604, founded by King Christian IV., built in the Dutch Renaissance style, under the architecture of Inigo Jones. At that time it was really outside the city, and so had its own fortification and moats; but subsequently these were extended so as to inclose it.

It certainly is the most historical building in Copenhagen. Entering by a curious old gateway, you are directly faced by the Castle. Pass on through an archway, and up a flight of steps, and you are inside a quaint old corridor, crowded with curios of all descriptions.

Leaving here by a doorway at one end, we enter direct into the Audience Chamber: this being paved with marble, the walls are

finely panelled in oak, with a number of oaken Ionic pilasters to support the ceiling—these pilasters, as well as the spaces between, being adorned with choice paintings. A huge, old-fashioned chimney-piece is built at one end, composed of marble and sandstone, and from the ceiling depends a large brass chandelier. In glass cases may be seen the coronation dress of Christian IV. and his mantle of the Order of the Garter, and some parts of the suit he was wearing when wounded at the battle of Fehmern, in 1644, together with two curious relics of the battle, consisting of two tiny gold hands holding bits of metal by which he was wounded: these it is said were worn as ear-rings by one of his daughters in memory of the battle. There is a good and interesting collection of armour, swords, pistols, knives, and guns; some of the former being very costly; a very beautiful ebony cabinet, ornamented with some richly engraved metal plates—date 1580; a Stras-



From a Photo. by]

ROSENBOG CASTLE.

[Gunn & Stuart.

bourg clock with musical work and movable figures, an antique iron-bound chest, a large bronze bust of Christian IV., and several portraits and pictures are all worth studying. Judging by two of these pictures, Christian IV. was much given to dreams, and also much given to having them perpetuated, for one represents a dream he had the night before the battle of Listerdyb, and the

other, called the "Derision of the Redeemer," represents a dream he had at Rothenburg in 1625.

Next we enter the King's Study, also panelled in oak, the panels still faintly showing the original Japanese decorations. The ceiling is richly decorated in plaster relief, showing exquisite representations of fruit and flowers, with rich tracery of leaves; it also shows panels of mythological paintings. In a prominent position in the room stands the King's writing-table, on it being laid a documentary production bearing date 1633, in his own writing, a writing so wonderfully legible that it would be no discredit to a nineteenth century scholar. In front of the table stands the chair His Majesty usually occupied. Another prominent object in the room is a fountain in silver and ebony, 6ft. high; in the King's time used for perfumed water. It rests upon a base of ebony, which is beautifully

adorned with silver. This was made at Halle, and was the property of Queen Anne Catherine.

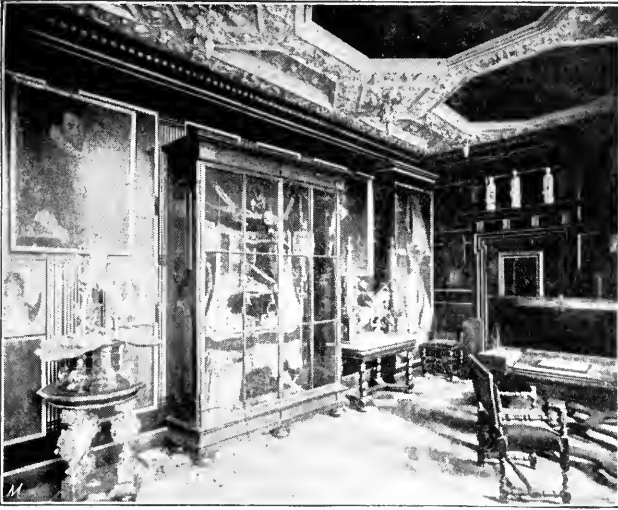
Next comes the Council Chamber of Christian V. This monarch was the first hereditary King, ascending the throne in 1670, reigning for nearly thirty years. In his apartments may be seen evidences of the warlike training imparted to him by his



From a Photo. by]

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF CHRISTIAN IV.—ROSENBOG.

[Gunn & Stuart.



From a Photo. by]

CHRISTIAN IV.'S STUDY—ROSENBERG.

[Gunn & Stuart.

father; his very playthings consisting of arms and armour, and small cannon. There is also a large collection which the King had used in *actual* warfare, both on sea and land. A small anchor, which is reported to have saved his life in a storm at sea, is suspended on the wall near the fireplace; this seems to have been formerly invested with some supernatural charms. Warrior as he was, he must also have been the possessor of a large amount of vanity, as I find several cases crowded with suits of the richest material handsomely embroidered in gold, and studded with precious stones; also a collection of swords of unusual beauty and worth.

Various paintings of himself and his Queen adorn the red haute-lisse tapestry of the walls. The Danish connection with the English Royal Family is here shown by a portrait of Prince George, husband of Queen Anne of England, and brother of the King of whom I

am now speaking. Like Christian IV., he does not appear to have been famous for his beauty, but was, however, also distinguished for the same beautiful penmanship, shown by some political papers written by himself, placed in a case on one of the tables in the room. The ceiling of this room is well worth notice, the centre painting representing an orchestra, the surrounding ones consisting of dancing genii. Several very choice cabinets contain a unique collection of ivory, glass, china, silver, and gold curios, and in various directions of the room are some very costly mosaic cabinets and tables, too numerous for detailed mention.

The Marble Hall is also descriptive of the reign of Christian V. The first thing which strikes one on entering this apartment is the very uncommon and beautiful ceiling. Christian, if you remember, was contemporary of Louis XIV. The decorations and furniture of that period were costly to an unusual degree. This ceiling is as fine an example as could well be imagined. It is in stucco, with figures in rococo, with painted panels; some of which show the Royal crown and family



From a Photo. by]

CHRISTIAN V.'S COUNCIL CHAMBER—ROSENBERG,

[Gunn & Stuart.



From a Photo. by]

THE MARBLE-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

arms. The whole is supported by numerous marble Corinthian pilasters, the walls being of the same costly material. The furniture and decorations are in the character of the period, and evidently the most costly that could be obtained: ebony cabinets, Florentine mosaic tables, and richly embroidered and carved furniture, all of them seeking, as it were, to outvie each other in splendour. Quantities of drinking horns and goblets, typical of remote periods, are found in nearly every room of the Castle. This apartment has no exception, these perhaps being more richly ornamented than are those which were the property of

some of the monarchs. Another feature of this room is the selection of very beautiful ivory carvings and figure-heads. In glass cabinets may be also seen the garments,



From a Photo. by]

THE ROSE—ROSENBERG.

[Gunn & Stuart.

swords, and walking-sticks of the King. Also is here shown the famous "Wismar" cup, peculiarly wrought and composed of pure crystal. It is said to be the finest example of its kind to be found in Europe.

We now proceed by a winding staircase to an apartment called the Rose, which really combines the times of Christian V. and Frederick IV., although appertaining more especially to the latter. The walls are hung with Italian tapestry of the best Florentine workmanship, brought from Italy by Frederick IV. in 1709. The chair and table

oak. A beautiful rock-crystal chandelier depends from the centre of the ceiling. A large number of paintings of the Royal Family, together with several busts, are here displayed; also a painting of the famous Swedish General Magnus Stenbock, painted by himself for presentation to the King. A water-colour of very fine execution shows the coronation of Frederick IV. and Queen Louise (whose ante-chamber this was) in Frederiksborg Castle, and still another one showing the funeral of Frederick IV. I have called your attention to several very



From a Photo. by

THE PRINCESS'S ANTE-ROOM—ROSENBERG.

[Gunn & Stuart.

shown in the accompanying illustration are of beautifully wrought silver: they were a birthday present to Frederick IV. from the lady who afterwards became his Queen, and were always used by him at the opening of the Session of the Highest Court of Appeal. The illustration also shows two marble busts of the King and Queen, by Jost Wiedewelt.

We now enter the ante-chamber of the Princess. The ceiling of this room shows some fine painted wooden panels. The walls are hung in woven woollen tapestry of fruit and floral designs. The floor is of polished

beautiful mosaic tables in various rooms of the Castle, but here is one which is perhaps more remarkable than any. It is said that it took four skilful men thirty years to complete it. It was presented to Frederick IV. in 1709 by the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

What is known as the Larger Room of Christian VI. has a ceiling painting by Coffre, representing "Flora Scattering Her Abundance Over Denmark." The walls are hung in haute-lisse tapestry, the floor being parquetry. Here you will notice a good collection of china, some of native



From a Photo. by]

THE LARGER ROOM OF CHRISTIAN VI.—ROSENBERG.

[Gunn & Stuart.

manufacture, some Saxon, the most costly being Japanese. In the windows are some models of battle-ships of the line, made of pearl, tortoise-shell, and amber. In one of the cabinets is placed the King's diary, nearly all in his own handwriting, and several articles which show the King's strong mechanical tendency—one being a box having thereon an amber rose turned by the King himself, and another a box of ivory entirely his own make. There is also a catalogue in the Queen's own handwriting, giving a full list of the jewels which belong to her. The love of the Queen Sophia for hunting is shown by the presence of stags' antlers and her hunting gun. There is also a turning-lathe, the property of the Queen, showing indications of having been much used. In the very centre of the room stands a washing-table with delf surface, upon which stands an antique glass wine cask. I had previously seen several remarkable cabinets, but one which I noticed in this room is of a most unusual type, both for shape and construction. It contains a beautiful peal of bells, and, as is customary, a large number of secret drawers, also some painted panels on the front. It was made by Lehmann, the Court joiner. On either side of this hang fine painted portraits of the King and Queen. Underneath,

some good miniatures and some antique chairs covered in tapestry.

Entering the room of Frederick V., we notice first of all the very beautiful Florentine gold and velvet tapestry on the walls. It, of course, shows signs of wear, but must originally have been of exquisite beauty. A n amber chandelier, by Lorenz Spengler, hangs from the panelled ceiling, immediately under which stands

a marble-topped, burnished wood writing-table, formerly used by Queen Caroline Matilde, this having placed thereon an extremely precious lace collar which had been worn by Queen Louise. Various paintings and water-colours of the Royal Family, and of several officers in the Danish service, as well as some allegorical pictures, adorn the walls. In two or three glass cabinets is a collection of various objects in ivory, many of them made by the Princess of the then reigning family; others by the maker of the chandelier. The



From a Photo. by]

ROOM OF FREDERICK V.

[Gunn & Stuart.



PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK VI., WITH WIFE
AND DAUGHTERS.

From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

wedding dress of Frederick V., with other rich attire, and some handsomely mounted gold pistols are also shown, together with a fine collection of enamelled boxes, one of which belonged to Catherine II. of Russia. It has a Roman mosaic lid, the design being the capitoline doves. Some of Frederick's orders are also here on view; one, the Russian Order of St. Andrew, in brilliants; and another, the Danish Order of the Elephant, in sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. Dresden china, together with that of native manufacture, a costly gold coffee service, and some fine crystal goblets, are a few other objects worthy of mention. One other curio must not be omitted: an article in monumental form, composed of ivory and lapis lazuli, made by Spengler, in commemoration of the Jubilee of the Sovereignty.

Going from this apartment, we proceed at once to that of his son, Frederick VI. Facing the entrance to his room you find a very fine painting of himself, his Queen, and

his two daughters, which we here reproduce. The painter was Eckersberg. Several other paintings of this monarch and his family are in various parts of the room, all of which is furnished in First Empire style.

This Schloss and its contents are so interesting, that I seem to have lingered almost indefinitely in their inspection, but the finish of this is the finish of my mission—as far as Palaces are concerned. During my stay I have met with much courteous kindness from the King's Private Secretary, and from the Master of the Ceremonies and other officials; also, I have had the opportunity of conversation with His Highness the Prince of Siam, who is an Attaché to the



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK, PRINCESS MARIE,
AND CHILDREN.

From a Photo. by Steen & Co.



From a Photo. by]

A ROYAL GROUP.

[Georg Hansen, Copenhagen.

Court. His father, the King, has been amongst us and is known favourably to us. The Prince has been educated in England, and speaks of it and its institutions in tones of warmest regard. When, in conversing on literature, he tells me that he is a subscriber to and

highly regards THE STRAND MAGAZINE, I think perhaps my readers would be interested in his photograph; and as he is so connected with the Court which I have been visiting, I ask and obtain the favour of a special sitting.



From a Photo. by]

THE PRINCE OF SIAM,

[Gunn & Stuart,

Distinguished Women and their Dolls.

BY FRANCES H. LOW.



THE handsome volume that, under the title of "Queen Victoria's Dolls," makes its appearance this month, with the gracious approval of Her Majesty, will call to the mind of many mature doll-lovers a host of happy childish recollections, in which a beloved wooden puppet was the central figure of the nursery drama. And, notwithstanding a recently-expressed masculine opinion, that little girls ought to be discouraged from placing their affections on inanimate wooden and wax objects, it is safe to predict that this fondness will continue to remain as deep and perennial an instinct as that of maternal love itself, of which, indeed, it is a touching premonition.

Those who are disposed to regard the pleasures, and passions, and play of a child as unimportant and unprofitable will have neither concern nor interest in this article.

But there are others, youthful by right of freshness of spirit, who will read about the early tastes, affections, and playthings of distinguished women with an eagerness that is as wholesome as it is innocent.

The Empress Frederick, like Her Majesty, was exceedingly fond of dolls. Count Seckendorff says she was very fond of working their clothes. Here is his letter:—

"When a child, the Empress Frederick was exceedingly fond of dolls and of working their clothes—especially for small ones—and of arranging a doll's house and of putting them in. As a tiny child the Empress Frederick was devoted to dolls, and fonder of playing with them than many a little girl. Of the Empress's daughters, some were also very fond of dolls."

The Empress, as is well known, is a devoted mother; and one can well picture that her little doll-household was a very orderly one, carefully and systematically looked after. Early habits exercise an enormous influence over our lives; and who can doubt that the little girl who keeps her dolls clean, learns how to wash, and tend, and dress them with taste, is learning lessons which will stand her in good stead when she reaches motherhood?



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.
From a Photo. by Gurn & Stuart, Richmond.

The doll owned as a child by Mrs. Keeley, the veteran actress, was a massive wooden creature, which did not even possess the conventional number of limbs; but that it held a place in her affection and memory is clear from her delightful letter, which is printed below:—

"To quote Ashby Sterry:—

I thought I'd done with dolls
some years ago;
I've put away the dolls of childhood's age,
I've bid good-bye to puppets of the stage.

And yet you ask me in my eighty-seventh year to remember the dolls of my childhood. Well, I'll try, but fear the description will be very uninteresting. I never had but *one* doll, a great, heavy, *wooden* doll: no stuffing, no nice, soft leather arms and legs. No! its limbs were strongly wedged, and *pegged* into its body—it was so big and heavy, I could scarcely drag it about (I was four years old only); its name was 'Lummox.' It was a nuisance to everybody in the house, and one unlucky day I let it fall upon my mother's foot, and in her pain and anger she put it on

*You ask me in
my 87th year to remember the
dolls of my childhood*

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MRS. KEELEY'S LETTER.

the kitchen fire, and there was an end of 'Lummox.' As near as I can remember, the inclosed is a faithful portrait.—
MARY ANNE KEELEY."



From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mary Anne Keeley

No contribution will be read with more interest than that which has been sent by Lady Martin, whose sweet and noble personations of many of the greatest women in Shakespeare's gallery remain still in the memory of older playgoers, and are little likely to be effaced by any modern actress:—

"You touch me upon a tender point when you ask about the dolls of my childhood.

You touch me upon a tender point when you ask about the dolls of my childhood.

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM LADY MARTIN'S LETTER.

They engrossed a large share of my thoughts and my affection. The throb of joy with which a new doll was received into my arms, or the pitying interest with which a very old one was regarded, I can never forget. The earliest act of pure self-denial I can remember was when I surrendered my sweetest, newest doll, one possessed of excellent qualities—for dolls varied in these—to a poor young cousin who had lately lost her mother. I fear I inwardly bewailed this act of self-sacrifice when I found afterwards my favourite was thrown aside—neglected! Some girls have no liking, no feeling, for dolls. They like their pretty faces at first, but can see nothing in them, and thus soon grow tired of them. I had a proof of this in my godchild, Hester Helena Makepeace Thackeray Ritchie (I had to think well over this string of names before repeating them over the baby at the font).

She is now advancing towards the sweet young lady period, but some four or five years ago I said to her, rather regretfully, 'Hester, I have never given you a doll.' 'I am very glad,' she responded; and, with a naïve air of weariness, added, 'I have a whole shelf full of them upstairs.' I had one young playfellow who shared my passion for dolls. We used to make stories about them. Some had good dispositions, some bad, and with the latter we had much trouble. Then the adventures they passed through! At times they were stolen by gipsies, then by

robbers; were the 'babes in the wood'—every tale we read they had to realize. We had a boy doll who was the very counterpart of Aladdin, and, oh, the tricks he played us! In one of my letters on 'Shakespeare's Women,' I tell of the pleasure it gave me when

grown up to see the stall of lovely dolls at the Soho Bazaar—and, lo! to behold one dressed in a costume 'such as worn by Miss Helen Faucit' in a play then acting. This was a surprise and a joy nearly as great as the possession of a new doll used to be. You ask what sort of dolls I was fondest of. Large waxen dolls were my greatest admiration; but the humbler kind had their place

in my regard, and helped to play their parts as gipsies, etc. As for the eyes and hair of my waxen beauties, they might be of the colour the doll-maker chose to make them, so long as the eyes were *large and round*, and

could open and shut, and the hair abundant. The tow colour, which has prevailed so long for the hair, was not then in fashion. I think I have pretty fairly answered the questions you have asked me, and am, dear madam, yours truly, HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN."

Helena Faucit Martin.

The god-child referred to is the child of Mrs. Ritchie, who, as is well known, is herself a daughter of Thackeray, and is perhaps the most exquisitely *feminine* woman writer of the day. Mrs. Ritchie was very much attached to dolls, so that it is curious that her little daughter should have had no love for them; though, perhaps, the reason is to be found in the child's answer, that she had a whole shelf full of them upstairs.

But to return to Helen Faucit. Is not something of the imaginativeness of the great actress to be discerned in the little girl, who made "stories about her dolls," invested them with good and evil dispositions, and placed them in all sorts of situations and adventures?

Where is the lover of Thackeray who does not want to hear all about the childish pleasures of his much-loved little girl? Mrs. Ritchie's pen is ever graceful, and her letter needs no comment of mine:—

"Would that one of my dolls had ever

ful days, her tastes and thoughts inclined to the subject of marriage: and her amusing confessions show us that little Miss Mona was an observant, shrewd child, whose clear eyes were incessantly watching the drama of life that was being played beneath them.

"I have no dolls extant—at least, none that could be got at now. I don't think there are any other details; the only thing that occurs to me is that in my dolls' house family, the two elder daughters, 'Augusta' and 'Emily,' were always receiving proposals of marriage from their neighbour, Mr. Smith, a wealthy bachelor in blue serge and a red tie, with black china eyes, and an exquisite complexion. The sisters always discussed these proposals in a truly business spirit, taking into consideration Mr. Smith's house and property, his coach and four (about one-fifth his own size), and other attractions of a worldly sort to induce an alliance. I presume these did not satisfy the ambition of the sisters, who

remained always at home, to the grief of the younger members of the family, over whom

survived to be included in such courtly company! They all came to violent ends, and caused me so much sorrow that, at the comparatively early age of four, I determined to have nothing more to do with them. I used to tie their heads on with string, and not look for two days; but it was no use: they never grew again. I loved my sisters' dolls as if they were my nieces long after I had given up any more direct affection; and now, quite late in life, I had just begun to be really in sympathy with my grand-children's dollies, when my own little girl suddenly ceased to take an interest in them, and I found my own somewhat flagged. I shall look out with much interest for your article. It is a most happy idea, and believe me, truly yours
Truly yrs
Anne Ritchie
 ANNE RITCHIE."

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MRS. RITCHIE'S LETTER.



MRS. MONA CAIRD.

From a Photo. by H. Mendelssohn.

they tyrannized. Mr. Smith's affections seemed to oscillate in pendulum fashion from one sister to the other; his china features expressed

Mrs. Mona Caird's letter is particularly interesting, as showing how, even in her youth-

no preference of any kind. All this was reproduced from life in unconscious satire—indeed, the whole history of that dolls' house and its family—with the pompous parents, the ambitious elder daughters, the innumerable younger ones; with the servants, visitors, and relations—photographed pretty exactly the impressions which the work of grown-up people was making upon my mind at the time. The picture was not very flattering to my neighbours. —I remain, yours truly,
MONA CAIRD."

Mona Caird

If we are justified in looking upon a little girl's affection for her doll as a sure promise of the maternal affection which she will afterwards show her offspring, then this instinct is by no means an insignificant one; and it should be a source of satisfaction to those who regard true motherhood as something infinitely high and precious, to learn that nearly all the celebrated women who have responded to my inquiries have cherished a passionate, and at times almost human, affection for their dolls. Miss Jean Ingelow, one of the sweetest of our modern singers, whose beautiful little poem, "When Sparrows Build," will remain in our memories so long as we remember anything, writes:—

"Dolls in my infancy were not my chief treasures—I preferred a Noah's ark or picture-book. The first doll for which I felt a real and deep affection was my doll 'Amelia,'

was generally arrayed in a beautiful cloak, which had been made for her by our old cook. It was of purple silk, and had a white silk lining, was not unlike the long cloaks of the present day, was drawn in at the back, and had some real gores. With this, 'Amelia' wore a hat with a very large red rose in it. When she came in, her cloak was duly folded up and laid in her drawers. 'Amelia' had several beautiful frocks with sleeves; her underclothing, as a rule, was devoid of these appendages, for I made it myself, and could not manage to put them in. You ask what sort of doll I liked best—such dolls as 'Amelia.' There were several Dutch dolls in the nursery. They were common property, and were called 'it,' but the wax dolls were 'she.' However, a wooden doll has one advantage over all others—this—that you can put it into a doll's bath and wash it with real soap and water. When an interesting game was going on in the nursery, the dolls were set in a row on a chest of drawers that they might see it, for, of course, it must be dull to be shut up in 'the play closet' while other people are enjoying themselves. The Dutch dolls also were allowed to look on, but in my opinion a wooden doll—even one with joints—is not capable of attracting real love. But the life of dolls almost always ends in a catastrophe. When I had adored 'Amelia' for a long time, we once went out for a long walk and took the wax dolls with us, and baskets, for we were to gather buttercups and purple orchis. In course of time we came to a small, clear pond. The temptation was great. We let ourselves be left

The first doll for which I felt a real & deep affection was my doll Amelia

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MISS JEAN INGELOW'S LETTER.

whom I had when I was about seven years old. I was taken to a shop that I might choose her myself, and pay for her with my own half-crown. She had a pair of kid shoes, flaxen hair, and smiling blue eyes. I had a little chest of mahogany drawers to hold her clothes, for I need hardly say that they would take off. Some of them (and I remember them all to this day) were of my own concoction. The first thing I made for her was a white petticoat which had a real button and button-hole in the band. When 'Amelia' was taken out for a walk she

behind, and before we were found out we had undressed the two wax dolls and dipped them in. Alas! they were carried home dripping in one of the baskets. They were set up in a high cupboard to dry—they did not dry, but shortly after they disappeared. My next doll had black eyes like beads—she inherited all my dear 'Amelia's' clothes, even to the purple cloak and hat—but I could not (as it were) find out her name, and I changed it several times before one could be fixed upon. This is a very bad sign. Eventually her name was 'Priscilla.' But nothing signified; I

had found out by this time that 'Simple Susan' and many other sweet old stories, both in prose and verse, were very delightful reading. That I read them over and over till I knew them by heart was nothing to 'Priscilla'; I liked them just the same, and did not love her. The reign of the dolls was over.—I am, very truly yours, JEAN INGELOW."

Jean Ingelow

Miss Ingelow's letter will go straight to the heart of every little girl who loves her wooden family, and who has healthy, ruthless brothers. For what could be truer than that pathetic sentence, "the life of dolls almost always ends in a catastrophe"? The poetess might with truth have added, that where there are boys, the life of a doll is almost a tragedy, ending in violence. For boys are the natural enemies of the doll race (in spite of their having a sneaking love for the despised creature), and the instinct to destroy, and damage, and utterly exterminate them is as strong in their breasts as is that of cherishing them in the hearts of their sisters.

Mrs. Fawcett, who is generally regarded as the typical woman who unites masculine intellect with feminine charm, says:—

"I adored dolls, and had many whose lovely features and fascinating frocks, beds, etc., I can still vividly recall. I don't think dolls exactly awoke the maternal feeling in me; because I remember, when I once had the misfortune to break my sister's doll, I thought honour and honesty, and everything else, compelled me to offer to give her mine in exchange and compensation. I

don't think this was maternal; but I well remember the anguish of making the offer, and the wild, incredulous joy with which I heard my sister decline it. I thought her the most nobly generous creature in the world, and could not picture myself being offered my doll and saying 'No.' My favourite dolls were of moderate size, about in the same proportion to my size as a baby is to a woman's. I had one enormous doll, but I looked upon her as an inferior being—of coarser mould. She was so big that her shoes had to be made by a shoemaker. We



MRS. FAWCETT.
From a Photo. by Wallery.

gave great consideration to the choice of her name, and finally selected 'Beren-garia,' because that had also a gigantic flavour. But my best-beloved dolls had more homely names: 'Grace,' 'Amy,' 'Louie,' etc.—Yours very faithfully, M. G. FAWCETT."

M. G. Fawcett

Miss Philippa Fawcett, who has distinguished herself in mathematics, shared her mother's partiality in this respect; and she adored, and affectionately cared for, two huge dolls, called "Dover" and "Calais," which were brought from the Paris Exhibition. It will be news to a good many people, that it was little Philippa Fawcett who really uttered

the words which *Punch* has since made famous. The little girl was playing with her doll one evening, when some visitors were announced, and she was told to run away and take the doll; whereupon she said, reproachfully, and almost tearfully: "Oh! don't speak so loud. I try as

*I adored dolls and had many
whose lovely features a fascinating
frocks, beds etc I can still
vividly recall.*



MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT.
From a Photo. by Owen, Salisbury.

hard as I can to prevent her finding out she is only a doll!"

Mrs. Stanley, the artist, and the wife of the great traveller, writes:—

"I have such happy recollections of my doll-days that I most readily answer your questions. I played with dolls till I was fourteen

or more. My sister, Mrs. Frederick Myers, and I had two distinct *tribes* of dolls: dolls which we carried about and cared for in quite a maternal way, and dolls we played with, as I shall afterwards describe. Our doll from the age of seven to nine was a lambskin. We tied one end round into a ball for the head, and dressed the long, folded end in long clothes. We combed and parted the wool for the hair, and always saw in the featureless, woolly face the sweetest, most innocent and infantine expression. 'Tobina,' the lambskin baby, belonged to me alternate days. She was mine on Monday, my sister's on Tuesday, etc. I was fond also of a heavy armful of a doll. I dressed up a long, hard sofa bolster, painted a face on linen, and tied it round the upper part, and sewed on the top a wig we had for private theatricals. This doll, 'Charlie,' was very sturdy and heavy, and might be called a realistic sort of doll. We cared much more for our dolls than children, as a rule, seem to do. We always put them to bed, and on cold nights gave them additional wraps. We considered these senseless playthings alive and human—we endowed them with characters, we made them speak with certain intonations, so that my sister could recognise which of my dolls was speaking. But the real interest and occupation of those 'laughing days' was making our paper doll family.

We began their manufacture at three years old, and continued till our teens. My sister and I, we each had a family consisting of a mother and thirteen children. These were drawn and coloured on stiff paper, and carefully cut out: the adults measuring about three inches,

the children varying according to age. Each child had its particular cast of features, expression, and colouring. Of course, the family lived in a well-appointed dolls' house. As the paper dolls got torn, or soiled, or crumpled, two hours daily were spent in renovating the family. We were always careful to keep the likeness, so that each member was recognisable, though attired in some new dress. As we grew older we drew better, and turned out some creditable little specimens. We had a special box for the family in evening dress; so that, an invitation coming suddenly, our dolls were always ready to appear in fashionable attire. We also had a supply in walking-dress, hats, cloaks, muffs, and tippets. There was even a reserve in



MRS. STANLEY.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Meyer, Cambridge.

bathing costume when the family went down to the seaside (a soup-plate of water), but they could never remain long in the water, the colour coming off and the dolls becoming pulpy if too long immersed. Making our dolls was a never-ending amusement, and taught us to draw and paint

*I remember thinking after the thirtieth
Christmas of the paper family that for
a change we really ought to have a
funeral*

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MRS. STANLEY'S LETTER.

long before we could read or write. Our attitude towards these paper dolls was that of a gentle Providence. We ordered their lives, we gave them mimic joys and sorrows, and they afforded us most absorbing entertainment. But, of course, we did not feel for them the same love and solicitude we felt for the big, portable dolls. I remember thinking after the thirteenth christening of the paper family, that for a change we really ought to have a funeral; but that event was postponed by my sister, who said she did not feel up to the effort of mourning, that the family grief would necessitate playing in a minor key, and that all the dolls would have to be repainted—at once—in black. So there was a betrothal instead—a big ball—and afterwards the marriage was broken off. Even to this very day, my sister and I sometimes talk over the families, and wonder what has become of 'Joshua,' the elder daughter, or her cousin 'Moggie,' and we wonder whether 'Tommy' ever got into the army after all, considering how very backward he was as a small paper boy in a very bright Scotch kilt. I am, however, going beyond the bounds, and answering too much in detail the questions you put to me—but I have not invented anything; dolls' lives and our lives were interwoven. We hardly ever did lessons. We played nearly the whole day, and we were happy from the moment we opened our eyes till we closed them at night. — Yours truly, DOROTHY STANLEY."

*Yours truly,
Dorothy Stanley.*

*— My harp
and Piano were my
dolls and I actually
never possessed
a real one all my
life*



From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.

There is something pathetic about Madame Albani's childhood. She says:—

"I am sorry to say that I can give you but very little information about dolls, as my

*Believe me
very faithfully Yours
M. Albani*

FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MADAME ALBANI'S LETTER.

acquaintance with them has been of the slightest. I began to study music before I was four years of age, and I was obliged to give up so much time to it that there was none left for playthings. My harp and piano were my dolls, and I actually never possessed a real one all my life. I believe they are most interesting creatures to most little girls, but I was never able to study them sufficiently to be of any service to you now. — Believe me, very faithfully yours, M. ALBANI GYE."

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) was more fortunate. She says:—

"I was passionately fond of dolls from my earliest recollection of anything in the way of a plaything, and I played with them, dressed them, worked for them, and made

believe about them until I was in my teens. Dolls and dolls' houses were my dream of bliss, and my amusement alternated between literary composition and dolls' dressmaking. The only rival for the doll in my affection was a toy theatre. — Believe me, very truly yours, MARY MAXWELL."

Mary Maxwell

I should like to digress for a moment here, and call the attention of readers who have no remembrance of the dolls of forty or fifty years ago to the accompanying illustration. This group of dolls (kindly lent by Miss Ethel Thurston) were dressed nearly half a century ago. At that time dressed dolls were not in the market; and the notion of dressing them as babies and children, which is the popular one nowadays, had scarcely any vogue then. Their toilettes, carried out with great elaborateness, are exact reproductions of the fashionable Court dress of the period. One of the dolls represents the Duchess of Kent, and wears a full white satin skirt, tastefully trimmed with pink roses and ruchings of narrow white ribbon, and a long bodice sewn with beads, over which, coming into a V in front, is a blue velvet outer bodice and long, rounded train, embellished with gold beads and lined with white silk.

The male doll in military dress represents

the Duke of Cambridge; whilst the other, in spite of his having something of the air of a stage policeman, is meant to be the Prince Consort; and in both cases the tailoring is of a very superior kind, every detail in the way of buttons, orders, belts, and so forth, being carried out with accurate realism.

A few of the ladies who have kindly responded to my inquiry seem to be exceptions to the general rule, amongst them being the Princess of Wales; Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who loved the woods

and living things better; Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveller, who had but a moderate



PRINCE CONSORT, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



DUCHESS OF KENT.

passion for her doll, "Don Quixote"; Miss Jane Harrison, who disliked dolls; and Mrs. Sutherland Orr, who, curiously enough, conceived a great fondness for dollies as she grew towards womanhood.

Giants and Dwarfs.

I.



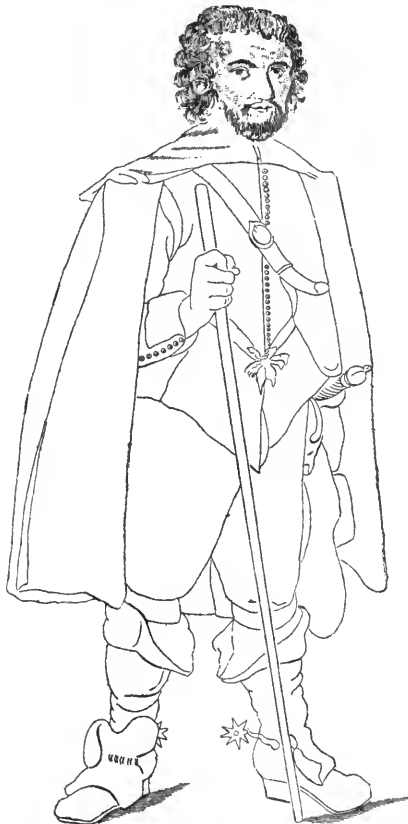
TORIES of giants and dwarfs have come down to us from the very earliest times, and the most noticeable feature of these stories is that the giants get bigger and the dwarfs get

smaller the further back we go for the stories. This is not evidence that the crop of wonders in these respects has steadily diminished through the ages, nor that the human race has either degenerated or improved. When love of giants and dwarfs is transmitted traditionally through many generations, each transmitter deducts an inch or two from the height of his dwarf and adds it to that of his giant; so that the longer the traditions have run the greater the marvels appear. Quetelet, indeed, gives an opinion that the tallest man whose inches have been authentically recorded was Frederick the Great's Scottish giant, who was 8ft. 3in. high—a very pigmy compared with many giants of tradition.

But, as a matter of fact, men have lived who were some inches above this. The gigantic bones which have, from time to time, been dug up and held as undisputable evidence of the ancient existence of men of enormous stature, have long since been found not to be human remains at all, but relics of great extinct animals, mastodons, and so forth. Dwarfs, also, as small, or almost as small, as ever actually existed, we have probably seen in our own times, in the persons of the various little "Generals" and their ladies, who stand upon the exhibitors' hands in advertisement posters. *En passant*, we may mention that when dwarfs were manufactured by cruel processes of growth-restraint in old times, the anointment of the victim's backbone with the grease of moles, bats, and dormice was considered a very effectual expedient. Anybody anxious to produce dwarfs for the modern show market is welcome to the recipe.

A famous giant in the early part of the seventeenth century was Walter Parsons, who was gate-porter to James I. and

afterwards to Charles. Parsons was a West Bromwich man, and was originally a blacksmith. In his early days, when working at this trade, it was found necessary to have a hole dug in the smithy near the anvil, wherein he might stand, in order to be able to work on a level with the other men. He was about 7ft. 6in. in height, and was altogether a fine man, being proportionately strong and broad—a thing uncommonly met with in men of such extreme growth. He was a good-humoured, jolly sort of fellow, with a favourite trick of catching up two of the biggest and strongest yeomen of the guard, one under each arm, and trotting about with them whithersoever he pleased, despite their most desperate struggles to get free. He was once insulted in a London street by a man of ordinary stature, whom he smilingly picked up and hung by the breeches-band on a high butcher's hook, and then walked calmly on, while the crowd con-



WALTER PARSONS.

SIR JEFFREY HUDSON.

gratulated his victim in the manner natural to a crowd. John Cleveland, the Cavalier poet and contemporary of Lovelace, celebrated Parsons in a copy of verses printed in the rare edition of his posthumous poems and epistles published in 1652. Of these a few couplets run as follows :—

Thou moving Coloss, for whose goodly face
The Rhine can hardly make a looking-glass ;
What name or title suits thy greatness, then,
Aldiborontifuscophornio ?
Wert thou but sick, what help could e'er be wrought
Without physicians posting down thy throat ?

In a contemporary portrait, which we reproduce, Parsons is represented with Jeffrey Hudson—Sir Jeffrey Hudson, indeed, for he was knighted by the King, partly as a joke. Jeffrey first appeared in Charles's Court from the crust of a pie, wherein, armed with sword and buckler, he had been concealed by way of astonishing and amusing the Queen and her ladies at his bursting forth upon the table. The Queen kept him as her page, and thenceforth he became quite a Court character, and was even trusted by the King with certain negotiations abroad. Sir Jeffrey's growth, such as it was, was irregular. At eight years of age he was eighteen inches high, and remained at that stature without a shade of increase till he was thirty. At thirty he suddenly took to growing afresh, and finally attained 3ft. 7in., and there stopped.

Hudson was a peppery little fellow, perpetually squabbling with the courtiers and the Royal servants, and more particularly with Parsons, the giant ! Upon one occasion Hudson challenged a certain Mr. Crofts to a duel, and his opponent appeared on the field derisively armed with a squirt. Additionally incensed by this treatment, Hudson insisted on the squirt being exchanged for a pistol, and thereupon shot his adversary dead. Sir Jeffrey had a life of some adventure, being once captured at sea by Dunkirk privateers and once by Turks. Moreover, he held a captain's commission with the Cavaliers in the Civil War. He will be remembered by every reader of Scott as a character in "Peveril of the Peak."

In 1659, John Worrenburg, a famous dwarf, was born at Harlshomen, in Switzerland. He was exhibited in London in 1688 and the following year, and attracted considerable attention, his height being only 2ft. 7in. While in London his portrait was printed in mezzotint, and it is from this engraving that our illustration is taken. It is recorded that he was as stout and strong in his arms and legs as a full-grown man—a fact which the squat figure of the portrait would seem to confirm. Worrenburg met his death by drowning, in singular circumstances, in 1695. He was usually carried about, like Gulliver, in a box. As this box, containing himself, was being carried by a porter from a quay at Rotterdam over a plank to a ship, the plank broke, and porter, dwarf, box and all fell into the river.

The porter escaped, but Worrenburg, confined by his box, was drowned.

A giant who was much exhibited in this country between the years 1728 and 1734 was Maximilian Christopher Miller, who was born at Leipsic in 1674. He, like Parsons, and unlike so many other giants, was remarkable for his strength as well as for his size.

Hogarth, in his print of Southwark Fair, has introduced the figure of Miller on a show cloth. This giant was, in 1733, 8ft. high. He died in the following year, at an age (sixty) very rarely attained by men of so



JOHN WORRENBURG.

large a growth. He seems to have grown somewhat even in the later years of his life, if we may trust a London newspaper notice of October, 1728 (six years before his death), which says: "On Wednesday last, arrived here from Germany a native of that country, 7ft. 8in. high." So that something must have grown 4in. in the last few years of his life—either Miller himself or the conscience of somebody else. Miller exhibited himself at the Blue Post, Charing Cross, at the Fan, Devereux Court, and many other places in London. At all his public receptions he was attired as our portrait (from an authentic source) represents him. The sceptre and the heavily-jewelled sword which he carried were presented him by Louis XIV. of France.



MAXIMILIAN CHRISTOPHER MILLER.

In this gorgeous get-up he paraded before his paying admirers with much state and dignity, being personally characterized by a sentiment usually supposed to be more common in small people—a great notion of his own importance. His face and head are contemporaneously described as being of “enormous size,” even for so large a person.

Owen Farrel was born in County Cavan, Ireland, and was characterized not only by his short stature (he was 3ft. 9in. high when full-grown) but also by his amazing strength. He could carry four men at once, two sitting astride each arm. His build was heavy and clumsy, as may be judged by his portrait, which is from an original painting. At first a footman, he was afterwards persuaded to make a show of himself, but the show was somehow not a financial success. He

came to London and, being lazy, subsisted by begging in the streets in a very ragged and disreputable suit of clothes. For a few years previous to his death (he seems to have died about 1742) he lived on a weekly allowance made him by a surgeon, in consideration of the right to his body when he had done with it. A transaction of this sort seems to have been a very usual one with people as small as Farrel, or as large, say, as Mr. Henry Blacker, who was born near Cuckfield, in Sussex, in 1724. This gentleman's height was 7ft. 4in. when he was first exhibited in London in 1751, and, it was said, in his advertising handbill, “the best proportioned of his size they”—the public—“ever saw.” Among other distinguished sightseers who patronized Blacker was William Duke of Cumberland, himself a tall man, who made very frequent visits. A portrait engraved during the giant's lifetime, of which we produce a copy, represents him being inspected by four persons, none of whom are as high as his shoulder.

In 1739, near Chaliez, in Polish Russia, was born one of the most famous dwarfs of all time, Joseph, afterwards Count, Borowlaski. The family was a curious one. Both parents were of ordinary medium height, and their children were six in number, three of normal height, and three dwarfs. At his birth Joseph measured only 8in. in length, but was not weak or defective in any respect. At six years of age his height was 17in.; at twenty-two he measured 28in.; and it is a peculiarity in his case, something akin to that of Jeffrey Hudson, that he continued to grow, almost rapidly, after this till he was thirty years of age. His extreme height

was 39in. — rather large compared with that of other dwarfs, perhaps, but still a height arrived at only after remarkable freaks of growth. Left an orphan at an early age, he was patronized by the Countess Humieska, who received him into her family and introduced him at Court. He married Mlle. Isalina Barboutin, a lady of French extraction and of ordinary stature, and there were two children of the marriage. This marriage displeased the Countess Humieska, and from that time Borowlaski was taken under the immediate protection of



OWEN FARREL.



HENRY BLACKER.

King Stanislaus II. He visited many foreign Courts, and finally came to England, and was here presented to the Royal Family. He gave many concerts and balls, at which music of his own composition was performed. Altogether he was a dwarf of exceptionally brilliant attainments. The childishness of manner and thought common among dwarfs was entirely absent in the case of Count Borowlaski, who was an uncommonly intelligent and accomplished gentleman, inferior to those about him in size only.

Under the patronage of George IV. (when Prince of Wales) he wrote the history of his very remarkable life. With George IV., indeed, he was a great favourite, the King receiving him, not as a curious freak of Nature, but as a gentleman and a friend. His portrait here given is copied from that in the frontispiece of his autobiography, and represents Count Borowlaski with

his wife and second child. Many instances are related of his quick-wittedness. On one occasion a very large, fat, and vulgar woman took it upon herself to assure Borowlaski that he could never attain to Heaven, being a Roman Catholic. He cheerfully replied that he had read that the way was narrow, wherefore he ventured to hope for a possibly easier passage for himself than the lady herself might manage. One of the most remarkable facts in regard to this dwarf was the great age to which he attained. He was ninety-eight when he died, on September 3rd, 1837, at Banks Cottage, near Durham. Any approach to this age on the part of either giant or dwarf has never been trustworthily recorded, both classes being, as a rule, especially short-lived. He was buried in Durham Cathedral, near Stephen Kemble.

Borowlaski's elder brother, although a dwarf, was not of such unusually small size as to call for especial notice, but his younger sister, Anastasia, was only 2ft. 2in. high at the time of her death by small-pox, at twenty years of age. Count Borowlaski, in his book, tells a pretty story of this sister, whom



COUNT BOROWLASKI WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

he held in great affection. It seems that, not long before her death, she fell in love with a young nobleman about the Court of Stanislaus, but kept her secret to herself, totally unsuspected by the object of her regard. The young nobleman, however, was extremely poor, and Mlle. Borowlaski, by way of assisting him in a manner he should not suspect, played piquet with him for considerable sums, always contriving to lose.

Another engraving representing Borowlaski in contrast with a larger person is reproduced

here, the other person being one of the most famous of the exhibited giants of the last century, Patrick Cotter, an Irishman, more generally known by his assumed name, O'Brien. This man was born in 1760 or thereabouts, at Kinsale, and worked while young as a bricklayer. While he was still a youth, his father hired him out to a showman for three years at £50 a year. This showman under-let Cotter to another at Bristol. Here Cotter refused to allow himself to be shown unless, in addition to his keep, he were paid a salary for himself, and was in consequence put into prison for debt. Hence, however, he was rescued by some charitably-disposed person, who thereby earned the giant's life-long gratitude as well as a little corner in his will. On his liberation Cotter began to exhibit himself "on his own hook," and so successfully as to earn £30 in three days. He assumed the name of O'Brien, and his bills, probably concocted by somebody experienced in the show business, described him as the descendant of a race of Irish Kings—all giants. One of his best-known bills runs :—

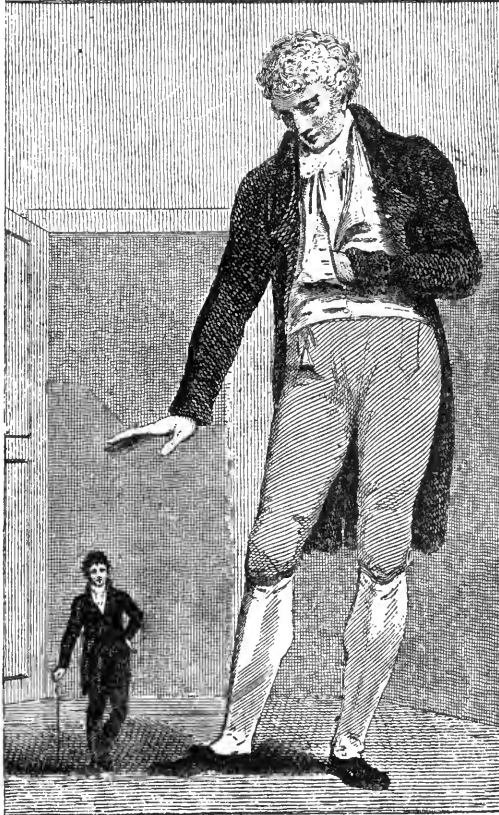
"Just arrived in town, and to be seen in a commodious room, at No. 11, Haymarket,

nearly opposite the Opera House, the celebrated Irish Giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the Kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown; he is a lineal descendant of the old puissant King Brien Boreau, and has in person and appearance all the similitude of that great and grand potentate. It is remarkable of this family that, however various the revolutions in point of fortune and alliance, the lineal descendants thereof have been favoured by Providence with the original size and stature which have been so

peculiar to their family. The gentleman alluded to measures near 9ft. high. Admittance, one shilling."

In his thirty-eighth year (he died at forty-seven) Cotter is independently recorded as being 8ft. 7in. high. It is also recorded that he used two double beds placed together, and was in the habit, in his early morning walks, of lighting his pipe at the street-lamps. His mother, it may be observed, died at the age of 100. He probably got the notion of renaming himself from the fact that another Irish giant, 5in. less in height and using the name O'Brien (his actual name being Byrne), had died shortly before he (Cotter) began to exhibit himself. The skeleton of this small-

ler giant is now in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in spite of its original owner's anxiety that the anatomists should not touch his body. A story is told to the effect that he left in his will a sum of £200 to two fishermen to throw his body, properly weighted, into the sea; but that the great William Hunter added another £200 to induce the lucky fishermen first to attach a rope to the corpse, so that, hauled out again, it became his property after all.



COUNT BOROWLASKI.

PATRICK COTTER (O'BRIEN).



MADAME TERESIA (THE CORSICAN FAIRY).

A very attractive dwarf was Madame Teresia, born in 1743, who, when exhibited in this country, was styled "The Corsican Fairy." She was to be seen in London in 1773, being at that time only 34in. high and weighing only 26lb. She was elegantly formed and perfectly proportioned, very intelligent and vivacious, and spoke three languages. There was, indeed, about this little lady nothing whatever of the disagreeable, as is so commonly the case with "freaks of Nature." Her portrait shows her in the Court dress of the period contrasted with a woman of ordinary height. In the matter of form the portrait certainly appears to bear out the story of elegance and symmetry; but in the matter of feature, some may be disposed to imagine that her nose could not have stopped growth until some time after the rest of her face.

Thomas Bell, the Cambridge giant, was born in 1777, and was one of twins—the other twin, however, not turning out a giant. His parents were of ordinary size, and he himself, when young, showed no signs of unusual growth. By 1813, the date of the

portrait which we reproduce, however, he had attained the height of 7ft. 2in., and was being exhibited at the Hog-in-the-Pound in Oxford Street, London. He took to the show business because crowds of inquisitive sightseers prevented him from properly following that of his father, who was a blacksmith. His hands were 11in. long, and each middle finger was 6in. In his handbills he described himself as "double-jointed." No attempt has been made in the portrait to exhibit this last peculiarity, although the artist has certainly laid generous emphasis on the hands.

Wybrand Lolkes, who was born in Jelst, Holland, in 1730, was the son of a poor fisherman, and was, to begin with, a watch-maker. His trade failed, however, and he began to exhibit himself, and after attending various Dutch fairs for a considerable time, amassed some little money. When sixty years of age he came to England, and attracted much notice, always appearing on the stage with his wife, a comely Dutchwoman. He is represented by her side in the original engraving of which we give a copy. Astley



THOMAS BELL.



WYBRAND LOLKES AND HIS WIFE.

gave him five guineas a week and a benefit, showing him at the Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge. He was said to be a very good husband, and had three children of the ordinary stature. Although clumsy in figure he

was extremely active and strong, and could easily jump from the ground upon a chair of ordinary height. A vain little person and of rather morose temper, he attempted to comport himself with all the dignity proper to 6ft. of height, although his actual inches were only twenty-seven.

A very extraordinary monster was one Basilio Huaylas, a Peruvian Indian, who exhibited himself in Lima, South America, in 1792. His entire height was returned as "upwards of seven Castilian feet two inches," but the various parts of his great body were not duly proportioned. His head was enormous, occupying a third of his whole stature; his arms were so long that when he stood upright the ends of his fingers reached his knees. His trunk, too, was tremendous in size, while his legs were comparatively small, the right being an inch shorter than the left, the result, it was said, of a blow received in youth. His

portrait was engraved from a rather rough and grotesque painting, wherein a musician, with a most extraordinary harp, apparently upside down, is introduced to indicate the giant's proportions comparatively with other men's.



BASILIO HUAYLAS.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

Episcopate, he received the offer of the Vicarage of Kensington, having thus charge



From a Photograph. AGE 17.

THE REVEREND THE HON.
EDWARD CARR-GLYN, M.A.
BORN 1843.

THE HON. EDWARD CARR-GLYN was educated at Harrow School and University College, Oxford, and was ordained by the Archbishop of York in 1868. In 1878, when Dr. Maclagan was raised to the

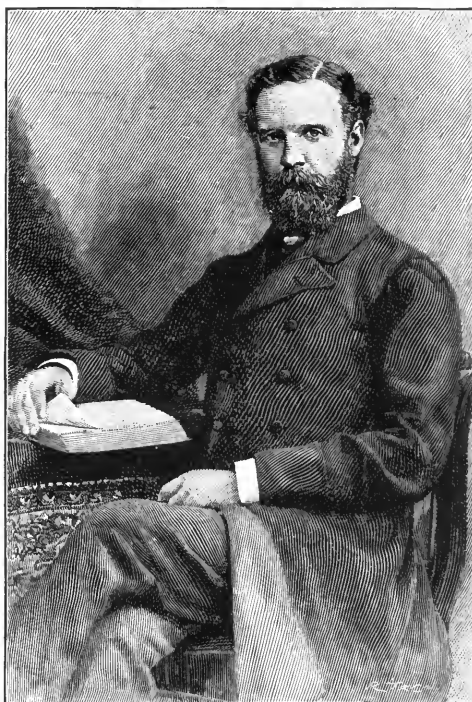


From a Photo. by] Vol. viii.—36. AGE 30. [Samuel A. Walker.



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. [Elliott & Fry,

of a parish second to none in importance and responsibility, and the zeal and devotion



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry,

with which he has given himself to his work are well known. The Rev. E. Carr-Glyn is also Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and assisted in the christening of Prince Edward, son of the Duke and Duchess of York.



AGE 16.
From an Engraving.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

BORN 1843.

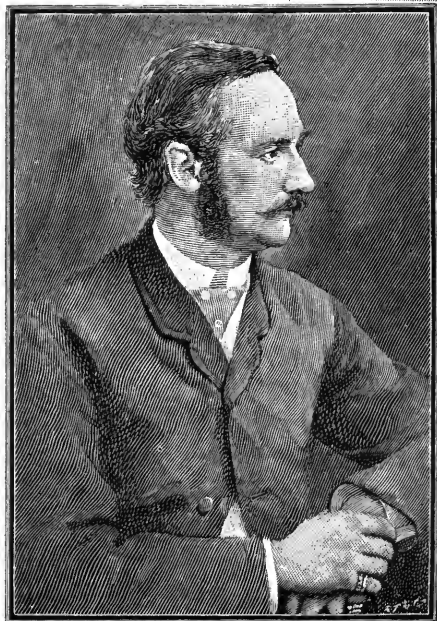
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE FREDERIC OF DENMARK was born in Copenhagen, and by the wish of his Royal parents was sent to an ordinary school, where he lived



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by J. Petersen, Copenhagen.



and worked with his future subjects. His studies were well supplemented by a thorough military training, he having risen to the rank of General in the Swedish army. In 1869 he married Princess Louise of Sweden and Norway, whose portraits are given herewith.



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

AGE 25.
From a Photo. by Didrik Jansson, Landskrona.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE JOSÉPHINE EUGÉNIE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY is the daughter of the late King Charles XV. of Sweden, brother to the present King, Oscar II. Her Royal Highness was married to Prince Christian Frederic of Denmark, at Stockholm, on the 28th of July, 1869, the Prince and Princess having accordingly celebrated their silver wedding on the 28th of July of this year. The Princess has always been immensely popular in her native country, and by



AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Didrik Jansson, Landskrona.

her many acts of kind-heartedness has also won the esteem and affection of her future subjects, the people of Denmark. The interest in these two sets of portraits will, no doubt, be enhanced by the appearance of a description of the Palaces belonging to the parents of the Prince and Princess, for as children of the Royal couple they are naturally closely connected with many of the incidents described in the article, as well as the subjects of the cuts with which the text is profusely illustrated.



AGE 20.
From an Engraving by Julius Wolf.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.



AGE 12.
From a Photo. by John Bles & Co.

THE MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

BORN 1863.



IS HIGHNESS MAHARAJAH SYAGI RAO GAEKWAR was educated at the "Maharajah's School" at Baroda, under the personal supervision of Mr. F.



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Vussuntrao, Hurrichund, & Co., Bombay.

Elliot, of the Indian Civil Service. On Mulhar Rao, the former Gaekwar's deposition, His Highness was selected as his successor, and was installed on the throne, under regency, in 1875. In December, 1881, he was invested with full and Sovereign powers. His Highness is an excellent English scholar, speaking the language as fluently as his own.



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [John Bles & Co.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [E. Hawkins, Brighton.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

VII.—THE AFFAIR OF THE TORTOISE.



VERY often Hewitt was tempted, by the fascination of some particularly odd case, to neglect his other affairs to follow up a matter that from a business point of view was of little or no value to him. As a rule, he had a sufficient regard for his own interests to resist such temptations, but in one curious case at least I believe he allowed it largely to influence him. It was certainly an extremely odd case—one of those affairs that, coming to light at intervals, but more often remaining unheard of by the general public, convince one that after all there is very little extravagance about Mr. R. L. Stevenson's bizarre imaginings of doings in London in his "New Arabian Nights." "There is nothing in this world that is at all possible," I have often heard Martin Hewitt say, "that has not happened or is not happening in London." Certainly he had opportunities of knowing.

The case I have referred to occurred some time before my own acquaintance with him began—in 1878, in fact. He had called one Monday morning at an office in regard to something connected with one of those uninteresting, though often difficult, cases which formed, perhaps, the bulk of his practice, when he was informed of a most mysterious murder that had taken place in another part of the same building on the previous Saturday afternoon. Owing to the circumstances of the case, only the vaguest account had appeared in the morning papers, and even this, as it chanced, Hewitt had not read.

The building was one of a new row in a partly rebuilt street near the National Gallery. The whole row had been built by a speculator for the purpose of letting out in flats, suites of chambers, and in one or two cases, on the ground floors, offices. The rooms had let very well, and to desirable tenants as a rule. The least satisfactory tenant, the proprietor reluctantly admitted, was a Mr. Rameau, a negro gentleman, single, who had three rooms on the top floor but one of the particular building that Hewitt was visiting. His rent was paid regularly, but his behaviour had produced complaints from other tenants. He got uproariously drunk, and screamed and howled in unknown tongues. He fell asleep on the staircase, and ladies were afraid to pass. He

bawled rough chaff down the stairs and along the corridors, at butcher boys and messengers, and played on errand boys brutal practical jokes that ended in police-court summonses. He once had a way of sliding down the balusters, shouting: "Ho! ho! ho! yah!" as he went, but as he was a big, heavy man, and the balusters had been built for different treatment, he had very soon and very firmly been requested to stop it. He had plenty of money, and spent it freely; but it was generally felt that there was too much of the light-hearted savage about him to fit him to live among quiet people.

How much longer the landlord would have stood this sort of thing, Hewitt's informant said, was a matter of conjecture, for on the Saturday afternoon in question the tenancy had come to a startling full-stop. Rameau had been murdered in his room, and the body had, in a most unaccountable fashion, been secretly removed from the premises.

The strongest possible suspicion pointed to a man who had been employed in shovelling and carrying coals, cleaning windows, and chopping wood for several of the buildings, and who had left that very Saturday. The crime had, in fact, been committed with this man's chopper, and the man himself had been heard, again and again, to threaten Rameau, who in his brutal fashion had made a butt of him. This man was a Frenchman, Victor Goujon by name, who had lost his employment as a watchmaker by reason of an injury to his right hand, which destroyed its steadiness, and so he had fallen upon evil days and odd jobs.

He was a little man, of no great strength, but extraordinarily excitable, and the coarse gibes and horseplay of the big negro drove him almost to madness. Rameau would often, after some more than ordinarily outrageous attack, contemptuously fling Goujon a shilling, which the little Frenchman, although wanting a shilling badly enough, would hurl back in his face, almost weeping with impotent rage. "Pig! *Canaille!*" he would scream. "Dirty pig of Africa! Take your sheelin' to vere you 'ave stole it! *Voleur!* Pig!"

There was a tortoise living in the basement, of which Goujon had made rather a pet, and the negro would sometimes use this animal as a missile, flinging it at the little



"FLINGING IT AT THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN'S HEAD."



Frenchman's head. On one such occasion the tortoise struck the wall so forcibly as to break its shell, and then Goujon seized a shovel and rushed at his tormentor with such blind fury that the latter made a bolt of it. These were but a few of the passages between Rameau and the fuel-porter, but they illustrate the state of feeling between them.

Goujon, after correspondence with a relative in France who offered him work, gave notice to leave, which expired on the day of the crime. At about three that afternoon a housemaid proceeding toward Rameau's rooms met Goujon as he was going away. Goujon bade her good-bye, and pointing in the direction of Rameau's rooms said, exultantly: "Dere shall be no more of the black pig for me; vit 'im I 'ave done for. Zut! I mock me of 'im! 'E vill never *tracasser* me no more!" And he went away.

The girl went to the outer door of Rameau's rooms, knocked, and got no reply. Concluding that the tenant was out, she was about to use her keys when she found that the door was unlocked. She passed through the lobby and into the sitting-room, and there fell in a dead faint at the sight that met her eyes. Rameau lay with his back across the sofa and his head drooping within an inch of the ground. On the head was a fearful gash, and below it was a pool of blood.

The girl must have lain unconscious for about ten minutes. When she came to her senses she dragged herself, terrified, from the room and up to the housekeeper's apartments, where, being an excitable and nervous creature, she only screamed "Murder!" and immediately fell in a fit of hysterics that lasted three-quarters of an hour. When at last she came to herself she told her story, and, the hall-porter having been summoned, Rameau's rooms were again approached.

The blood still lay on the floor, and the chopper, with which the crime had evidently been committed, rested

against the fender; but the body had vanished! A search was at once made, but no trace of it could be seen anywhere. It seemed impossible that it could have been carried out of the building, for the hall-porter must at once have noticed anybody leaving with so bulky a burden. Still, *in* the building it was not to be found.

When Hewitt was informed of these things on Monday, the police were, of course, still in possession of Rameau's rooms. Inspector Nettings, Hewitt was told, was in charge of the case, and as the inspector was an acquaintance of his, and was then in the rooms upstairs, Hewitt went up to see him.

Nettings was pleased to see Hewitt, and invited him to look round the rooms. "Perhaps you can spot something we have overlooked," he said. "Though it's not a case there can be much doubt about."

"You think it's Goujon, don't you?"

"Think? Well, rather. Look here. As soon as we got here on Saturday, we found this piece of paper and pin on the floor. We showed it to the housemaid, and then she remembered—she was too much upset to think of it before—that when she was in the room the paper was lying on the dead man's chest—pinned there, evidently. It must have dropped off when they removed the body. It's a case of half-mad revenge on Goujon's part, plainly. See it—you read French, don't you?"

The paper was a plain, large half-sheet of note-paper, on which a sentence in French was scrawled in red ink in a large, clumsy hand, thus :—

puni par un vengeur de la tortue.

"*Puni par un vengeur de la tortue*," Hewitt repeated, musingly. "' Punished by an avenger of the tortoise.' That seems odd."

"Well, rather odd. But you understand the reference, of course. Have they told you about Rameau's treatment of Goujon's pet tortoise?"

"I think it was mentioned among his other pranks. But this is an extreme revenge for a thing of that sort, and a queer way of announcing it."

"Oh, he's mad—mad with Rameau's continual ragging and baiting," Nettings answered. "Anyway, this is a plain indication—plain as though he'd left his own signature. Besides, it's in his own language—French. And there's his chopper, too."

"Speaking of signatures," Hewitt remarked, "perhaps you have already compared this with other specimens of Goujon's writing?"

"I did think of it, but they don't seem to have a specimen to hand, and anyway, it doesn't seem very important. There's 'avenger of the tortoise' plain enough, in the man's own language, and that tells everything. Besides, handwritings are easily disguised."

"Have you got Goujon?"

"Well, no; we haven't. There seems to be some little difficulty about that. But I expect to have him by this time to-morrow. Here comes Mr. Styles, the landlord."

Mr. Styles was a thin, querulous, and withered-looking little man, who twitched his eyebrows as he spoke, and spoke in short, jerky phrases.

"No news, eh, inspector, eh? eh? Found out nothing else, eh? Terrible thing for my property—terrible. Who's your friend?"

Nettings introduced Hewitt.

"Shocking thing this,

eh, Mr. Hewitt? Terrible. Comes of having anything to do with these bloodthirsty foreigners, eh? New buildings and all—character ruined. No one come to live here now, eh? Tenants—noisy niggers—murdered by my own servants—terrible. You formed any opinion, eh?"

"I daresay I might if I went into the case."

"Yes, yes—same opinion as inspector's, eh? I mean an opinion of your own?" The old man scrutinized Hewitt's face sharply.

"If you'd like me to look into the matter——" Hewitt began.

"Eh? Oh, look into it! Well, I can't commission you, you know—matter for the police. Mischief's done. Police doing very well, I think—must be Goujon. But look about the place, certainly, if you like. If you see anything likely to serve *my* interests tell me, and—and—perhaps I'll employ you, eh, eh? Good afternoon."

The landlord vanished, and the inspector laughed. "Likes to see what he's buying, does Mr. Styles," he said.

Hewitt's first impulse was to walk out of the place at once. But his interest in the



"SHOCKING THING THIS, EH, MR. HEWITT?"

case had been roused, and he determined, at any rate, to examine the rooms, and this he did, very minutely. By the side of the lobby was a bath-room, and in this was fitted a tip-up wash-basin, which Hewitt inspected with particular attention. Then he called the housekeeper, and made inquiries about Rameau's clothes and linen. The housekeeper could give no idea of how many overcoats or how much linen he had had. He had all a negro's love of display, and was continually buying new clothes, which, indeed, were lying, hanging, littering, and choking up the bedroom in all directions. The housekeeper, however, on Hewitt's inquiring after such a garment in particular, did remember one heavy black ulster, which Rameau had very rarely worn—only in the coldest weather.

"After the body was discovered," Hewitt asked the housekeeper, "was any stranger observed about the place—whether carrying anything or not?"

"No, sir," the housekeeper replied. "There's been particular inquiries about that. Of course, after we knew what was wrong and the body was gone, nobody was seen, or he'd have been stopped. But the hall-porter says he's certain no stranger came or went for half an hour or more before that—the time about when the housemaid saw the body and fainted."

At this moment a clerk from the landlord's office arrived and handed Nettings a paper. "Here you are," said Nettings to Hewitt; "they've found a specimen of Goujon's handwriting at last, if you'd like to see it. I don't want it—I'm not a graphologist, and the case is clear enough for me, anyway."

Hewitt took the paper: "This," he said, "is a different sort of handwriting from that on the paper. The red ink note about the avenger of the tortoise is in a crude, large, clumsy, untaught style of writing. This is small, neat, and well formed—except that it is a trifle shaky, probably because of the hand injury."

"That's nothing," contended Nettings; "handwriting clues are worse than useless, as a rule. It's so easy to disguise and imitate writing; and besides, if Goujon is such a good penman as you seem to say, why, he could all the easier alter

his style. Say now yourself, can any fiddling question of handwriting get over this thing about 'avenging the tortoise'—practically a written confession? To say nothing of the chopper, and what he said to the housemaid as he left."

"Well," said Hewitt, "perhaps not; but we'll see. Meantime," turning to the landlord's clerk, "possibly you will be good enough to tell me one or two things. First, what was Goujon's character?"

"Excellent, as far as we know. We never had a complaint about him except for little matters of carelessness—leaving coal-scuttles on the staircases for people to fall over, losing shovels, and so on. He was certainly a bit careless, but, as far as we could see, quite a decent little fellow. One would never have thought him capable of committing murder for the sake of a tortoise, though he was rather fond of the animal."

"The tortoise is dead now, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Have you a lift in this building?"

"Only for coals and heavy parcels. Goujon used to work it, sometimes going up and down in it himself with coals, and so on; it goes into the basement."

"And are the coals kept under this building?"



"HEWITT TOOK THE PAPER."

"No. The store for the whole row is under the next two houses—the basements communicate."

"Do you know Rameau's other name?"

"César Rameau he signed in our agreement."

"Did he ever mention his relations?"

"No. That is to say, he did say something one day when he was very drunk; but, of course, it was all rot. Someone told him not to make such a row—he was a beastly tenant—and he said he was the best man in the place, and his brother was Prime Minister, and all sorts of things. Mere drunken rant. I never heard of his saying anything sensible about relations. We know nothing of his connections; he came here on a banker's reference."

"Thanks. I think that's all I want to ask. You notice," Hewitt proceeded, turning to Nettings, "the only ink in this place is scented and violet, and the only paper is tinted and scented too, with a monogram—characteristic of a negro with money. The paper that was pinned on Rameau's breast is in red ink on common and rather grubby paper, therefore it was written somewhere else and brought here. Inference, premeditation."

"Yes, yes. But are you an inch nearer, with all these speculations? Can you get nearer than I am now without them?"

"Well, perhaps not," Hewitt replied. "I don't profess, at this moment, to know the criminal—you do. I'll concede you that point for the present. But you don't offer an opinion as to who removed Rameau's body—which I think I know."

"Who was it, then?"

"Come, try and guess that yourself. It wasn't Goujon, I don't mind letting you know that. But it was a person quite within your knowledge of the case. You've mentioned the person's name more than once."

Nettings stared blankly. "I don't understand you in the least," he said. "But, of course, you mean that this mysterious person you speak of as having moved the body committed the murder?"

"No, I don't. Nobody could have been more innocent of that."

"Well," Nettings concluded, with resignation, "I'm afraid one of us is rather thick-headed. What will you do?"

"Interview the person who took away the body," Hewitt replied, with a smile.

"But, man alive, why? Why bother about the person if it isn't the criminal?"

"Never mind—never mind; probably the person will be a most valuable witness."

"Do you mean you think this person— whoever it is—saw the crime?"

"I think it very probable indeed."

"Well, I won't ask you any more. I shall get hold of Goujon—that's simple and direct enough for me. I prefer to deal with the heart of the case—the murder itself—when there's such clear evidence as I have."

"I shall look a little into that, too, perhaps," Hewitt said, "and if you like I'll tell you the first thing I shall do."

"What's that?"

"I shall have a good look at a map of the West Indies, and I advise you to do the same. Good morning."

Nettings stared down the corridor after Hewitt, and continued staring for nearly two minutes after he had disappeared. Then he said to the clerk, who had remained: "What was he talking about?"

"Don't know," replied the clerk. "Couldn't make head or tail of it."

"I don't believe there *is* a head to it," declared Nettings; "nor a tail either. He's kidding us."

Nettings was better than his word, for within two hours of his conversation with Hewitt, Goujon was captured and safe in a cab bound for Bow Street. He had been stopped at Newhaven in the morning on his way to Dieppe, and was brought back to London. But now Nettings met a check.

Late that afternoon he called on Hewitt to explain matters. "We've got Goujon," he said, gloomily, "but there's a difficulty. He's got two friends who can swear an *alibi*. Rameau was seen alive at half-past one on Saturday, and the girl found him dead about three. Now, Goujon's two friends, it seems, were with him from one o'clock till four in the afternoon with the exception of five minutes when the girl saw him, and then he left them to take a key or something to the housekeeper before finally leaving. They were waiting on the landing below when Goujon spoke to the housemaid, heard him speaking, and had seen him go all the way up to the housekeeper's room and back, as they looked up the wide well of the staircase. They are men employed near the place, and seem to have good characters. But perhaps we shall find something unfavourable about them. They were drinking with Goujon, it seems, by way of 'seeing him off.'"

"Well," Hewitt said, "I scarcely think you need trouble to damage these men's characters. They are probably telling the

truth. Come, now, be plain. You've come here to get a hint as to whether my theory of the case helps you, haven't you?"

"Well, if you can give me a friendly hint, although, of course, I may be right after all. Still, I wish you'd explain a bit as to what you meant by looking at a map and all that mystery. Nice thing for me to be taking a lesson in my own business after all these years. But perhaps I deserve it."

"See now," quoth Hewitt, "you remember what map I told you to look at?"

"The West Indies."

"Right. Well, here you are." Hewitt reached an atlas from his bookshelf. "Now, look here: the biggest island of the lot on this map, barring Cuba, is Hayti. You know as well as I do that the western part of that island is peopled by the black republic of Hayti, and that the country is in a degenerate state of almost unexampled savagery, with a ridiculous show of civilization. There are revolutions all the time—the South American republics are peaceful and prosperous compared to Hayti. The state of the country is simply awful—read Sir Spenser St. John's book on it. President after President of the vilest sort forces his way to power, and commits the most horrible and blood-thirsty excesses, murdering his opponents by the hundred and seizing their property for himself and his satellites, who are usually as bad, if not worse than the President himself. Whole families—men, women, and children—are murdered at the instance of these ruffians, and, as a consequence, the most deadly feuds spring up, and the Presidents and their followers are always themselves in danger of reprisals from others. Perhaps the very worst of these Presidents in recent times has been the notorious Domingue, who was overthrown by an insurrection, as they all are sooner or later, and compelled to fly the country. Domingue and his nephews, one of whom was Chief Minister, while in power committed the cruellest bloodshed, and many members of the opposite party sought refuge in a small island lying just to the north of Hayti, but were sought out there and almost exterminated. Now, I will show you that island on the map. What is its name?"

"Tortuga."

"It is. 'Tortuga,' however, is only the old Spanish name—the Haytians speak French—Creole French. Here is a French atlas: *now* see the name of that island."

"La Tortue!"

"La Tortue it is—the tortoise. Tortuga

means the same thing in Spanish. But that island is always spoken of in Hayti as La Tortue. Now do you see the drift of that paper pinned to Rameau's breast!"

"Punished by an avenger of—or from—the tortoise or La Tortue—clear enough. It would seem that the dead man had something to do with the massacre there, and somebody from the island is avenging it. The thing's most extraordinary."

"And now listen. The name of Domingue's nephew, who was Chief Minister, was *Septimus Rameau*."

"And this was César Rameau—his brother, probably. I see. Well—this *is* a case."

"I think the relationship probable. Now you understand why I was inclined to doubt that Goujon was the man you wanted."

"Of course, of course. And now I suppose I must try to get a nigger—the chap who wrote that paper. I wish he hadn't been such an ignorant nigger. If he'd only have put the capitals to the words 'La Tortue,' I might have thought a little more about them, instead of taking it for granted that they meant that wretched tortoise in the basement of the house. Well, I've made a fool of a start, but I'll be after that nigger now."

"And I, as I said before," said Hewitt, "shall be after the person that carried off Rameau's body. I have had something else to do this afternoon, or I should have begun already."

"You said you thought he saw the crime. How did you judge that?"

Hewitt smiled. "I think I'll keep that little secret to myself for the present," he said. "You shall know soon."

"Very well," Nettings replied, with resignation. "I suppose I mustn't grumble if you don't tell me everything. I feel too great a fool altogether over this case to see any further than you show me." And Inspector Nettings left on his search; while Martin Hewitt, as soon as he was alone, laughed joyously and slapped his thigh.

There was a cab-rank and shelter at the end of the street where Mr. Styles's building stood, and early that evening a man approached it and hailed the cabmen and the waterman. Anyone would have known the new-comer at once for a cabman taking a holiday. The brim of the hat, the bird's-eye neckerchief, the immense coat buttons, and more than all, the rolling walk and the wrinkled trousers, marked him out distinctly.

"Watcheer!" he exclaimed; affably, with the self-possession not only possible to



"I'M A-LOOKIN' FOR A BILKER."

cabbies and 'busmen. "I'm a-lookin' for a bilker. I'm told one o' the bloke's off this rank carried 'im last Saturday, and I want to know where he went. I ain't 'ad a chance o' gettin' 'is address yet. Took a cab just as it got dark, I'm told. Tallish chap, muffled up a lot, in a long black overcoat. Any of ye seen 'im?"

The cabbies looked at one another and shook their heads; it chanced that none of them had been on that particular rank at that time. But the waterman said, "'Old on—I bet 'e's the bloke wot old Bill Stammers took. Yorkey was fust on the rank, but the bloke wouldn't 'ave a 'ansom—wanted a four-wheeler; so old Bill took 'im. Biggish chap in a long black coat, collar up an' muffled thick; soft wideawake 'at, pulled over 'is eyes; and he was in a 'urry, too. Jumped in sharp as a weasel."

"Didn't see 'is face, did ye?"

"No—not a inch of it; too much muffled. Couldn't tell if he 'ad a face."

"Was his arm in a sling?"

"Aye, it looked so. Had it stuffed through the breast of his coat, like as though there might be a sling inside."

"That's 'im. Any of ye tell me where I might run across old Bill Stammers? He'll tell me where my precious bilker went to."

As to this there was plenty of information, and in five minutes Martin Hewitt, who had become an unoccupied cabman for the occasion, was on his way to find old Bill Stammers. That respectable old man gave him exact particulars as to the place in the East-end where he had driven his muffled fare on Saturday, and soon Hewitt had begun an eighteen or twenty hours' search beyond White-chapel.

At about three on Tuesday afternoon, as Nettings was in the act of leaving Bow Street Police Station, Hewitt drove up in a four-wheeler. Some prisoner appeared to be crouching low in the vehicle, but leaving him to take care of himself, Hewitt hurried into the station and shook Nettings by the hand.

"Well," he said, "have you got the murderer of Rameau yet?"

"No," Nettings growled. "Unless—well, Goujon's under remand still, and after all I've been thinking that he may know something——"

"Pooh, nonsense!" Hewitt answered. "You'd better let him go. Now, I *have* got somebody." Hewitt laughed and slapped the inspector's shoulder. "I've got the man who carried Rameau's body away!"

"The deuce you have! Where? Bring him in. We must have him——"

"All right, don't be in a hurry—he won't bolt." And Hewitt stepped out to the cab and produced his prisoner, who, pulling his hat further over his eyes, hurried furtively into the station. One hand was stowed in the breast of his long coat, and below the wide brim of his hat a small piece of white bandage could be seen; and as he lifted his face it was seen to be that of a negro.

"Inspector Nettings," Hewitt said, ceremoniously, "allow me to introduce MR. CÉSAR RAMEAU!"

Nettings gasped.



WHAT! YOU?

"What!" he at length ejaculated. "What! You—you're Rameau?"

The negro looked round nervously, and shrank further from the door.

"Yes," he said; "but please not so loud—please not loud. Zey may be near, and I'm 'fraid."

"You will certify, will you not," asked Hewitt, with malicious glee, "not only that you were not murdered last Saturday by Victor Goujon, but that, in fact, you were not murdered at all? Also that you carried your own body away in the usual fashion, on your own legs?"

"Yes, yes," responded Rameau, looking haggardly about; "but is not zis—zis room publique? I should not be seen."

"Nonsense," replied Hewitt, rather testily, "you exaggerate your danger and your own importance, and your enemies' abilities as well. You're safe enough."

"I suppose, then," Nettings remarked, slowly, like a man on whose mind something vast was beginning to dawn—"I suppose—why, hang it, you must have just got up while that fool of a girl was screaming and fainting upstairs, and walked out—they say there's nothing so hard as a nigger's skull, and yours has certainly made

a fool of me. But then *somebody* must have chopped you over the head—who was it?"

"My enemies—my great enemies; enemies politique. I am a great man"—this with a faint revival of vanity amid his fear—"a great man in my country. Zey have great secret club-'sieties to kill me—me and my frien's; and one enemy coming in my rooms does zis—one, two"—he indicated wrist and head—"wiz a choppah."

Rameau made the case plain to Nettings, so far as the actual circumstances of the assault on himself were concerned. A negro whom he had noticed near the place more than once during the previous day or two had attacked him suddenly in his rooms, dealing him two savage blows with a chopper. The first he had caught on his wrist, which was seriously damaged, as well as excruciatingly painful, but the second had taken effect on his head.

His assailant had evidently

gone away then, leaving him for dead; but as a matter of fact he was only stunned by the shock, and had, thanks to the adamant thickness of the negro skull and the ill-direction of the chopper, only a very bad scalp wound, the bone being no more than grazed. He had lain insensible for some time, and must have come to his senses soon after the housemaid had left the room. Terrified at the knowledge that his enemies had found him out, his only thought was to get away and hide himself. He hastily washed and tied up his head, enveloped himself in the biggest coat he could find, and let himself down into the basement by the coal-lift, for fear of observation. He waited in the basement of one of the adjoining buildings till dark and then got away in a cab, with the idea of hiding himself in the East-end. He had had very little money with him on his flight, and it was by reason of this circumstance that Hewitt, when he found him, had prevailed on him to leave his hiding-place, since it would be impossible for him to touch any of the large sums of money in the keeping of his bank so long as he was supposed to be dead. With much difficulty, and the promise of ample police protection, he was at last convinced that it would be safe

to declare himself and get his property, and then run away and hide wherever he pleased.

Nettings and Hewitt strolled off together for a few minutes and chatted, leaving the wretched Rameau to cower in a corner among several policemen.



"NETTINGS AND HEWITT STROLLED OFF."

"Well, Mr. Hewitt," Nettings said, "this case has certainly been a shocking beating for me. I must have been as blind as a bat when I started on it. And yet I don't see that you had a deal to go on even now. What struck you first?"

"Well, in the beginning it seemed rather odd to me that the body should have been taken away—as I had been told it was, after the written paper had been pinned on it. Why should the murderer pin a label on the body of his victim if he meant carrying that body away? Who would read the label and learn of the nature of the revenge gratified? Plainly that indicated that the person who had carried away the body was *not* the person who had committed the murder. But as soon as I began to examine the place I saw the probability that there was no murder after all. There were any number of indications of this fact, and I can't understand your not observing them. First, although there was a

good deal of blood on the floor just below where the housemaid had seen Rameau lying, there was none between that place and the door. Now, if the body had been dragged, or even carried, to the door, blood must have become smeared about the floor, or at least there would have been drops; but

there were none, and this seemed to hint that the corpse might have come to itself, sat up on the sofa, stanching the wound, and walked out. I reflected at once that Rameau was a full-blooded negro, and that a negro's head is very nearly invulnerable to anything short of bullets. Then, if the body had been dragged out—as such a heavy body must have been—almost of necessity the carpet and rugs would show signs of the fact, but there were no such signs. But beyond these

there was the fact that no long black overcoat was left with the other clothes, although the housekeeper distinctly remembered Rameau's possession of such a garment. I judged he would use some such thing to assist his disguise, which was why I asked her. *Why* he would want disguise was plain, as you shall see presently. There were no towels left in the bath-room—inference, used for bandages. Everything seemed to show that the only person responsible for Rameau's removal was Rameau himself. Why, then, had he gone away secretly and hurriedly, without making complaint, and why had he stayed away? What reason would he have for doing this if it had been Goujon that had attacked him? None. Goujon was going to France. Clearly, Rameau was afraid of another attack from some implacable enemy whom he was anxious to avoid—one against whom he feared legal complaint or defence would be useless. This brought me at once to the

paper found on the floor. If this were the work of Goujon and an open reference to his tortoise, why should he be at such pains to disguise his handwriting? He would have been already pointing himself out by the mere mention of the tortoise. And, if he could not avoid a shake in his natural, small handwriting, how could he have avoided it in a large, clumsy, slowly-drawn, assumed hand? No, the paper was not Goujon's."

"As to the writing on the paper," Nettings interposed, "I've told you how I made that mistake. I took the readiest explanation of the words, since they seemed so pat, and I wouldn't let anything else outweigh that. As to the other things—the evidences of Rameau's having gone off by himself—well, I don't usually miss such obvious things; but I never thought of the possibility of the *victim* going away on the quiet and not coming back, as though *he'd* done something wrong. Comes of starting with a set of fixed notions."

"Well," answered Hewitt, "I fancy you must have been rather 'out of form,' as they say—everybody has his stupid days, and you can't keep up to concert pitch for ever. To return to the case. The evidence of the chopper was very untrustworthy—especially when I had heard of Goujon's careless habits—losing shovels and leaving coal-scuttles on stairs. Nothing more likely than for the chopper to be left lying about, and a criminal who had calculated his chances would know the advantage to himself of using a weapon that belonged to the place, and leaving it behind, to divert suspicion. It is quite possible, by the way, that the man who attacked Rameau got away down the coal-lift and out by an adjoining basement, just as did Rameau himself; this, however, is mere conjecture. The would-be murderer had plainly prepared for the crime—witness the previous preparation of the paper declaring his revenge—an indication of his pride at having run his enemy to earth at such a distant place as this—although I expect he was only in England by chance, for Haytians are not a persistently energetic race. In regard to the use of small instead of capital letters in the words 'La Tortue' on the paper, I observed, in the beginning, that the first letter of the whole sentence—the *p* in 'puni'—was a small one. Clearly the writer was an illiterate man, and it was at once plain that he may have made the same mistake with ensuing words.

"On the whole, it was plain that everybody had begun with a too-ready disposition to assume that Goujon was guilty. Everybody insisted, too, that the body had been carried away—which was true, of course, although not in the sense intended—so I didn't trouble to contradict, or to say more than that I guessed who *had* carried the body off. And to tell you the truth, I was a little piqued at Mr. Styles's manner, and indisposed, interested in the case as I was, to give away my theories too freely.

"The rest of the job was not very difficult. I found out the cabman who had taken Rameau away—you can always get readier help from cabbies if you go as one of themselves, especially if you are after a bilker—and from him got a sufficiently near East-end direction to find Rameau after inquiries. I ventured, by the way, on a rather long shot. I described my man to the cabman as having an injured arm or wrist—and it turned out a correct guess. You see, a man making an attack with a chopper is pretty certain to make more than a single blow, and as there appeared to have been only a single wound on the head, it seemed probable that another had fallen somewhere else—almost certainly on the arm, as it would be raised to defend the head. At Limehouse I found he had had his head and wrist attended to at a local medico's, and a big nigger in a fright, with a long black coat, a broken head and a lame hand, is not so difficult to find in a small area. How I persuaded him up here you know already; I think I frightened him a little, too, by explaining how easily I had tracked him, and giving him a hint that others might do the same. He is in a great funk. He seems to have quite lost faith in England as a safe asylum."

The police failed to catch Rameau's assailant—chiefly because Rameau could not be got to give a proper description of him, nor to do anything except get out of the country in a hurry. In truth, he was glad to be quit of the matter with nothing worse than his broken head. Little Goujon made a wild storm about his arrest, and before he did go to France managed to extract £20 from Rameau by way of compensation, in spite of the absence of any strictly legal claim against his old tormentor. So that, on the whole, Goujon was about the only person who derived any particular profit from the tortoise mystery.

Engine Drivers and their Work.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

II.



JOHN CHALLON, who began his career at Watford in 1853, and commenced driving in 1859, said he was fifty-six years of age, but did not look much over forty. His father took the first engine from Euston to Boxmoor. Describing his "hair-breadth escapes," Challon said he was once standing with his engine in a siding at Crewe, waiting to take on the 3.45 Scotch express, when he was run into by another Scotch express and had a "narrow squeak of it." The driver of the express had failed to put on the brake soon enough, or something of the kind, and as he was bound to run either into him or into a full train standing in the station, the signalman put the points so as to turn him into the siding. By his presence of mind he undoubtedly saved a great number of lives. As it was, only a lady passenger was much hurt. His engine, the engine of the express, and another were badly injured.

"You were not hurt?"

"No, the first I saw of what was coming was that my fireman said, 'Look here, mate!' I was off the engine in an instant, and so was he."

"Do you always jump off when you see a collision inevitable?"

"It depends how you are going. If I were running at a high speed I should prefer to stay on my engine. We should have a better chance. It is always safest to stay where you are if you are going more than ten miles an hour. In jumping, you get down on to the foot-board, and jump as far as you can the way the engine is going. Even then, if the train is travelling only at the rate of ten miles an hour, you may get a nasty knock. If there is a hedge near, it is pretty safe to spring for that. Sometimes when you jump you are rolled over and over several

times like a hoop, but that does not hurt you."

Another narrow escape which Challon described was one in which he and Brown were concerned. It occurred near Nuneaton. Brown was working down an empty waggon train from Camden to Crewe, and Challon was running the Scotch express, leaving Crewe at 5.32 in the morning. Brown was being shunted to let the express pass, and was lying right across the main line. This was before the block system was introduced, and it was a very foggy morning. Brown heard the express coming, knew-

what a terrible catastrophe would happen if the express were not stopped, and blew his whistle as hard as he could. Fortunately Challon heard it, put on his brake, and thus barely escaped a collision, as it were, by the skin of the teeth. Said Challon: "We had not the brake-power then that we have now. Now we can stop easily within 300 yards; then it took us more than half a mile. I thought we were surely in for a smash, and when we were slowing down I jumped for it. Luckily we avoided it; but there was not more than a yard between my engine and Brown's train

when we came to a stand." In conclusion, Challon said he is generally chosen to take the Prince of Wales when he goes to Tring to visit Baron Rothschild. He added, "My engine is of the 'Precedent' type, 6ft. 6in., four wheels coupled."

It should be added here that every man, before he is put on an engine, has to undergo a sight examination. This is designed to test not only his sight as such, but also his ability to distinguish colours. In addition to this the men are examined from time to time to see that there is no failure of sight. Slightly different tests are employed by the



JOHN CHALLON.

From a Photo. by A. Scott, Oxford Street, W.

different companies, but the effect is the same. On the London and North-Western a card, five inches long by four broad, divided into coloured sections, and covered with dots, is used. This is placed at a distance of from fifteen to twenty yards, and if the person tested can distinguish the colours and count the dots at that distance, with one eye or with both, his sight is considered all right, and he is passed.

A day spent among the Great Western Railway Works at Swindon is an education in railway matters in itself. There seem to be miles upon miles of factories, sheds, and sidings; but as our subject is engine-men, we must keep to them. Mr. W. Dean, the head of the Locomotive Department, deputed his assistant, Mr. Williams, to select suitable men to give their experience.

William F. S. Ball said he began his career in connection with the Great Western Railway at Gloucester, in 1844, at fourteen years of age, as an engine cleaner. He went through every grade from that position until he became a driver. He has now been a driver thirty-eight years. He first worked on the Vale of Neath Railway, and was taken over by the Great Western along with the line. Questioned as to his day's work, he said:—

"When I arrive at the shed in the morning, the fire has been put in my engine. My first duty is to see that it is all right. We examine the whole of the engine minutely, and see that it is fit to go out. If I found anything wrong, or in any way defective, I should communicate with my foreman at once. When we have satisfied ourselves—I mean myself and my fireman—we then join the train. Our time is ten hours a day. I am at work nine and a half hours. I and another man are running special trains from here to London. One day I run from the station at 9 a.m., being on duty at eight and finishing at five. We arrive from London at 4.30. That is one day. We are three hours in London, and then return. On alternate days I come on at 1 p.m., and am back again by 9.30, finishing about ten. The alternate day's train back is a stopping train."

Asked if he had ever been in an accident, Ball said:—

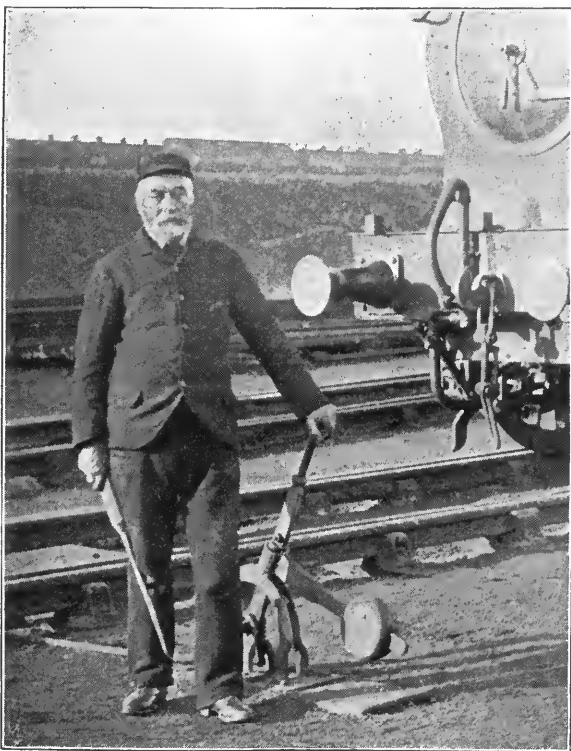
"I was in an accident in South Wales. We ran our train into a coal train. It was no fault of mine, however; it was in consequence of a wrong signal. I was not hurt. Our chief danger lies in wrong signals. We have to take them, right or wrong. As far as our duty is concerned, we have to be always on the alert."

In reply to a question as to the wear and tear of the work of driving, Ball said:—

"An engine-man needs to have a good constitution." He added, "The Great Master has given me good health, and I have taken good care of it. I never had any ill-health, and I know nothing about it. I do not find that the exposure tells upon me at all."

"Do you receive a premium for economy in the use of fuel?"

"Not exactly for that, but for economy



From a]

W. F. S. BALL.

[Photograph.

in the use of coal and other things, and for good conduct generally, I get a premium of £10 a year. I receive that every year."

While this conversation was going on, Ball was oiling his engine and getting ready to take on the express to London. We then went on his engine to the water tank, and

from thence to the siding to be in readiness for the express from Bristol. On the way up Ball explained that the oiling of the engine was one of the most important duties of the driver, and he always attended to it himself. He pointed out also that the driver's place on the foot-plate is on the right side and the fireman's on the left. The chief handles and other gear connected with the control of the engine are on the right side, while those connected with the fire, the sand-box, and boiler are on the left. The driver keeps a good look-out on the right—the signals being generally on that side—while the fireman, when not engaged with the fire, watches from the left side.

A. Dickenson said he was doing goods work, and had been twenty-two years firing and driving. He commenced as a cleaner, but never did much cleaning. He was put on the engines from the first, and employed on jobs in the sheds. He then went on to say:—

"I have been an engineman now twelve years. I am in a second-class 'link' that runs trains to London, Ilfracombe, and Neath. I have been on duty eight and a half hours to-day. I am running to London and back this week. I have finished now till 5.30 to-morrow morning. Next week I go to Neath; then I take a rest and come back from Neath next day."

Mr. Martin, formerly a driver, now foreman of the engine-shed, said he started at fifteen-pence a day as cleaner. He used to work from six till six, with meal times. He was allowed to work three days extra, for the sake of making overtime. That was a regulation that would not be allowed now. At present a man was not allowed to put in more than sixty hours a week.

Drivers, as well as others on the line, were 30 or 40 per cent. better off now than they were thirty years ago. He joined the Great Western service in 1858, and started driving at Reading in 1867 or '68 on a goods train. Later he went on to passenger work, and for nine years drove on the broad gauge from London to Bristol. He was inspector for some years before he became foreman.

Asked if he had ever been in an accident, Mr. Martin said:—

"Yes, I have been in one or two. When

I was driving a goods engine, I once got into a bad mishap at Lilliput, in South Wales. We were going at the rate of ten miles an hour up a heavy gradient, the points being in our favour, and everything apparently all right, when suddenly I found the engine give way beneath me and myself flying through the air. The embankment had broken down, and the engine and some of the waggons had gone over into a field. I was shaken a bit, but not hurt, neither was my mate. The accident happened two days after my marriage, and I remember thinking what would become of my poor wife as I was going through the air."

"What other accident were you in?"

"I was coming up from Bristol in the month of June, somewhere about 1880 or '81, with the 12.45 limited mail. There was a dreadful thunderstorm at the time, and what with the noise of the train and the rolling and crashing of the thunder, I did not hear that the line was covered with water. The worst of the storm was just as we had passed Reading. It would be about three o'clock in the morning, and the thunder and lightning were something fearful. About two miles on the London side of Twyford I saw a goods



From a

A. DICKENSON.

[Photograph.



From a]

MR. MARTIN.

[Photograph.

train coming down, and the driver was holding a red light and signalling to us. We were running at the rate of sixty miles an hour at the time. I shut off steam and was preparing to pull up, when I felt the engine run into something soft, and then felt it coming out of the fire-hole door. The side of the cutting had come down; it was of limestone, and the débris had become mixed with the water. The fire was, of course, put out, and we were covered with lime, right back to the tender. We had broken away from our train, and there is no telling what might have happened but for the timely warning of the goods' driver."

Referring to the introduction of the improvements in signalling, Mr. Martin said: "The block system was introduced on the Great Western in the seventies. When I first became an engineman the signalling was very defective, and we never knew exactly what might happen. The signalman would say: 'There is such a train on the line in front of you. It started about ten minutes ago. You can go on; but keep your eyes open.' So we would go on, feeling our way; but it was dangerous and hazardous work—

although there were not nearly so many trains as now—and I had several narrow escapes at one time or another."

When a Great Western driver arrives for the first time at a new terminus, and is obliged to stay there for the night, he is allowed half a crown for his expenses. After the first night he is allowed eighteenpence. On other lines there is either a similar allowance, or else the men—fireman as well as driver—are provided with accommodation for cooking their food, resting, and sleeping in "barracks" built for the purpose. Those at Crewe, Rugby, and Camden, on the North-Western, are very extensive, accommodating in all many hundreds of men.

The London and South-Western, although not one of the largest, is among the best managed lines. The company pays special attention to its workmen; and when a man retires, at the age of sixty or over, he is given a free superannuation, varying from five to twenty-one shillings a week, according to rate of pay and length of service. The general rules and arrangements under which the men work are much the same as on the other lines, and need not be specially described. The wages and hours of working are also much the same. Mr. Thomas Higgs was the first to be interviewed. He is the chief assistant in the running department of Mr. Adams, superintendent of the Locomotive Department. Mr. Higgs said:—

"I have the superintendence of the engines, the enginemen, firemen, cleaners, coalmen, and everything connected with the running department. I commenced my career on the London and North-Western Railway at Rugby in 1846, as office and bar-boy. I worked through the sheds and fitting shops until 1853. Then I commenced on the road as a fireman, and worked in that position until 1854, when I retired from the service of the London and North-Western Railway. After a short turn on the South Staffordshire Railway, and then some months in Dublin and Belfast, I joined the service of the London and South-Western Railway in 1856 as a fireman, and in the following year was promoted to the position of relief driver on the Dorset and Weymouth line. The same year I was made engineman, working on different parts of the railroad, running goods and passenger trains. Finally, in 1859, I settled at Salisbury, running between Salisbury and London. On the opening of the Exeter line I was shifted to Exeter, and then ran between Exeter and Salisbury. After that I was promoted to the express running between Exeter and London,

up one day and down the next. That position I held until the 8th of July, 1868, when I was appointed locomotive foreman for Exeter, having in addition the supervision of all the signals and the gas and carriage departments from Yeovil to Bideford. In 1872 I was appointed district chief foreman for the Western District, from Basingstoke to all stations in the West of England. Ten years later I was removed from Exeter to London to take charge of the running department of the London and South-Western Railway, which position I have held ever since."

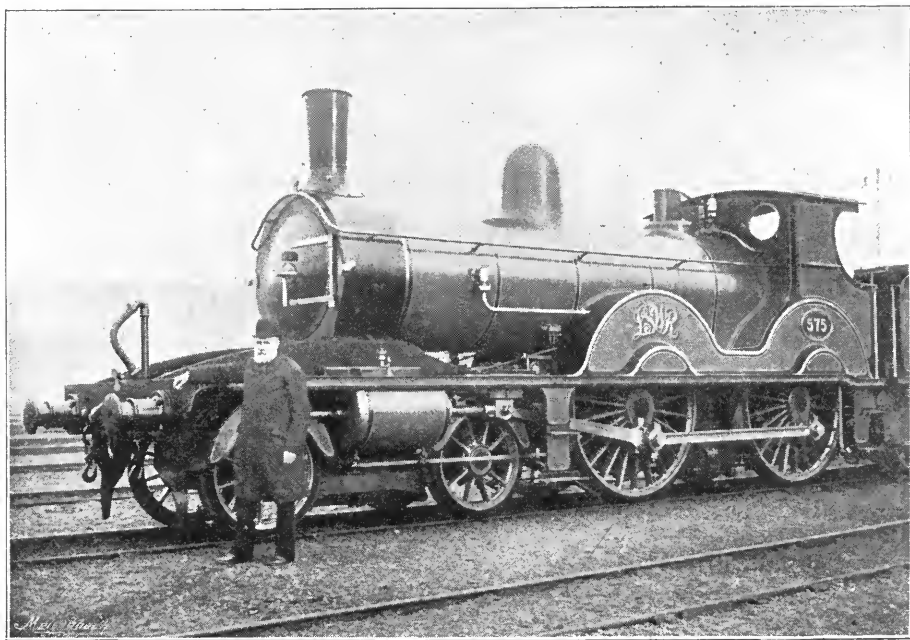
Asked if he had had any accident while working as an engineman, Mr. Higgs said:—

"I have never met with any serious

it across the road. Fortunately I saw him and pulled up in time. When he perceived that he was discovered, he ran away across the fields. I got down from my engine, and chased and caught him. He tried hard to get away; but I brought him to my engine, and carried him on to Crediton, where I handed him over to the police. I afterwards gave evidence against him at Exeter, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude."

"Through seeing the man's attempt, then, you prevented a fearful accident?"

"It must have been terrible, as we carried a great number of passengers. For my conduct on that occasion our directors gave me a silver medal and five pounds."



From a]

THOMAS HIGGS—WITH ENGINE USED WHEN THE QUEEN TRAVELS.

[Photograph.

accident, but was once scalded very severely in the execution of my duties. It occurred in October, 1862, and was caused by the heating apparatus giving out. I was laid up for five or six months. In 1863, a man attempted to throw me off the road with the mails coming over the North Devon line from Bideford to Exeter. Fortunately I managed to bring the train to a stand before any serious result occurred. Had I not stopped the train when I did, it would have been precipitated through a bridge into a river."

"Did the man place something on the line?"

"Yes; he took a gate off its hinges and laid

"Is it customary for your directors to reward such conduct?"

"Yes; I have been rewarded on several occasions for preventing accidents and serious loss of life. I am happy to say that, during all my career, I have had to attend but one inquest on a person run over. This was at a level crossing. I never broke down on the road but twice. Once I broke down the driving axle on an engine called the 'St. George,' but managed to bring the train on to the next station. I broke down once afterwards on the Exeter line. During all my career I have never travelled in a train where the engine has failed; and I have never at any

time been travelling in a railway train where anything has gone wrong with the train."

"The engineman is better cared for now than formerly, is he not?"

"As the engine has been improved, his position has been improved, too. A major consideration now, in constructing an engine, is the comfort of the driver. When I first went on to an engine there was nothing but a small hand-rail to prevent the men from falling off the footplate. There was nothing like the present protecting plates or cabs for the comfort of the men."

"Are your men, Mr. Higgs, allowed a premium for economy in the use of coal?"

"Yes; there is a certain quantity of fuel allowed per mile. Express engines are allowed 27lb. per mile—that is, on the best engines. Double duty men are allowed 28lb.; Southampton goods 28lb., Yeovil and Exeter goods men 30lb., and in many cases these quantities are not consumed. We give a premium in this way: the men who show the least consumption of fuel on their engines and keep the best time receive—the driver 20s. and fireman 10s. each four weeks."

"I suppose, Mr. Higgs, when the Queen travels over the South-Western line, it falls to your lot to accompany the train?"

"Yes; whenever Her Majesty travels on our line, I go on the engine. You see, it is necessary for someone to be on the train who would know what to do in case anything went wrong. One can never foresee what might take place, especially on a line like that from Windsor to Gosport, between which places there are no fewer than fourteen or fifteen junctions. The best run I ever did with Royalty on board was early last year, when we fetched the Prince and Princess of Wales from Wimborne. When I left London there was a dense fog. The Prince asked me what the weather was like in London. I said if there proved to be as much fog on the way as I had left in London, we should arrive two or three hours late. As a matter of fact, we found the fog in patches—here and there very dense, while here and there we found it quite clear. Whenever we got into the fog we had to crawl along, feeling our way and going along very cautiously ;

but as soon as ever we got a bit of clear daylight, I made her waltz along. Once or twice I put her to sixty-five miles an hour. When we reached Waterloo the finger was just on the point of twelve: we had done the journey to the minute. Our general manager was very pleased at the splendid run we had made, and so was the Prince."

William Lawrence said: "I began on the Great Western in 1839, at Maidenhead. I then migrated to Twyford, where I was fitter's assistant. I subsequently became fireman and then driver. I joined the South-Western in 1849, and ran from Nine Elms to Southampton with goods. Was advanced to the passenger work in 1851. In the month of November that year I was transferred to Twickenham, and ran from Twickenham to London and Windsor. In 1856 I came from Twickenham to Windsor, and continued to run betwixt here and London until 1881, when I met with a serious accident from a collision between Wraysbury and Datchet, which occurred on the 18th of January in that year."

"What was the nature of the accident?"

"Two trains were snowed up between Wraysbury and Datchet, and they telegraphed to Windsor for help. I and my mate were sent on with our engine. When we got to Wraysbury we did not know whether to go on or not, and so waited for information. In

the meantime four engines had come up from London and had worked their way through, and not knowing I was on the line they ran smash into me. My mate had got off the engine and had asked me for the shovel. He wanted to keep himself warm by shovelling away the snow. Suddenly he says, 'Look out, mate!' But before I knew where I was, the engines had struck my engine. I was knocked down and my left leg broken. The engine was sent along for some distance by the concussion. Then it stopped, and the engines struck it again. I was banged about once more, and half the coals in the tender heaped upon me. I had my senses all the time, and knew what was going on, but I was pretty well done for. My left leg was broken in two places, my right hip was put out, my jaw was broken, and I was otherwise hurt. I



MEDAL PRESENTED TO THOMAS HIGGS.
From a Photograph.

was in the hospital a long time, but finally came out as you see me. I'm able to get about a bit, but I think I should have been all right, and able to go about my work, but for the hip being put out."

Although Lawrence said this, he did not look like a man who, even without the dislocated hip-joint, would be fit for much service. His broken jaw had resulted in permanent lockjaw, which, though he was enabled to talk well enough, prevented him from taking any but liquid or semi-liquid nourishment by means of a spoon.

Nor was this finishing accident the only one that Lawrence had been in. In 1851 he was disabled for some time by an accident which resulted in the loss of one of the fingers of his right hand. It was caused by an operation which was then all but universal, but which is now well-nigh forgotten by all except old railway men, namely, the "roping-in" of trains into terminal stations. In those days an engine was not allowed to go into a terminal station, but was hauled in by a rope, the engine being unhooked and run into a siding for that purpose. On the

occasion in question, the man who had hooked the rope on to the engine and was going to hook on the train rolled down the embankment. Lawrence then got down from his engine and was about to hook on the rope, when he got his hand entangled by some means in the footboard, with the result that his finger was broken in several places.

Lawrence, who notwithstanding his many accidents is still full of spirit, described

his experience at St. Thomas's Hospital with much humour. "When," he said, "the head doctor looked at my finger, says he, 'You had better have it off. If we fix it up for you it will be stiff, and you will be poking it where you should not do.' Says I, 'Doctor, you know your business and I know mine, so you just do what you think best.' With that he winks to a student, who outs with a lancet, makes a cut this way, a cut that way, and then across, and the finger was off—just as quick as that; and I hardly felt it. But when it came to joining the leaders—Oh, my eye! Didn't it pay me out? But they made a good job of it."

"Had you any other accident?"

"Yes, I was in a rather serious one in 1859 or '60. It occurred to the 11.25 train from here (Windsor), between Ashford and Feltham. The rails had come away from the sleepers, and we ran right into a wheat-field, the train turning upon its side on a hedge. When I felt the engine going I jumped right over the fireman. He followed suit. When we found ourselves on the ground my mate says to me, says he, 'Bill, are you hurt?' I says, 'No, I'm not hurt, mate. Are

you?' 'No,' says he; 'so let's thank God that neither of us is hurt.' Then he suggested that we should go and look at the train and see if anybody was injured. We peeped down the funnels to see who was in the carriages. There weren't many passengers in the train. But there was an old lady in a first-class compartment, along with a little girl, who was screaming and making a great hullabaloo. So we fetched



WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

JOHN DEAR.

From a Photo. by H. W. Macdonald, Eton.

assistance and set to work to get them out. But it wasn't an easy matter, for the train was on its side, and the carriage door was locked. Howsomdevers, we got the window open, and soon had the little girl out all right. But it was quite a different affair with the old girl, for she was eighteen stone if a pound. After considering a bit, my mate gets in through the window and tells the old lady to mount on the arm of one of the seats. Then he gives her a bump up behind, and me and another as we got to help us pulls up above, and presently, him thrusting and us pulling, we brought her out safe and sound. But it was a tough bit of work, and for a time it seemed as though she was going to stick, half-way in and half-way out. She was a good deal frightened, but not hurt; neither was anybody else in the train."

"And since your accident in 1881, you have been pensioned by the company?"

"Yes, I have been able to do nothing since then, and the company has very kindly looked after me."

The following have been selected as typical drivers on the South-Western Railway:—

John Dear, seventy-five years of age, said he began his career on the railway in 1837. After a short experience on the London and Birmingham Railway, he joined the South-Western in 1840 as fireman, becoming a driver about 1842. He continued driving until 1884, when he was made inspector for the Windsor Station, having to look after the engines and men, which position he held until 1891, when—to use his own words—"in consequence of ill-health the directors kindly granted me a pension, as they do to all their old servants."

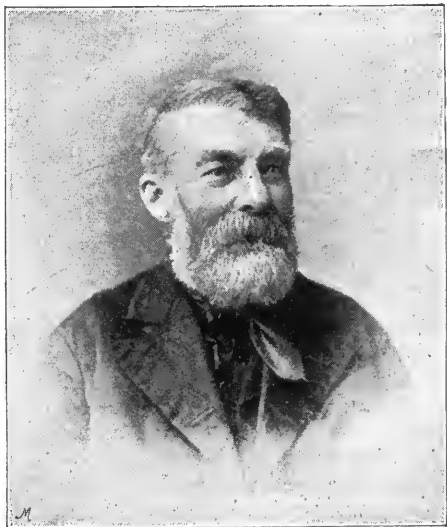
Dear continued: "I ran a passenger train between Nine Elms (the London terminus at that time) to Southampton till the end of 1849. Then, on the opening of the Windsor branch (in 1850), I was shifted to Datchet; and when the line was completed I ran between London and Windsor."

"Were you ever in an accident?"

"I was in an accident at Richmond once, when a man ran out of the yard and met me with a ballast engine. I was coming from London with the 5.50 train. I saw the ballast engine coming and ducked down, and so escaped being hit with the pinch-bar, which, by the concussion, was sent thirty or forty yards. If I had not ducked, it would have gone right through me. As it was, one of the taps went against my chest and broke my breast-bone. I have suffered with my chest in consequence ever since. A collision

of that sort could not occur now. It was a ballast engine going to Nine Elms. The driver of the engine let himself out of the yard, thinking I had gone by. They could let themselves anywhere in those days. That was about 1845 or '46. Both the engines were smashed. I went to work again almost immediately. I never had a day's illness till I had that accident. I do not think I ever lost a day's work through ill-health. I had many narrow squeaks; but I did not think much of them in those days. In later times driving was much better and safer. When I began there were no 'distant' signals and no 'home' signals, and we had to clamber over the coke to get at the brake, which was at the end of the tender. It was both dangerous and very rough work. We wore a pair of boots out almost every fortnight by going over the coke."

Charles Payne, who started on the Great Western Railway, and had had eight years' experience on it before joining the South-Western, said that he had been forty-six years in the service of the latter—twenty-six of which had been spent as a locomotive fireman, and eighteen as a driver. He described several accidents in which he had been concerned. The first was at Ashe, where his train came into collision with a ballast train, which ought to have cleared before he arrived. When he saw that a collision was inevitable, he jumped off the engine and told his mate to jump. They both of them got off unhurt. The two men on the ballast train, however, were badly injured.



CHARLES PAYNE.

From a Photo. by W. Shawcross, Guildford.

The next accident he had was near Shalford Junction. It was caused by some young colts getting on to the line. When the engine struck them, the concussion caused the engine to leave the metals. Fortunately, it ran into the "six-foot," and so no great damage was done to the train itself, but two of the colts were killed, one of them being cut up into mince-meat by the wheels of the engine and carriages.

Most drivers have had experience of cattle getting on the line, but it is not all who have had the experience of a driver who used to run over one of the western lines threading a well-preserved country. Game was in abundance, and frequently coveys of birds were seen on the line. One day, however, while going slowly up a steep incline with a goods train, he astonished his mate by stepping down from his engine, getting over the fence into a field, and immediately afterwards returning with two live hares. As they were going up the incline he saw the two hares fighting. When they do this they sit on their hind-quarters and go at it like two boxers. This they generally do in such a blind rage that they may be approached unnoticed. Our driver knew this, and so quietly went up to them and took first one and then the other by the scruff of the neck, as he put it, and then walked off with them to his engine.

But to return to Payne's experiences. Between Swindon and Gloucester there is a bank known as Brown Rock. This bank is five miles in length, and the incline is 1 in 70. Going down this bank one frosty morning, when the line was "greasy," he found that there had been a fall of rock just before he arrived, which had doubled up the line, and which resulted in throwing the engine off the road, together with some of the carriages. One large stone went underneath the engine and stripped off the feed-pipes, and then bent the axle of the tender. He stuck to the

engine and brought the train to a stand. Fortunately no one was hurt.

On another occasion, while going with the mail train over this same bank, he felt the engine give a sudden lurch. He afterwards learned that the bank had sunk over eighteen inches while he was going over it. It was only the speed at which they were travelling that saved them. The depth below the bank was sixty feet, so that, had they gone over, the carnage would have been terrible. "I often shudder when I think of the near escape we had," Payne remarked.

Charles Turton, like Payne, is stationed at Guildford. He is sixty-seven years of age, and was last year still at work driving an engine from Guildford to Farnborough and Ascot; having been forty-six years in the service of the South-Western Railway Company. One of his chief recollections is driving troop trains during the early part of the Crimean War. He considers that he has been very fortunate as regards accidents, never having been in a serious one, although he has had his quota of breakdowns.

Once when driving between Guildford and Alton his driving-wheel broke. He got out his tools, uncoupled the wheel, packed it up, and drove into Alton with one side only working. He prides himself on always having been able to take his engines to their destination. One Sunday night, going to Guildford with the 9 p.m.

train, he had the misfortune to break the right trailing axle when between Surbiton and Esher. He managed to pack it up against the box of the wheel, and work on to Guildford and Godalming.

It should be said now, if it has not been already, that it is part of the training of a driver to learn enough of engineering to be able to take out his tools and rectify any little mishap that may occur to his engine on the road.



CHARLES TURTON.

From a Photo. by W. Shavercross, Guildford.

Most Truly One.

BY EDWARD SALMON.

I.

GOOD-BYE, darling ; good-bye, Mr. Marston.”

“Now, then, any more for the shore ? Who’s for the shore ?”

“*Bon voyage*, sweetheart ; come back strong and well.”

“Who’s for the shore ? Tender’s waiting. Mind that rope, sir.”

The last words were addressed to a handsome, pale-faced man of some twenty-six years, who had just torn himself from the arms of a lady on board an Orient liner at anchor off Tilbury. He was but one of many saying farewell to friends bound for the other side of the globe, perhaps never to return.

As Walter Terrell stepped on to the ladder at the ship’s side, hot tears were in his eyes, and he dared not look. The parting with Lena Marston, the woman he hoped ere another year was over their heads to make his wife, was harder than he had anticipated. He loved her with a love which he had never given to anyone else ; in this hour of parting he felt that it was perhaps unwise she should ever leave him, and as the tender

declared to be so important for her health’s sake and which she was taking with her father to Australia, and the prospect of six months’ or more separation, been fraught with such intangible terrors.

But the screw of the tender revolved with cruel indifference to the thoughts of the love-sick man, and ere he reached the shore the ocean-going vessel itself began to move. Now that it was impossible to do so, he asked himself why had he not gone round to Plymouth with her ? Then he wondered

whether the immutable decrees of Providence would permit him to see her again, and a silent prayer went up from his heart that he might not only see her again, but see her with that glow of health on her cheeks to which they had been a stranger since he had known her. Any way, their love in the time to come should be, and no doubt would be, only the more firmly and deeply rooted for this separation.

Walter Terrell waited with an impatience and an anxiety which he could neither explain nor reason away for the letter which Lena promised she would post at Plymouth, and which he received in due course. It was



“SHE STOOD AT THE SHIP’S SIDE THROWING KISSES.”

moved away from the huge vessel and the water flowed between them, he wished from the bottom of his heart that she were not going. She stood at the ship’s side throwing kisses to him, and he returned them fervently. Not till now had the voyage, which the doctors

just the letter he expected—warm, loving, hopeful. But it contained one item that served to strengthen the curious sense of misgiving which had taken possession of him. She had met on board the brother of a school friend, a most delightful man whose

acquaintance she made some years ago, when he was a mere boy. Was it jealousy at Walter Terrell's heart? Not for a moment would he admit any such thing, but as he sat down to reply to Lena's letter he knew that doubt coloured his words.

A second letter from her left matters where they were. For the life of him he could not say why, but the fact remained, that an idea, a foreboding, had crept into his soul which ought never to have found a lodgment there. In vain he sought to dispel it. The result was inevitable. He grew thoroughly miserable and out of sorts, and try as he would to assure himself that he was taking an unreasonable view of things, that view predominated.

II.

THE truth was that Walter Terrell needed a voyage as much as Lena Marston. A man of some means, enough, at any rate, to keep him without work if he chose to live very modestly, he adopted the profession of letters, and pegged away at his manuscripts day and night like the veriest hack. More than once his doctor had warned him that if he persisted in taxing his nervous energy as he did, disaster was inevitable, but he was warned in vain. He suffered considerably with his eyes, and their weakness bothered him and hampered his work. He was now writing a book on political economy, and was putting into it research and thought which he hoped would place his name in the forefront. Only the necessity of not breaking the continuity of his labours induced him to abandon all notion of going to Australia with Lena Marston and her father.

Even at the end of some six weeks, when he received a letter from Colombo, he had not shaken off the despondent fit. He tried to conceal it from her in his reply; and then threw himself into a learned, exhaustive, and exhausting dissertation on the laws of supply and demand. What a pity he could not apply to himself the moral of the dependence of the two! The demands he made on his energy were undoubtedly greater than the supply, and that the latter should grow less and less, until it finally disappeared, was not wonderful.

Walter Terrell finished that part of his task to rise from his desk

one night and stagger across his den like one who had imbibed unwisely. He fell back into an arm-chair and faintness seized him. A million spots danced before his eyes. A crisis of some sort was at hand. With an effort he reached the bell-handle, pulled it hard, and remembered nothing more till he found himself on a bed with his doctor and man-servant beside him. As he opened his eyes he still saw those strange spots before him, and the room was very dim.

"Why don't you turn the gas up?" he asked.

"It is full on, sir," said his servant.

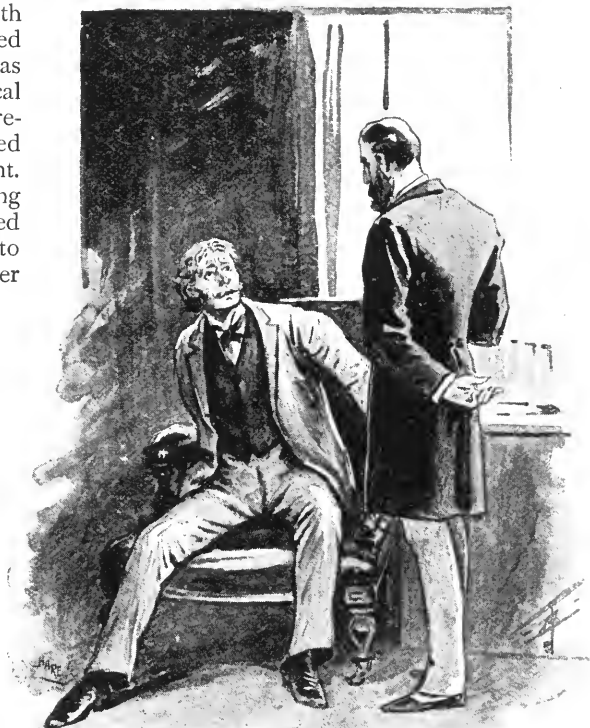
"Really," he answered, "then my eyes are very bad to-night."

"You must see an oculist," put in the doctor, "and that without delay."

It was the doctor's opinion that the weakness of Walter Terrell's eyes had saved a collapse of the whole man. With his eyes, unhappily, there was something seriously wrong, but he little realized how wrong!

The next morning he went to the oculist and had them thoroughly examined. The eye-doctor considered the occasion one for plain speaking.

"You are," he said, bluntly, "in danger of



"YOU ARE IN DANGER OF GOING BLIND."

going blind. By the utmost care it may be possible to save your eyes. But you must rest them entirely."

"You do not mean to say that I *may* go blind, really?" cried the unhappy man.

"I do, indeed, I am sorry to say. Your eyes have been neglected and overtaxed. But I hope they are not beyond human skill to set right."

The oculist probably knew his optimism to be unwarranted. Gradually Walter Terrell's sight faded. Day by day he underwent the most terrible of trials—that of waiting and watching whilst the eyes grow weaker and weaker, and the dread doom of darkness settles down.

It was a time of nameless misery, of despair, of sullen resignation. To be blind! Never to see God's light and the beauties of God's earth again! How awful! Even that could be endured if he had the love for which his soul yearned, now more than ever, and no question weighed with him more than that which recurred to him again and again: "What would Lena say to a blind man?" Could he ask her to marry him now? Could he let her marry him? Fate had indeed borne out his forebodings with bitter irony. Would he, he had speculated, ever see his darling again? How little he anticipated the character of the answer to be given to the dread query. She might stand at his side, she might gaze into his eyes, she might press his hand, but he would never more be permitted to see her!

It seemed, however, as though Fate had not yet dealt with him as hardly as she intended. Weeks went by and no further letter came from Lena. What did it mean? At first his affliction proved so absorbing that he only realized vaguely the lapse of time. But now he began to wonder, and gradually another conviction seized him. As he would never see her again, neither would he ever hear from her again.

"Merciful Heaven," he cried, "what have I done that these blows should fall so thick and fast? Why does not Lena write? I cannot believe her cruel and disloyal—and yet——"

He thought of writing to tell her all, but whilst he hesitated to dictate his inmost thoughts to another, something compelled him to await a communication from her, and that communication never came. Poor, crushed and broken Walter Terrell! A few months had wrought a shocking change for him. The midday sun of youth had long ere the gloaming suffered an eclipse more complete

and terrifying than night's darkest hour. Week succeeded week, and, philosopher as he was, he grew in time to accept his fate and even to persuade himself that it was better to have parted thus than to have faced the anguish of a separation demanded by duty. His dearest hopes were blighted; he was sorely disappointed in the girl for whom he cared so tenderly and so truly, and life was a blank. Her action was mysterious in the extreme. In his heart Walter Terrell believed she had repented of the promise she gave him, and lacked the courage to withdraw it, and he wished he had his eyes, if only that he might himself write and release her from it.

The month which was originally to have seen her in London again was at hand. Would she return? or would she take up her abode at the Antipodes as her schoolfellow's sister-in-law? The thought sent a knife to Walter Terrell's heart, and made his sightless eyes smart again in their helplessness.

III.

LITTLE dreamed he of what really had happened on the other side of the world.

Lena Marston arrived in Australia all the better for her voyage, and her constant thought was of the delight Walter would experience if this improvement continued.

Her satisfaction was destined to be short-lived. At Melbourne she went to stay with some friends, and, the very day after her arrival, was taken seriously ill. Typhoid, that bane of Victoria's beautiful capital, seized her, and for some days her life was despaired of. She recovered only to find that the disease had robbed her of her hearing. She was deaf; and, in the doctor's opinion, doomed to remain so!

At first the blow overwhelmed her, and she almost wished she had never regained her strength to learn the terrible fate in store for her. Her first concern was for Walter Terrell. During her illness a long letter reached her from him—the last he was destined to write under the guidance of his own eye (could she but have known it!)—and when she was better, she read it with eager joy. But what, she asked herself, would he say when he knew of the affliction which had overtaken her—his affianced bride?

She was not long in determining in which direction her duty lay. She could not reasonably expect him to marry her if deafness was to be her lot during the rest of her life, and the doctors gave her no hope save in a miracle. For days she lay in her sound-



"FOR DAYS SHE LAY IN HER SOUNDLESS WORLD."

less world turning over the dread prospect. Sometimes the thought of the long years of silence before her nearly drove her mad; at others she accepted her fate calmly.

"If only my affliction did not involve my love, I could bear with it," she said again and again.

When at length she was permitted to use a pen, she courageously faced the ordeal of writing to Walter Terrell, to tell him everything, to assure him of her undying love, and to release him from an engagement which could never be fulfilled. Hot tears fell from her eyes as she penned sentence after sentence, palpitating with her heart's blood; but it was her duty, and bitter as it was, she performed it with a relentless disregard of self.

True, there was a conviction at her heart that the man she loved would never give her up, but she attempted to smother it even as it grew. There would be for her now no marriage, no realization of life's dearest hope and ambition; yet she looked forward to the date when a reply might reach her with an anxiety which belied the sincerity of her assumption that Walter and she must necessarily part.

But no reply came. Then, clear as noon-day, she thought she saw it all: Walter had not the heart to write and resign her. He had simply allowed their love to go by the board, like a mast which it was hopeless and dangerous to attempt to preserve.

"He might have written one line to say

farewell—farewell!" was the only comment she made to herself.

And thus two hearts that should have been one went their several ways, each believing of the other that which was not true. There was little to return to the old country for now, and Lena Marston prolonged her stay in Australia accordingly.

IV.

A YEAR or more has elapsed, and Walter Terrell has mastered his great sorrow. He has engaged an amanuensis and settled down to work with him. He also occasionally goes out to parties and functions of interest

when he can get a friend to look after him. Such a friend he has found to pioneer him on a certain night when he is invited to a grand reception given by a lady whose husband has made a fortune as an Australian squatter, and is starting a fine establishment in London.

He has been in Mrs. Monkswell's drawing-room some half-hour, and is standing with his back to the door, talking to an elderly dame, when he hears the names announced: "Mr. and Miss Marston!" Then through the crowd he feels instinctively they are coming his way, and by some extraordinary intuition he knows that the new-comers are the lady who should have been his bride and her father. His whole frame is instantly suffused with emotion, and he controls himself with great difficulty.

She is approaching; *she* whom he has loved and loves; she who left him in his misery—albeit, she knew it not—to solitude and despair.

"Do you happen to know what Marstons they who have just entered are?" he asks of his companion, with a vain attempt at hiding his concern.

"They are recently back from Melbourne—they came home in the ship which restored dear Mr. and Mrs. Monkswell to London. Do you know them?"

Before Walter could make any sort of reply the good lady had turned aside with the words:—

"Ah, my dear Miss Marston, how are you?"

and you, Mr. Marston? So glad to see you back."

What would the sightless man have given then for one second's gaze into the face of Lena Marston? What should he do? Would she recognise him? Yes, his face was the same, his eyes were as blue as of old. A stifled cry told him she had seen him, and guided by Providence alone, he proffered his hand, and it was caught in the firm but gentle grip he remembered so vividly.

"Walter!"—"Lena!"

At that instant someone attracted the attention of Mr. Marston, and the two lovers of old were left for a moment in that corner unmolested. Walter forgot that he had ever made up his mind that she had given herself to another; he realized only that she was before him, and he asked as one who has a right to ask:—

"Why did you not write?"

He gazed intently with those poor blind eyes of his into her face, and she answered:—

"I did write; why did you never give me one word in reply?"

"What do you mean?" he answered, vaguely. "Tell me—is there any quieter corner than this where we can talk? Will you lead me?"

"Lead you?" she said, inquiringly. "Why? Can't you walk alone?"

"Yes, but don't you know my trouble? But how should you? Lena, I am—blind! and I can't see you or a thing."

"Walter, you can't mean that—how shocking! how terrible! and I never to know! Why did you not write? Why leave me in ignorance? I wrote and told you my trouble and all I had gone through."

"All you had gone through, Lena? How—in what way? I received no communication from you after you left Colombo."

"Then you do not know that I too am afflicted? That I am deaf—deaf, as you are blind."

"Impossible! How can you be deaf, and yet hear what I say?"

"I can't hear you. I have not heard a word you have said. I have learnt to lip-read, and fortunately have become so expert in the art that my eyes are now most excellent substitutes for my ears."

Walter Terrell stood aghast. Had anything more wonderful, more remarkable than this been written in story-book? She was deaf: he was blind; and yet they were holding converse as though they had all their faculties complete and unimpaired.

No need is there to follow Walter Terrell and Lena Marston through the long explanations which occupied their talk that night and during the meetings of many days to come, nor to indicate the certain result of their reunion. The impediments to their free

intercourse were not insuperable, and these two so strangely parted, and more strangely brought together again, were destined to become man and wife after all. Their love was

superior to earthly woes, and never surely were man and wife more truly one. She was his eyes on essential occasions, and he was her ears when circumstances rendered the organ of sight no substitute for that of sound. Bitterly afflicted as they had been, they found in their mutual love a solace which they, and they alone, could appreciate at its true value.



"LENA, I AM BLIND!"

An Expert in Handwriting.

BY HARRY HOW.



It would not be possible within the limits of this paper to enter fully into the methods employed by handwriting experts in "treating" the problems of penmanship which they have been called upon to solve. Handwriting experts are not amongst the many—they are only to be found amongst the fewest of the few. They recognise what may be said to be the creator of their art, lithography—which was accidentally discovered by Johann Aloys Senefelder—for lithography has bred the rare gift which the handwriting expert possesses to-day.

Johann Aloys Senefelder was born at Prague in 1771, and died in 1834. It is a romantic, an historical, story. Wishing to publish musical compositions of his own, he tried various experiments with stereotype plates, and etching on copper and pewter plates, but was far from successful. He tried the Solenhafen stone, etching it similarly to the plates, but his proofs in no way satisfied him. In 1796—he was just twenty-five years of age—his mother asked him to write out a list of the linen given to the laundress. He took up a polished stone, and wrote the list on it with his ink of soap and lampblack, with the intention of copying it on paper when convenient. Finding the writing tenacious to the stone, he etched the uncovered parts with acid, inked the relief portions with a dabber, and taking off a proof found it successful. Thus, lithography in relief was invented. Various improvements followed until the discovery was perfected.

It is admitted by all experts in handwriting that a keen knowledge of lithography is absolutely essential to the true exercise of their peculiar craft. The eye and the hand have been trained to observe and copy all the peculiarities and eccentricities of writers—a training absolutely necessary to one who practises as an expert in handwriting. Mr. Joseph Netherclift, the first recognised expert; his son, Mr. F. G. Netherclift, and Mr. Charles Chabot were all lithographers—as were also Messrs. Mathieson, MacQuarrie, Rae, and the subject of this sketch, Mr. George Smith Inglis.

Mr. Inglis may be signalled out as the first amongst handwriting experts of the present

day. He is an Edinburgh man, and was born in 1831. True, he was a good writer at school, and his writing-master would point out his "p's" and "q's" as a pattern to the class; but, by an accident, he was apprenticed to a lithographer, and there gained a knowledge which to-day is invaluable to him. Although in his sixty-fourth year, his eye is as keen and susceptible, his methods of working as safe and sure, as they were when, on the death of Mr. Charles Chabot, he received the St. Luke's Mystery Case, which Chabot had in hand at the time of his decease.

I have watched Mr. Inglis at work. He will watch a "t" for an hour at a time, and revel in the loop of a "j" for a similar period. He twists it this way and that way, writes out a single word a hundred times—and a hundred times is no figure of expression, but a fact! He picks up his compasses, and compares lengths and breadths of dots and dashes. A comma, a semicolon, a full stop—one might almost say a blot does not escape that little pair of compasses. He positively glories in a note of exclamation; a questionable interrogation is a "sphinx" to him, and he attacks it, to discover its origin, with as much ardour as though he were called upon to decipher the diary which Noah penned in the ark.

Mr. Inglis is not only an expert, he is an enthusiast; and I propose, in this article, to refer to a few of the many remarkable cases which have been brought under his notice.

The individuality of "Junius" has always been the pet theme and study of all experts in handwriting. The handwriting of "Junius" is the great problem of all experts. It has puzzled and perplexed all who have sought to prove the identity of the man who wrote it. The letters of "Junius" consist of a series of political missives signed "Junius," which appeared in *The Public Advertiser*—a London newspaper. The first was published in the issue of January 21, 1769, and the last in that of January 21, 1772. The consternation which these letters created amongst the Ministries of the day is a matter of history, as they not only attacked the public works of the parties concerned, but their private doings also.

Pages upon pages have been written on

the handwriting of "Junius," though possibly—from a popular point of view—the romantic side of the query lies in the set of verses which have been conclusively proved to be in the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis.* Reproduced in these pages are facsimiles of some of the lines written by Sir Francis, addressed to Miss Giles, a lady with whom he danced at the Assembly Rooms at Bath (Fig. 5). Let these, as well as the dates in Fig. 1, be compared with the date on the Junian Letter XVI., in which the writer apparently forgot to disguise his writing or to obliterate it afterwards. This is one clue. The note accompanying the verses was written by Sir Francis in disguised writing (Fig. 4), which may be compared with the corrections on the Junian proof (Fig. 3). This is a second clue. "Junius"—in other words, Sir Philip Francis—was evidently enamoured of the young maiden, for shortly after the ball she received an anonymous letter, couched in the following words:—

5. July. 1769
30. July. 1769
29. July. 1769.

FIG. 1.—DATES IN WRITING OF SIR FRANCIS.

FIG. 2.—DATE ON JUNIAN LETTER XVI.

"The inclosed paper of verses was found this morning by accident. The person who found them, not knowing to whom they belong, is obliged to trust to his own judgment, and takes it for granted that they could only be meant for Miss Giles."

A very charming compliment indeed, and one which, on the surface, might carry with it the conviction that the sender of the note and the writer of the poetry were one and the same. Here are two of the verses:—

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every Hour;

Mr. Quiville had quoted a passage from the Doctor's excellent Commentaries, which directly contradicted the doctrine maintained by the Doctor in the House of Commons.

FIG. 3.—CORRECTIONS IN PROOF-SHEET OF A LETTER OF "JUNIUS."

of verses
The enclosed Paper, was found this
Morning by Accident. The person who found

FIG. 4.—DISGUISED WRITING OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every Hour;

FIG. 5.—HANDWRITING OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, NOT DISGUISED.

They tell her that Beauty itself may be mended,
And shew her the Use of her Power.

They directed her Eye, they pointed the Dart,
And have taught her a dangerous Skill;
For whatever She aims at, the Head or the Heart,
She can wound, if She pleases, or kill,

*Vide "Junius Revealed." By his grandson, H. R. Francis.

if I were present personally to institute
 the same proceedings I appoint my said brother,
 the said ^{brother} ~~brother~~ of this my will
 as witness my hand this twentieth
 day of March one thousand eight hundred
 and eighty four
 Thomas Hughes

THE WILL OF THOMAS HUGHES.

I have but briefly alluded to "Junius." To dissect him thoroughly would occupy all the space of many issues of this Magazine; but, as it has ever been the great work of all handwriting experts down to Mr. Inglis, no paper, however small, would be complete without a glance at this penmanship problem.

Mr. Inglis has been associated with many wills of a remarkable character. As to his peculiar abilities in this direction, the words of Mr. Justice Denman at the Swansea Assizes, of July, 1887, might be quoted: "Now, the expert (Mr. Inglis) himself comes, and I must say, after having seen many experts in courts of justice, I think I may compliment that expert on this: he appears to have taken great pains to see whether the thing would hold water or not, and whether he is sound or not, and whether you adopt his view or not. At all events, every observation he has made seems to me to be one which calls your attention to a thing worth observing."

These remarks gathered round the Thomas Hughes Will Case. Here the expert was called to prove that the signature to the will was not a genuine one. He compared the signature with that on his daily time-sheets, one of which the deceased had to sign every morning. Mr. Inglis obtained a sheet which Thomas Hughes had signed on the very day he was supposed to have signed the will, and the expert stated—as did also a brother of the

deceased—that in his estimation it was not a genuine signature. A relation of the testator was desired by the judge to write in his presence. She did so; and the reader can form his own opinion as to who really wrote the signature when he compares the test writing, by the relation, with the signature on the will.

Thomas Hughes

THE "RELATION'S" SIGNATURE.

The Whalley Will Case was a perfect little puzzle—successfully solved by Mr. Inglis. James Whalley, although he died worth something approaching £70,000, was a typical miser, and rented rooms in a cottage at 9s. a week. He was a retired iron-master, and resided with a railway porter at Leominster. While on his death-bed, his landlord wrote a letter in pencil on his behalf to his son at Derby. Mr. Whalley signed his name and the date in ink. His son never received the letter. Mr. Whalley rallied somewhat, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. The son visited him, and the old man showed him the will he had made, and where it would be found amongst his papers in case of his death. The son observed that one of the witnesses was the supervisor of the census papers. Mr. Whalley died on a Saturday morning, at nine o'clock. No telegram was sent to the son until the afternoon, after the last cross-country train had left Derby; consequently he did not arrive at Leominster until the following

17-0-4
 Thomas Hughes
 to be sent to the Office before Nine o'clock every Fri

TIME-SHEET OF THOMAS HUGHES, SIGNED SAME DATE AS WILL.

In Witness whereof I have hereto set my hand this twenty first day of March one thousand eight hundred, and eighty one at New York to Set on A. H. M. I would know the, 26 Apr.

day. After the funeral a will was read. The son immediately challenged its genuineness—it was not the one his father had shown him, he said. Finding the will could not be upset, a compromise was made: the deceased's landlord to receive one-third, the son one-third, and the other third to go to another person. However, the fraud was eventually discovered. The

James Whalley
March 24/81

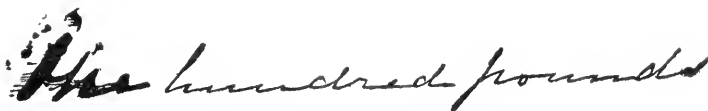
THE WHALLEY WILL—SHOWING THE GROOVE MARKS OF PENCIL-LETTER AND GENUINE SIGNATURE AND DATE.

solicitor received certain information, and, on meeting one of the witnesses, quietly asked what they did with the loaf of bread in regard to Mr. Whalley's will.

It was ultimately proved that the envelope containing the genuine will had been steamed, and the will abstracted. The pencil letter was rubbed out with bread, a new and spurious will written above the signature of James Whalley, and the document placed in the envelope, leaving the gum mark of previous fastening. Mr. Inglis examined the will at Somerset House, and detected the groove marks where the pencil marks had been (the landlord, being a railway porter, wrote rather heavily). He was shown the handwriting of a number of persons, and noticing a similarity between two or three of them with the groove-marked words, he was able to prove it to be identical with the landlord's writing. The landlord and one of his accomplices—the third party turned Queen's evidence—are at the present moment partaking of Her Majesty's hospitality, in a building specially erected for gentlemen who need a compulsory holiday, with apartments provided.

A holograph will case also forms an interesting study. It was written in violet ink. There was one word on the eighth line which was blotted and required deciphering. It appeared blurred, the alteration being wiped with used blotting-paper while the ink was wet. The spreading of the ink made a blur which looked like the word "One," but after careful scrutiny the expert believed the word first written was "Five." Mr. Inglis found the capital F's in three parts of the will would go inside the blurred capital "O" of "One," but he also discovered in the slurred writing part of the "F" outside the "O" at the top left hand. The sloping initiatory line of the "i," and the dot to it are split. This dot agreed with the others in the will in being split. The horizontal line from top of "v" to the "e" are all solid lines, not blurred ones.

Mr. Justice Butt, in giving his decision on this case, proved that he possessed a rare knack in "arguing" a disputed letter. He said it could not be "One," at first, for, if so, there was no necessity to alter it; nor the word "two," for there were not sufficient strokes to make it a "w," and no "o" finishes with a horizontal line at the bottom. It could not be "three," it is too small, and



IS IT ONE OR FIVE? THE BLURRED WORD.

there is no "h"; it could not be "four," there are not sufficient strokes to make that word; it could not be "six," the letters are not of the form of "ix"; neither could it be "seven," the strokes are not sufficient; nor "eight," there being no tail for a "g," or top loop for an "h"; "nine" is a longer word; whilst as for "ten" hundred, that would most likely be written "one thousand."

to having seen the method employed. Fortunately it resulted in a compromise.


Perhaps, however, the most curiously interesting will case with which Mr. Inglis has had to struggle is that known as—"Is the word Twenty or Seventy?" The case was tried in the High Court of Session, Edinburgh, before Lord Kyllachy, in December, 1891. The action was raised by Thomas

McNab, of Gollamd, Middleton Kerse House, Clackmannanshire, against the trustees of his late brother, Alexander McNab, of Techmuiry, and the dispute was whether a certain legacy left to the pursuer was one of £20,000 or £70,000. An examination of the contested word showed that the parties interested could hardly be expected to rest satisfied with anything short of a judicial

interpretation of the intentions of the testator.

The writer has before him folio after folio of test-words of every description, which Mr. Inglis spent many weeks over, in order to arrive at a definite opinion. It would be interesting to all future would-be will makers to reproduce them in their entirety, as a timely warning to write plainly when disposing of their money; but a few will suffice. The disputed word was the third on the last line of page two of the will. The question is:









IS IT ONE OR FIVE? ANALYSIS OF BLURRED WORD.

It must, therefore, have been the word "five." The reader will be able to make these comparisons from the reproduction.

As an example of the lengths to which money-seekers will go, the case of E—— is a highly respectable specimen. In this instance the expert considered that Mrs. E—— took her husband's hand, holding the pen, and guided it whilst writing the name—Robert E——; her hand over his and with the pen writing the surname in her own style.



THE ROBERT E—— CASE. THE GUIDED SIGNATURES.

One can readily see the struggle of the two hands in the two names. The expert's opinion was right, for a few days afterwards the solicitor came joyously to Mr. Inglis's office, and intimated that his statement as to how the signature was written had been corroborated by a later witness, who deposed

What was the latest idea or inception in the mind of the testator when he altered the will? Mr. Inglis made a most remarkable report on this case. He examined the word in dispute under a very powerful microscope. To show the elaborate nature of his researches in matters of this kind, here are

reproduced facsimile results of the examination of the first letter of the word.

*The Furniture therein, with some merriment as Glendal
along with twenty thousand pounds all in the
Hansom Motor.*

IS IT TWENTY OR SEVENTY?

Twenty

PROFESSOR GREENFIELD'S ENLARGEMENT.

There is no erasure in or about the word. On the left side of the down-stroke there are four lines, thus :—

1 faint
2 morifaint
3 firm
4 firm

and the foot thus *l* firm.

On the right side of the down-stroke there are three lines, thus :—

7
2
3

all of which are firm.

The lowest line on the right side of the down-stroke is carried to the first up-stroke following, and joins it at the bottom, thus :—

U

The first up-stroke following the supposed capital is inordinately tall, and it touches the top line on right side of down-stroke, thus :—

Dr

The second up-stroke following the supposed capital agrees with the average height of the "e, n, y" following, about which there is no dispute. The third up-stroke after the supposed capital is also inordinately tall and finishes with a peculiar twist, thus :—

w

The remaining letters are "enty." This makes the disputed word to be either

"Twenty"

or "Seventy."

The whole of Mr. Inglis's exhaustive analysis resulted as follows: That there are two faint head-lines which cannot be followed out; that the word was written "twenty," with a small "t" instead of a capital; that the small "t" has been altered to stand for a capital "S;" and that "w" has been altered into "ev," which manipulation destroys the identity of the word as being "twenty," altering it to the word "Seventy," which, in Mr. Inglis's opinion, was the last idea and inception in the mind of the testator.

This was singularly confirmed six months after by Professor Greenfield, of Edinburgh, and a facsimile of his enlargement of the disputed word is shown beneath the portion of the will reproduced here.

To turn from wills. The following tends to show that "habit" is of as great use to the expert when analyzing a case as similarity of style. In penning a letter there is always some peculiar characteristic which the writer cannot easily rid himself or herself of. In this instance a libellous letter was sent to a gentleman against his *fiancée*. A certain lady was suspected and charged with the offence. In

reply she wrote a most indignant denial. This, which was written heavily with a quill pen in a bold, split-dotting style, along with the libellous missive, written in a scratchy style, were the only documents submitted to the expert. Mr. Inglis decided that they were penned by one and the same person—a fact to which the guilty party subsequently confessed. Here comes “habit.” The lady, although she disguised her writing very cleverly, was innocent of the fact that she always

THE “LEFT-HANDED” MISSIVE.

commenced her communications by economically writing close up to the edge of the note-paper, instead of leaving the customary margin usually adopted; furthermore, in each communication omitting the salutation of “My dear,” etc. A small thing, but quite sufficient to bring the offence home.

Mr. Inglis has had many schools' through his hands, and nearly in every case young ladies' establishments. It seems that the green-eyed monster has a veritable stronghold in the immediate vicinity of the desk. Here is one—a part of the letter in question being reproduced.

Miss R—, a young girl at a boarding-school, complained to the lady-principal that she had received abusive anonymous letters, and stated that she thought Miss S—, a fellow-pupil, was the guilty person. The dictation lesson-book of Miss S—, and four letters of Miss R—, were handed over to the expert. After examining the documents he concluded

that Miss R— herself was the author. She was expelled. A fortnight after she admitted having written the disagreeable missives by using her left hand!

The documents submitted to handwriting experts are frequently of a very “weighty” character. At another scholastic establishment for young ladies, the mistress one day discovered a very objectionable word written on the panel of a door. The mistress had the panel cut out and sent to the late Mr. Netherclift. He adopted a clever ruse, in order to lay the finger of guilt on the culprit. The classes were assembled—some sixty girls in all—and a dictation lesson was given, in which all the letters used in the objectionable expression were scattered in various words very freely. A comparison of the dictation-books with the word complained of was made, and the guilty girl pointed out. She was sent away, and her parents, naturally, not being satisfied with the expert's opinion, Mr. Inglis

THE CLAIMANT'S HANDWRITING. PORTION OF FIRST LETTER TO LADY TICHBORNE.

Hoping my dear sister
 be will make him welcome
 for he is a dear friend of
 mine so good bye Arthur Orton
 2/2

PORTION OF THE CLAIMANT'S LETTER TO HIS SISTER, SHOWING THE HIEROGLYPHICS.

was consulted. He could only confirm, in every possible way, the idea expressed by the previous expert.

Mr. Inglis executed the facsimiles utilized by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in the Tichborne trial. The late Lord Cockburn published an edition of his own of his memorable summing-up in this famous case. At the end of the volume are a number of pages of the many facsimiles used at the trial, in order to show the identity

simple habit—just a matter of continual sharp loops at the beginning of each line.

As to the opinion which judges have of experts in handwriting, the compliment paid by Lord Cockburn to the experts engaged in the Tichborne trial may be quoted here. In summing up, he said: "The evidence of professional witnesses is to be viewed with some degree of distrust, for it is generally with some bias; but within proper limits it is a very valuable assistance in inquiries of

My Dear Mother
 I wish to
 my intention to be here with
 Army must begin soon

PORTION OF THE LAST LETTER OF THE REAL ROGER.

of Arthur Orton's handwriting with that of the assumed Roger, and the difference in style from those of the real Roger. Here is habit again, and the reader is invited to study the examples given here, and to form his own conclusions as to what the one evinced in his penmanship and the other lacked. A very

this kind. The advantage is that habits of handwriting—as shown in minute points which escape common observation, but are quite observable when pointed out—are detected and disclosed by science, skill, and experience. And it is so in the comparison of handwriting by the assistance of experts."

Your affectionate friend
 Arthur Orton
 give my best respects to your
 Mother and tell her I thank
 her kindly for her good wishes
 Good-bye

PORTION OF THE CLAIMANT'S LETTER TO MISS MARY ANN LODER, SHOWING HIEROGLYPHICS LEARNT IN SPANISH AMERICA.

Peculiar Furniture.

BY JAMES SCOTT.

IN the capacity of designer of furniture novelties for the trade and for technical journals, I have frequently met with particulars and drawings of curious articles of what may be called "practical joke furniture," and have sometimes seen the actual goods. I have been interested in making a collection of the details of these curious chairs, tables, beds, etc., and, under the impression that the description of some of them may prove acceptable reading, have made a selection from my portfolio. The explanations of the mechanical portions of the articles will be found sufficiently exhaustive to assist any reader, who may so aspire, to make any of the goods.

The chair illustrated in Fig. 1 would appear harmless enough to the person intending to

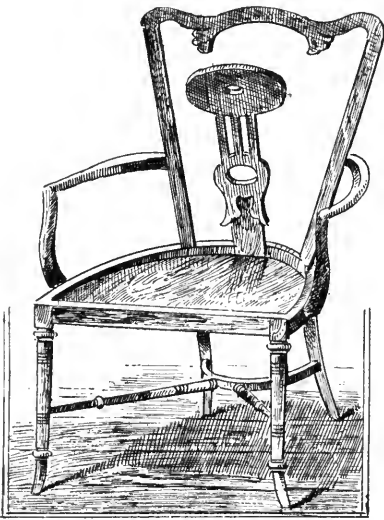
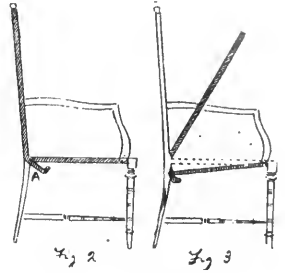


FIG. 1. A CHAIR TO STRIKE A SITTER'S HEAD.

accept the comfort apparently offered by it, but upon taking a seat that person would experience a decidedly sharp smack upon the back of his head. Naturally, he would instinctively and quickly rise, only to discover the chair in its normal condition, no sign of weakness of any part being observable. The drawing illustrates the chair in its tormenting attitude—as it would appear supposing a person were seated upon it. A side view of the chair, supposed to be cut exactly in half, is shown in Fig. 2.

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The immediate effect of a person's weight upon the seat is to cause the back edge of it to subside, and press upon the lower and hidden end (A) of a banister, or upright



A CHAIR TO STRIKE A SITTER'S HEAD.

being that the extreme upper end of this banister is projected violently forward, as in Fig. 3; striking the person's head before he has had the opportunity of avoiding the blow. The seat is hinged in front to the framing of the chair, as also is the banister. A spring, somewhat resembling the pattern of those fitted behind shop doors, is attached to the under-side of the seat, and this spring forces the seat to regain its original elevation instantaneously upon the release of the pressure previously exerted above it. In like manner, the action of a small spring situated between the banister and the seat-frame results in the return of the banister to its normal position. One can imagine the surprise of a person unfortunate enough to receive a shock from the

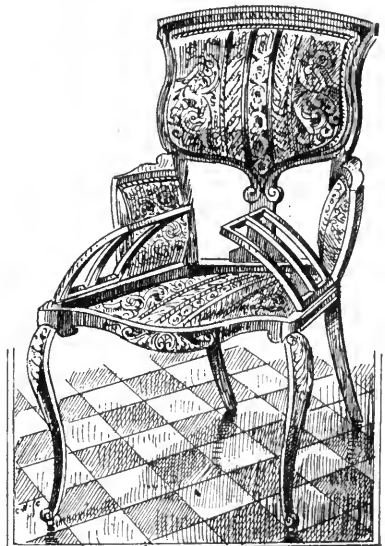
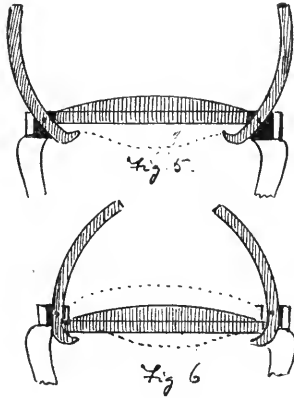


FIG. 4. A CHAIR TO IMPRISON A PERSON.

innocent-looking banister. The top of this banister, under ordinary circumstances, comes into direct contact with the under edge of the chair top.

A chair possessing less obnoxious capabilities is that drawn in Fig. 4, yet it is one equally likely to create surprise on the occupant's part. The weight of the sitter depresses the seat bodily for an inch or so, acting on levers adjoined to the bottom end of a portion of each arm, the immediate result being that the front halves of the arms arch over the sitter's legs, thereby imprisoning him, and rendering movement of the

legs a difficult matter. To add to the effectiveness of this article, contrivances are fitted in the back and front framework of the seat, which throw out a pair of catches as soon as the seat sinks, fully serving to prevent the return of the seat and arms to their normal position



A CHAIR TO IMPRISON A PERSON.

until the catches have been pushed into the woodwork again. A man could thus be held a prisoner for a lengthy time. Fig. 5 shows the arms up; Fig. 6, down, as in Fig. 4.

A third and rather atrocious description of article is seen in Fig. 8. The front portion of the seat subsides beneath the sitter, transferring him instantly to the carpet. The distance of the drop, and the velocity of its accomplishment, are both calculated to produce bruises or broken bones. Two catches—one at each side—may be used in order

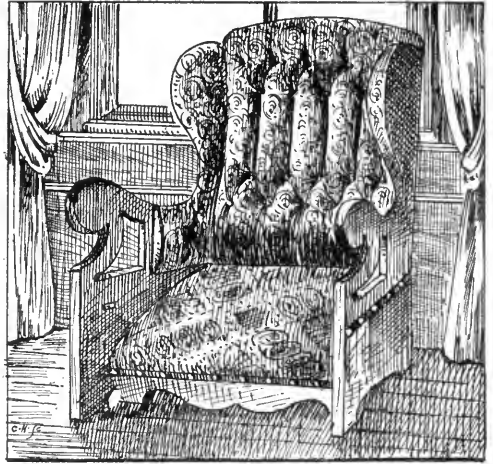


FIG. 8. A CHAIR WITH SLIP-DOWN SEAT.

to maintain the seat in a rigid, horizontal position when so required. A "shop-door" spring is likewise fitted to the under-side of the seat, which immediately returns to its ordinary level when the person has slipped off it.

A chair, the ultimate purpose of which is somewhat analogous to that of the article illustrated by Fig. 4, yet different in its action, is shown in Figs. 9 and 10. The first drawing provides a view of it in its normal state. Upon taking a seat nothing unusual is experienced; but immediately the occupant leans against the back, that back gives way to the extent of a few inches at the top, thereby forcing the arms round the body of the sitter, after the manner to be seen by

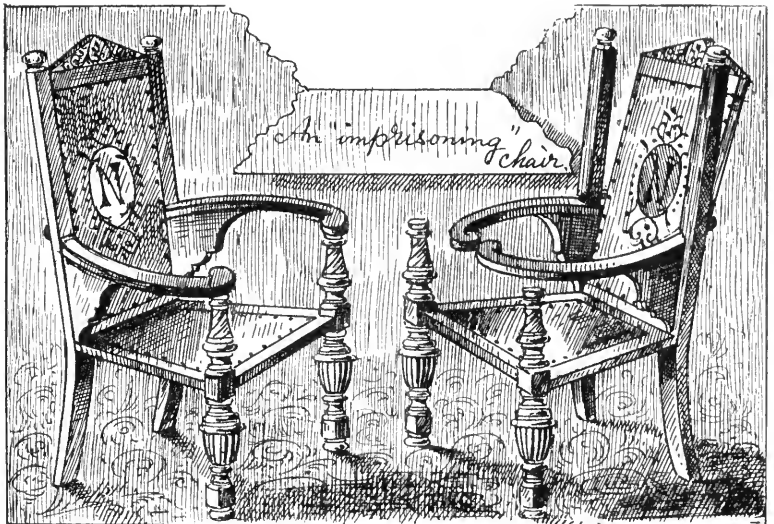


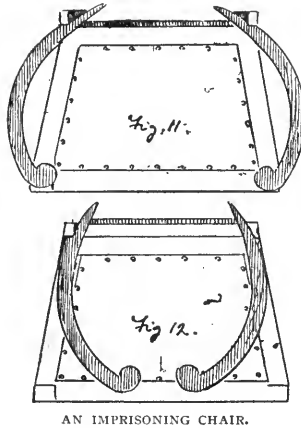
FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

a reference to Fig. 10. The motions producing these results are explained as follows: Each arm is hinged, as in the plan Fig. 11, to the inner side of a back upright. The back is hinged to the seat, but is prevented from falling too far by means of a curved back rail joined to the uprights.

When pressure is exerted on the back, the curved end of the arms—those parts behind the chair—are pushed, thus causing the arms to swing round as shown in plan Fig. 12. A person could, in this manner, be held a temporary prisoner for a period depending upon the discretion of the owner of the chair.

Turning aside from peculiar chairs, I will introduce a very innocent-looking article in the shape of a piano-stool. Fig. 13 gives its usual appearance. Receiving an invitation to amuse the company with a tune on the piano, the pianist would proceed to the instrument, where it would be explained to him that the top of the stool was incapable of rising, but "would he just try the height, to ascertain whether it were suitable?" Dumping down on it, the pianist would momentarily be struck with the impression that an earthquake had taken place, for the seat would depress beneath his weight, until it reached the elevation depicted in



It would be difficult, I fear, to find the man who would not strenuously resent such despicable treatment, especially if the practical joke were imposed upon him whilst in the midst of a gathering of festive people.

The contrivance permitting this action on the part of the seat is of the simplest kind. Each turned leg consists of two pieces—a hollow lower portion, into which fits a cylindrical upper piston. A strong spiral spring is inserted within each hollow, beneath the end of each

upper piece, and these springs force the seat back to its original height when the pressure of the body is taken away. There are grooves partially along the upper pistons, into which fit small pegs attached to the tops of the lower portions of the legs, and these prevent the seat from being forced entirely out of place.

My descriptive remarks now reach what must be regarded as an hypocritical table. Everyone, no doubt, is acquainted with the assertions of mesmerists respecting the possibility of the strong influence of mind, acting through the medium of hands placed on a table, raising the table to a height of a few inches. I will not attempt to criticise this declaration, for the mind, I am aware, is capable of such development as to produce wonders in the way of its power over inanimate matter; but here is the explanation of the way in which trickery may be, and often is, introduced into these experiments.

Two or four persons may sit at the table illustrated in Fig. 15, one of the number being, of course, the owner of the article, who is acquainted with the details and object of its construction. Hands are placed, in pairs, upon the top of the table, and the persons are requested to

concentrate their attention upon the matter of endeavouring to raise it by the aid of will-power alone, their gaze to be meanwhile fixed steadfastly at the centre of the table-top.

After remaining in this posture for a few

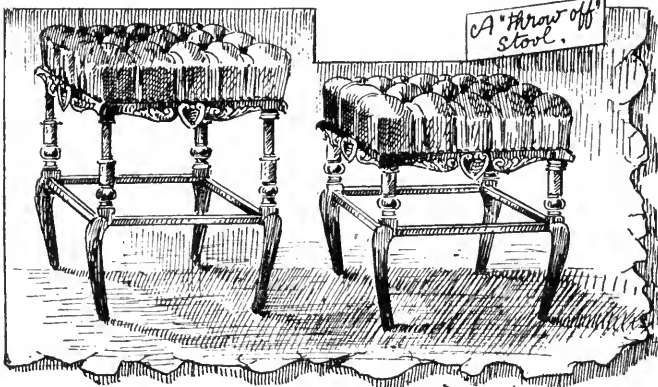
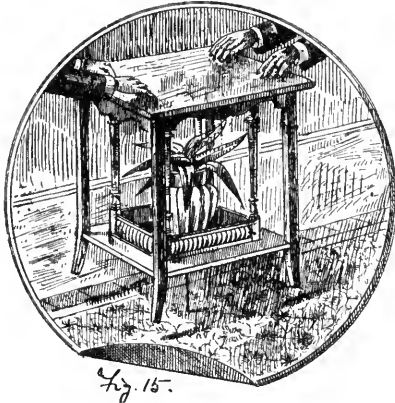


FIG. 13.

FIG. 14.

Fig. 14. Most assuredly the effect of this subsidence would be to hurl him to the floor, to be eventually confronted upon his rising with the stool apparently unaltered in form or size.

moments, they will feel the table pressing upward, apparently acceding to their desires. It will seem rather unsteady, but will continue to rise until a certain height has



A RAISABLE TABLE.

been attained, when it will slowly sink, and assume its normal position. Should one of the experimenters become inquisitive during the uprising of the table, and glance at the legs of the article, he will perceive that the extremities of them are actually off the floor, and will naturally be astonished at the progress of events.

Other tables may, perhaps, be tried; but for some reason or another, so the host will explain, they will not rise. They may be too heavy, or the impulse of the operators may be weakened after experimenting with this table. The visitors will little dream that they have been effectually deceived by a most simple contrivance, which is now exposed to the reader. The vase of evergreens is a fixture. Its upper portion is devoted to the purpose evidenced by the existence of the plant; but its lower half contains the means of deceit.

Fig. 16 will assist the reader to understand the arrangement adopted in order to secure the results described. A is a division in the vase, supporting the mould and plant. B is a movable division, travelling, when required, up and down a cylindrical

space within the vase. Between the fixed and movable divisions is placed a series of strong spiral springs. From the bottom

of the movable division proceeds a very thin metal rod (c), its lower extremity being flush or level with the under-side of the bottom board (D) of the table, where it is covered by a rail (E) pivoted on this same side. Now, the rail just mentioned has a projection (F), which can be easily touched by the foot.

Figs. 19 and 20 provide plans of the under-side of the bottom board. G represents the pivoted rail, which covers the end of the metal rod. Upon applying the foot to the catch F, the rail will turn, exposing the end of the rod. When this has been done, the springs force the movable division downwards and push the rod against the floor, the consequence being that the table is impelled in an upward direction. Of course, it would topple over were it not for the persons' hands, which steady it. The liability to unsteadiness is calculated to impress the visitors to a greater extent than a steadily rising table would be likely to.

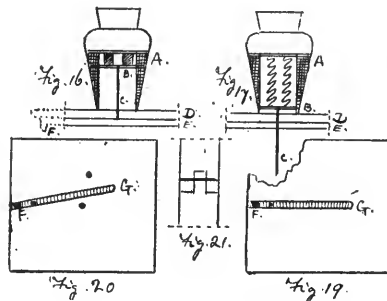
The rod is composed of two portions, pivoted as in Fig. 21, and when this part emerges beneath the bottom board of the table, manœuvring on the part of the owner will result in the table moving bodily in a side direction, causing the rod to bend at the joint, when a small spring, which is permanently inserted in that joint, completes the trick by forcing the rod into contact with the under-side of the board, where it is then entirely out of sight. By this time the table will have resumed its normal position. The size of the bottom board prevents any of the operators seeing the rod, should they happen to peer curiously at the table legs. The rod would be apparent to anyone sitting at a distance from it, in the same way as it is apparent in the drawing; but, of course, the owner would exercise his discretion as to

the occasions when the experiment took place.

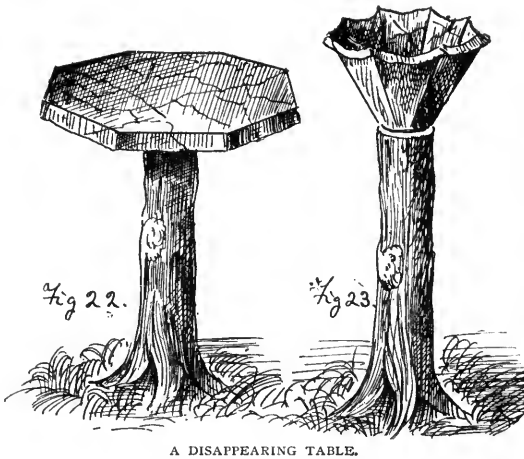
By using a double-bottom board, the rail E, Figs. 16 and 17 (also shown as G in Figs. 19 and 20), may be effectively hidden from too-curious visitors.

The next table (Fig. 22) differs to a great extent from the foregoing. It is a garden-table; apparently a tree-stump surmounted by a

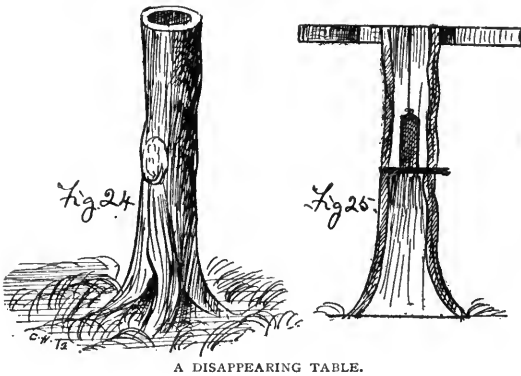
marble-cloth covered board. One can imagine the consternation experienced by a visitor invited to sit in a summer arbour with



A RAISABLE TABLE.



his host, adjacent to one of these tables, when he found, after having had his attention diverted for a moment, that the solid-looking top had disappeared. He would feel in a ridiculous position, sitting facing his com-



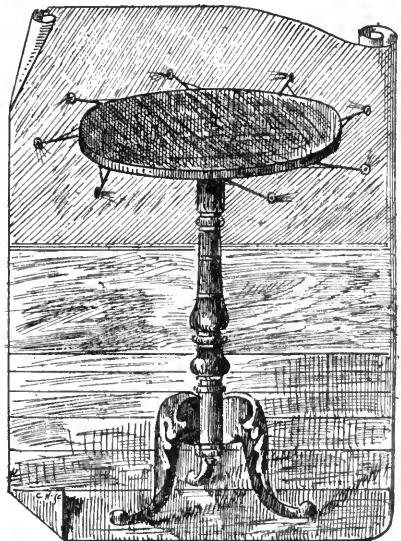
panion, with an ordinary bare tree-stump standing between them. He might eventually discover that the top had gone a journey down into the hollow interior of the stump ; but notwithstanding the simplicity of the method by which such a result had been accomplished, he would, doubtless, be at a loss to account for the disappearance.

The shape of the table is octagonal, and the appearance of the hanging edge gives one the impression that the table-top is a solid affair. This, however, is a misconception, for the top consists of nothing more than six steel ribs, resembling those of an ordinary umbrella, radiating from a small circular piece of wood, of a smaller diameter than the opening of the stump, entirely covered with marble cloth. Their arrangement prevents them from folding down-

wards from the centre block. Half-way down the tree-stump, within its interior, is pivoted a narrow shelf, the unattached end of which protrudes outside the stump, through a slit. This shelf is movable in a horizontal direction, and upon it a weight is supported. To the weight is secured a string, connected also to the centre of the table-top. Whilst the weight is standing upon the shelf the top is sufficiently rigid to conceal its formation. But immediately upon the protruding end of the shelf being moved sideways, the weight is dislodged, falling instantly to the bottom of the cavity, and of course carrying with it the table-top, which is bound to collapse, as shown in Fig. 23.

Fig. 24 shows the appearance of this curious article after the top has so effectively disappeared. Fig. 25 illustrates the interior.

The article drawn in Fig. 26 is one calculated to instil intense fright if its effect be practised upon a visitor at night time and in the dark. Supposing that a jocular old farmer has invited one of his town relatives to spend a few days with him ; and, supposing further that the town relative has wished the old farmer "Good-night !" and is lying half awake in his bed, his state would be fearful at suddenly being fully aroused by a shrieking, howling, whistling noise at no great distance from him. Most assuredly he would not hesitate to accept



the belief that the place was haunted by evil spirits.

The cause of the disturbance can be quickly revealed. An ordinary-looking coffee table is so constructed that its top revolves. A powerful spring is wound around the pivot which extends from the table-top into the pillar. Hinged underneath the top is a series of wires, at the end of each being fixed a whistle resembling the "bird-warblers" sold in such large numbers in our main thoroughfares. Under ordinary circumstances these wires are held flat against the underside of the top by means of pieces of elastic (see Fig. 27), the whistles pointing towards the centre of the table. To a very small catch is connected a length of twine, which passes down the pillar, through one of the claw feet, and out through the door or window, *via* the under-

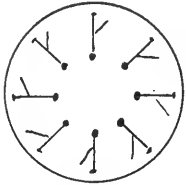


FIG. 27.
A WHISTLING TABLE.

side of the carpet. The table is, of course, made to withstand the strain brought to bear upon it when the twine is pulled, at which moment the catch is released, thereby permitting the top to revolve, the consequence being that the terrific rate of the revolutions impels the wires outwards as seen in Fig. 26, when the wild whirling of the whistles forces the air through them, producing the horrible sounds desired. So soon as the revolving of the top desists, the pieces of elastic exert *their* power, and pull the wires back to their normal position, in which situation they are entirely out of sight.

The object of each and all of the pieces of furniture heretofore described assumes a mild and inoffensive nature when compared to the object of the bedstead illustrated in Fig. 28. Most people are acquainted with the tales relative to travellers, and the risks they ran, in the old coaching days of this country. In isolated inns, men of the road were done to death by brutal landlords for the sake of the money and property which they carried. I have many details in my possession of the forms of secret panels and flooring, by means of which ingress was made to a man's apartment when desired. It was useless for the traveller to lock the door of the room. But the use of this bed entirely obviated the necessity for direct personal

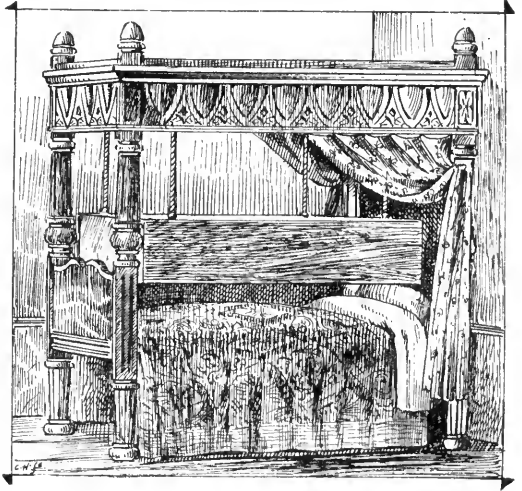


FIG. 28. A SUFFOCATING BEDSTEAD.

contact with the wretched occupant who had sought rest and met conflict. Nothing whatever of a suspicious character revealed itself to the eye of the wayfarer, yet when the scoundrel who meditated crime had satisfied himself that the man slept, he would quickly lower an interior portion of the canopy of the bedstead, firmly imprisoning him in an air-tight cavity until suffocation ensued. Struggling and shouting would be useless under such circumstances, as the weight of the box would be tremendous.

Four ropes pass up through the floor of the room, and travel along shafts in the bed-posts, serving to support the movable portion of the canopy, which, even if something wrong were suspected, one would have great difficulty in detecting to be so treacherously constructed. Of course, more than one pair

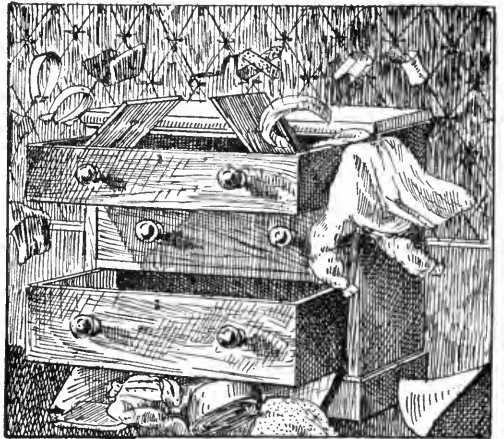


FIG. 29. A SURPRISE CHEST.

of hands would be needed in order to lower this canopy, unless mechanical aid were called into requisition.

Another bedroom article, but, happily, one possessing far different capabilities than the foregoing formidable bedstead, is shown in Fig. 29. The bottoms of the drawers are devised in such a manner that upon certain occasions one of them will, by means of powerful springs fitted beneath it, effect the sudden upheaval of the contents of the drawer upon its being opened, whilst the bottom of another will, at some other time, follow a reverse course, and permit the linen to fall through.

As the details of this article are of a somewhat complicated character, and would prove but tedious reading, I will omit them; but the general construction of the drawers is made clear in Fig. 29.

A door, which might prove very useful if fitted in some of the rooms to which enterprising gentlemen of the burgling persuasion are

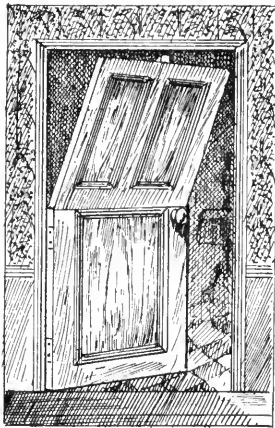


FIG. 30. A STRIKING DOOR.

sometimes tempted, is shown in Fig. 30. When shut, it resembles an ordinary door; but upon being opened it immediately surprises the visitor by letting its upper half fall heavily upon his unfortunate head.

The reason for the door acting in this forcible manner is explained by the fact that a small projection, or tongue, fits into a hollow in the framing surrounding the doorway when the door is shut, and is drawn from the space upon the door being opened, the direction in which the door is travelling materially aiding the downfall.

I have deemed it fitting to leave the two most gruesome articles of furniture I have encountered until the conclusion of my paper. Fig. 31 shows the purpose to which, I am assured, many worthy and not very sensitive people have devoted the awe-inspiring receptacle

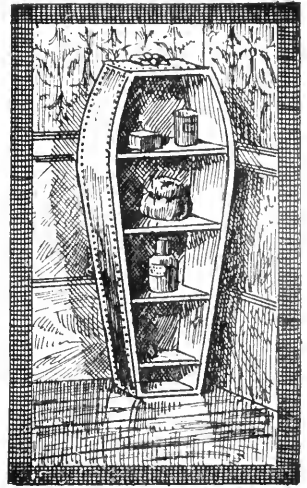


FIG. 31. A COFFIN CUPBOARD.

which is so familiar an object to the eyes of man. Really, I believe there are but few persons who would not shudder at the thought of eating or drinking food which had been contained in so depressing an article.

My last illustration will perhaps convey to the reader the most suggestive impressions. It is shown in Fig. 32. Here we have an article which brings both extremes of existence together—the symbol of *death* is used to rest the babe who has just begun *life*—birth and death are mentally associated upon contemplating this peculiar outcome of man's mind. Whether intended to impress the growing child with the nearness of death, and to demand a due reverence for the future state of man, or whether merely the

result of a morbid desire to connect the mind continually with the undertaker, I cannot venture to say; although it must be admitted that the cross fixed at the head of this curious cradle substantiates the supposition that a religious idea prompted its construction. The bells, which tinkle upon occasions when the cradle is being rocked, seem to point to the wish on the parents' part to comfort the little darling of humanity destined to occupy this coffin-cradle.

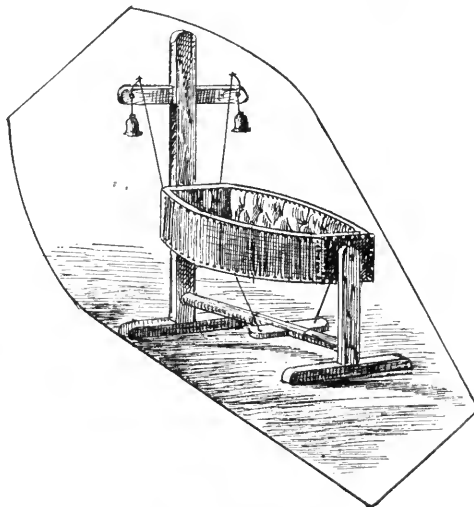


FIG. 32. A COFFIN CRADLE.

The Eagle's Crag.

BY M. P. SHIEL.



THE village of Arli is, I should think, quite the smallest community of human beings extant with a baker's shop and a *cabaret* in it. The primitive folk who inhabit it would strike you as more than merely old-fashioned—they are antique, prehistoric, suggesting "the old eternities."

They are amphibious too, like seals. Living high up on a spur of the Apennines, you would call them mountaineers, but they are fishermen as well—water-rats, if you like—and from their high eminence they can almost see the little sweep of dark grey sand on which they draw up their boats o' nights. All round the valley, which reaches down to the sea, hang tiny villages at dizzy heights on the bare crags. They look like nothing so much as nests. Till you go near them, the imagination refuses to see why they do not topple over all of a heap. A telescope would reveal to you the fact that everywhere there is a small square church tower; it is as if the eagles had set to work and built baby temples to the Infinite.

In Arli, wonderful to tell, there lived a great man, a rich man, and a wise. What if he could not read? He had seen the world, and all its wonders. The house he lived in had not peat or thatch on the roof like the houses of the rest of men, but real shingles that had come from Genoa, hard by. This was old Francesco Testi, bent down now with age, his long locks all white like the driven snow; but with eyes still wild and bright as ever. What fate was ever like this fate? He, like others, had started life as a goat-herd and deep-sea fisher,

and see what he had grown to now, after four-score years of living—rich and honoured, a king in Arli! Nothing is incomprehensible but the infinitely simple, and that was why these poor people never could understand how this miracle had been brought about for Francesco; and yet the whole secret lay in the fact that he had had the pluck and the invention to go off to Genoa to be a sailor, and had dared to cross the great sea in a great ship.

It was darkly whispered that Signor Francesco had a thousand napoleoni, which people were keeping for him in a bank in some far-off city. And this all was to fall to Simonetta, his grand-daughter, when he died—to her, and the husband she should choose. Simonetta, mark you, was only seventeen, and many a time, as she wandered lonely in the chestnut woods, she felt hardly grateful for her thousand napoleoni. She was a beam of sunlight, and felt herself to some extent forbidden to shine, and glance, and dart. By a beam of sunlight, of course, I mean a flirt. She was the queen of the

village, and was dying to be its plaything. The lads worshipped her, but at a distance that was dreadful to her.

Now, it happened that one fine day old Francesco took himself up and went away somewhere. It must have been to that same far-off city where all his wealth lay stored, for when he returned he had all his worldly goods about him in the shape of a pile of notes. Day by day the hunger to



FRANCESCO TESTI.

see them, to fondle them, had grown on him, till the longing became a greed, a lust. So he had gone, and on the very night of his return he showed them in his wicked glee to

Simonetta before locking them up in a frail wooden cabinet ; and Simonetta, in a flutter, went and told Marina, who fluttered for company, and so the flutter spread and spread, till the very crows in the trees caught the contagion, and croaked the great news in concert.

But on the morning of the third day after Francesco's return, the notes were gone—gone!—and every one of those brown faces turned to white, and a great hush fell on all that mountain-side.

From far and near they came, assembling in front of the shingled house, speaking little and in whispers. They waited long as the slow hours rolled round, hoping for a sight of the old man's scared face. All this time they relieved one another like sentinels. At last, at dusk, Simonetta came to the door, a woful sight, her eyes all red with weeping.

"My grandfather thanks you, good people, for your kind feeling," she said, and then broke down, sobbing straightaway. "He—would come—and thank you—himself, but——"

"Who stole the money, Simonetta ; tell us that ? What does Francesco think ?" cried a voice.

"He—doesn't know—but it must be one of you."

A murmur, half of anger, rose from the crowd. They were honest folk, you see, and a theft like this had never been known among them.

"What about that Pippo?" shrieked a woman's voice.

Simonetta started and looked up. This was an idea that seemed to appeal to her quick woman's wit. But she shook her head after a moment, and said :—

"No, it is impossible. Grandfather saw Pippo at Milan, where he got the notes. Pippo is far from here."

There was a sharp exclamation of surprise at this point from a man in the crowd. It came from Nicolo, the boatman, the fruit-carrier to the Eagle's Crag. Every eye turned to him. Here, surely, would be light and insight, if anywhere. But Nicolo, who was not prone to speech, and shyer than a chamois kid, hung his head, and said nothing.

"It boots nothing to stand there making guesses," continued Simonetta. "It would be better if you all went home and tried to forget us. But, oh ! I beg of you, whoever has stolen the money, for the Madonna's sake, to return it ! Nothing will be said. You would not kill an old man?—and this has nearly killed him already. And besides,

he bids me say to you all, that whoever—mark that—whoever brings back those pieces of paper shall—shall—have me for his— You know what I would say, perhaps. I am a maiden, and would speak maidenly. And I would consent, too—indeed, indeed, I would—if only to save him from dying of his despair !"

She ceased her simple speech and closed the door, whereupon the crowd formed itself into a series of select committees to discuss the situation. For the present, only one of their number withdrew from the conclave of loosened tongues—it was Nicolo, the silent.

He descended the mountain-side for a while, then turned into a lonely piece of level land shut in by crags. The short grass was covered in places by patches of crisp snow, which had fallen only the evening before. All the time he kept his eye fixed on the ground, as if searching for something. That something he had seen there the previous night, and he now wanted to see it again. Fresh snow had fallen since, but it must have been very little, for he soon gave a grunt of satisfaction, and bent low down to examine his find : it was an enormous footprint in the snow.

Nicolo knew that there were only two feet in all Italy that could make such a track as that—the feet of Pippo, the hunchback. And yet Pippo was supposed to be far away in Milan !

Pippo, I must tell you, was a stranger in those parts. No true mountain-climber he, but a Roman from the flat lands of the Campagna. Some three years before he had suddenly appeared in the midst of these solitudes, and had settled down amongst them. No one knew who or what he was, save this : that he was a learned man, a chemist, a reader of books. It was clear, too, that he must be rich ; and people whispered that he must be one of the *far niente* ones of the big outside world, who, for some crime, had come to this lonely, quiet place to hide securely from justice ; for he did not labour like other men, but spent his time in awful bouts of drunken madness, or—during lucid intervals—in wandering over the mountains, and, in his monstrous, misshapen head, dreaming vain dreams of Simonetta.

At first she had only laughed at him, and witched him only the more with her laughter, till one day, meeting her alone in a wood, he seized on her like a falcon on a dove, and in wild words swore she should be his. Then did Simonetta all at once become a tragic queen. Her little nails were sharp, and she used them to tear

steaks from Pippo's cheeks; her tongue was shrill and shrewish, and she used it in shrieking out invocations on all the saints. Between whiles she spat in his face—and so it lasted till Nicolo, stern of brow, suddenly appeared to rescue her. And all this was well known in the villages round.

But what no

belief, perhaps, which is the offspring of one's wishes, that it was Simonetta. And he was a shrewd fellow to hit a nail on its head, too!

After finding the foot-prints in the snow, he continued his way listlessly down the mountain. He was no longer in doubt as to who had stolen Francesco's notes—the only question was, *where were they now?* The world is full of hiding-places, and Pippo, he knew, was considerably more cunning than the devil. He sat on a ledge of rock from which the sea was visible, letting his eye rest on a tiny speck far out on the water.

It was already dusk, but he had the vision of a sparrow-hawk, and presently this speck began to interest him. When it came nearer he could see that it was a small boat, and that it contained only one occupant; and that one, he soon decided, was no fisherman. He ran quickly down the



"HE SEIZED ON HER LIKE A FALCON."

one knew save himself was a little romance—the only one he had ever had—which Nicolo had been for some time hiding and hugging in his own bosom. He was thirty years, if he was a day, and a swarthy, black-bearded man—lean, athletic; but there was tingling in his heart in these very days of the theft, all the visionary, rapturous, clandestine joy of a schoolboy's first love.

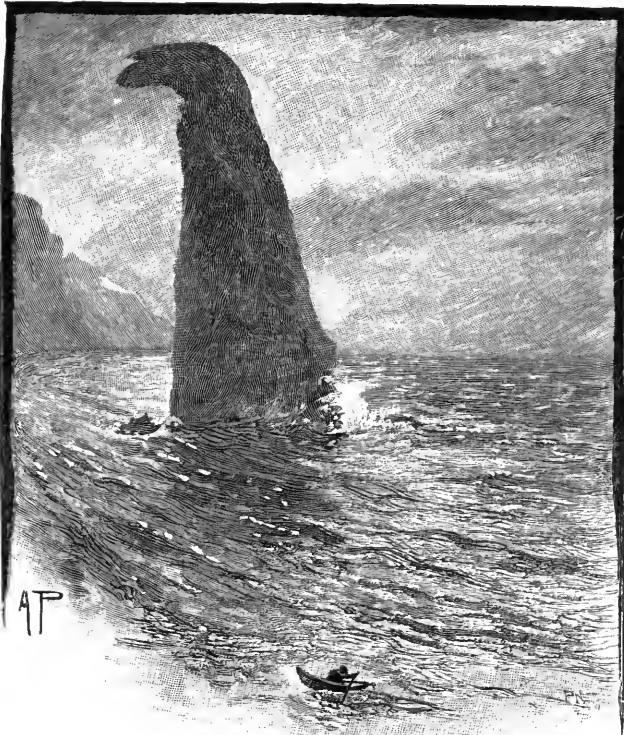
It had come about in this way. One day, with the burning sun right overhead, Nicolo had sat him under a pine-tree far up the mountains; in the lassitude of the hour he had taken out a knife and carved his name, "Nicolo," on the trunk. A week later, when he came to that tree again, he stood face to face with a miracle. Someone had scraped out three words in the bark right beneath his name, and the words were: "I LOVE YOU."

Who was it had done this thing? Nicolo, without daring to whisper it to himself, believed in his heart of hearts, with that

path and concealed himself behind a clump of myrtles that grew near the shore. He could have laughed aloud for joy when he recognised the huge, doubled-up form of the hunchback as he jumped from the boat, and applied his great strength to draw it up. Surely Nicolo was in luck's way—he had discovered, and without an effort, the great secret. The notes were at the Eagle's Crag!

This rock stands some miles from the mainland. The old fishermen of Liguria and Etruria in the palmy days of the Roman Republic called it *Rupes Aquilina*, because of the curious configuration of the summit, which resembles an eagle's head and beak. And the old name still clings to it.

It rises in awful solitude sheer out of the sea to a height of near two thousand feet. It is shaped somewhat like one half of a cone slit down the middle—quite flat on one side, the other forming a convex surface. On the convex side, the south, not only is life possible, but a few poor men and



"IT WAS A SMALL BOAT."

women actually exist there. This south side has a regular steep incline upward to the very summit, and a bold and skilful climber may even reach the top; but once there, the brain grows dizzy to look down, on the *north* side, on a smooth wall of rock, falling away from the feet, not perpendicularly, but with a marked *inward* slant. Those who have so climbed and looked down, by stretching far out over the flat eagle's beak, will tell you that it is a sight full of terror, making the heart sick. In all this wall of rock there is one break, and only one—a horizontal ledge, three feet broad, which runs right across it at a height of rather more than three-quarters of the rock's height from the bottom. Quite near the end of the beak on that side a few shrubs grow.

Before the sun rose on the morning following his lucky discovery, Nicolo was far out to sea. He had laboured all night furnishing his boat with a supply of "tasso" (dried strips of deer-meat), with water, fruit, a great hunk of goat's-milk cheese, fishing-tackle, and a pot-bellied bottle of gentian brandy. He had an idea that Pippo was too cunning to hide his treasure on the rock itself. What was

simpler than to cram the notes in, say, a hollow ball of lead, and sink them away out in the deep? The sea is an excellent confidant, but it has this disadvantage, that you must mark the spot where your hidden object lies by some visible floating substance. It was for this substance that Nicolo went in search. In doing so, all his movements were regulated by the most scrupulous method. He never passed over the same spot twice. At night, the sea being at that season as smooth as a lake's surface, he hung two lanterns over his boat's side, making himself the centre of a little circle of light. In this way he spent two weeks, searching for miles round the Eagle's Crag. Then he decided definitely that he was on the wrong track.

The next week or two he spent on the rock itself, examining every square inch of its only accessible side—the south. One of the men who lived there remembered to have seen Pippo coming down the side of the

hill on a certain night. On calculating, he discovered that that was the very night after the notes were stolen—the night he had seen Pippo come to land in the boat. That evidence was conclusive, for with what other object could the hunchback have ascended the rock (which hardly anyone ever visited) but to hide his treasure? The notes were there, then, hidden somewhere near the summit. There was hardly any soft soil in which they could be buried, and that made his task easier, for he must look for them on the surface. With the most scientific precision, with the patience of Sisyphus, he scrutinized—to the wonder of the few natives, who could not imagine what Nicolo was searching for—every spot from base to vertex; but the weeks rolled round, and he found nothing.

At the end of this great search Nicolo was sitting one evening near the extremity of the eagle's beak just as the rim of the sun was dipping, away in the red west, into the sea. Vaguely he began to ply himself with the question—what next?—what next? Suddenly a pebble fell away from his feet, and following it, his eyes rested mechanically on the narrow ledge of the receding north side.

He started as if slapped on the back by a hand. What if the notes were there?

But he soon dismissed the idea as improbable. If they were on that ledge, he argued, they must have been *flung* there, and would be past recovery by anyone, even by Pippo himself. Being a plain man, there seemed to him to be a lack of motive in so useless a waste of good money.

Still, ever as this question of "What next?" recurred to him, so did the idea of the ledge. He was unwilling, desperately unwilling, after all his earnest quest, to entertain it, but it would not be shut out. As the days passed, the conviction grew on him that Pippo had wantonly thrown away the notes; and he began, too, to discover something like a motive for such an act. Despairing of Simonetta rich, Pippo had resolved to make her poor, and that—and not the love of gain—must have been his reason for stealing the notes; and so he had practically destroyed them. But, for some reason or other which Nicolo could not imagine, he had not thrown them into the sea, or torn them up, or burned them—for if so, *why had he climbed the rock?* And he had not hidden them on the south side; of that Nicolo's exhaustive search made him sure. There was only one alternative left: he had flung them on to the ledge—flung them in his fiendish malignity, in his fantastic cunning, where it would be impossible for any human being to regain them, unless—unless—the rock were scaled!

To *descend* was, of course, impossible; for anyone attempting this, even with the aid of a rope, would swing out into air from the far-projecting beak. But to scale it? One must be both a genius and a

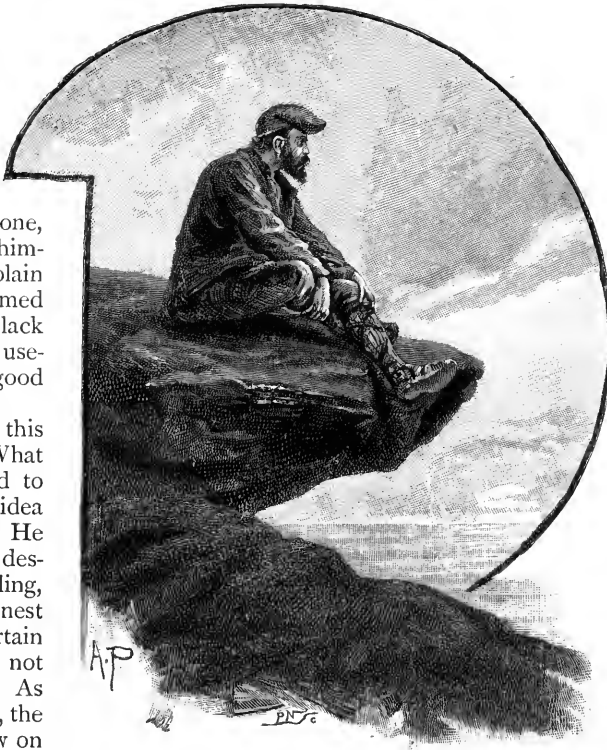
giant, and he must be agile and patient, as he was daring and muscular. Imagine an animal made up of the hippo, the goat, the eagle, and the ant, and possessing withal the intelligence and the inventiveness of a man.

The ledge was partly visible from the summit, but parts of it were hidden from view by patches of foliage. Nicolo passed hours in examining the parts he could see, leaning his body far over the edge; but though he could perceive nothing except a few pebbles, he abated no whit of the resolve he had formed to attempt the great feat. He passed several days in brooding over elaborate plans, carefully separating in his thoughts what was possible from what was not.

Then late at night, when he knew all prying eyes were closed, he returned to the mainland, pulled up his boat, and started off on foot over the mountain passes to the nearest large town. He came back as secretly as he went, staggering under a heavy load. This consisted of his tools and a large stock of provisions.

When he reached the Eagle's Crag, he anchored his boat close under the steep north wall, mooring it in addition to a great spike which he drove into a crevice. There was no beach, and the water was deep. He rigged up a tarpaulin into a coffin-shaped tent in his boat: this was to be his sleeping-place. After that night, for four long months he never saw a human face or sign of human life, except a fishing-boat or two from the other side of the island.

He began by driving spikes into the rock, alternating these by holes which he chipped out for his feet. To the spikes he attached ropes. He was provided with means to sharpen his tools when they wore down, but



"HE WAS SITTING NEAR THE EXTREMITV."

the granitic mass he worked on was almost as hard as the metal he worked with. The splinters and the sparks flew into his face and blinded and cut him; sometimes as soon as he had driven in a spike, after half a day's labour, he found it loose in the hole it had made; then it was necessary to begin all over again, for it was from these that his life hung. Like Dante, his labour made him lean many days.

He depended in a great measure for his food on the fish he could catch, and this very often did not come up to his expectations. Once he hungered for three days together, and all this time it was necessary to quench his thirst with minute draughts of water, for his stock of this, too, showed signs of failure. To return for these things among men would be to delay his work and betray himself, and he would have died first. So long as he remained where he was he felt fairly secure from observation, for the three or four fishermen on the other side never came round to the dreadful north side, and believing it the haunt of the terrible storm-spirit, sighed at the very mention of it. To the great ships, of course, passing in the distance he was invisible; as, also, to the folk on the mainland, who, generally speaking, had little or no intercourse with those on the rock. Nicolo therefore, so long as he kept close, was as good as buried from the sight of man. Only God's eye perceived him.

After a time he found that he had miscalculated the length of rope he would require, and his supply of this began to fall short: he cut his tarred canvas tent into strips, and twisted them firmly together; thenceforward he slept with the starlight in his eyes, wet, like the old Babylonish king, with the dew of Heaven. But he prospered, if slowly, and every day found him at least a foot or two higher.

It was when he had nearly reached the middle point of his upward pilgrimage that, as he was striking one final blow before descending for the night, his great hammer slipped from his wearied fingers and fell into the sea. To work without it was impossible, and he knew that it had fallen into some eight fathoms of water. All that night and the next day he

was dredging the bottom with his weighted net. The net seemed to gather to itself all the *débris* of ocean with which to taunt and jeer at him—all but his hammer. At last, with an angry exclamation, he stripped himself, and began to dive. Paler and paler showed the resolute face of the man under the grey moonlight every time he emerged to the surface. When at last he appeared, grasping the lost prize, two thin crimson streams were trickling from both his ears.

There was something sinful in his persistence—it was like hurling a challenge at the Invincible. In the cold days of winter the frost fixed and riveted his numbed limbs, like the limbs of some naked, crucified Prometheus, to the cruel rock. There came a morning when he awoke, shivering from his nightmare sleep, to see his ropes, the gunwale of his boat, and the face of the rock covered over with icicles. To climb at all now was deadly dangerous, but he made more than one attempt, only to slip back bruised and



"ONLY TO SLIP BACK BRUISED AND IMPOTENT."

impotent to the bottom. During the week the hard frost lasted, Nicolo became that worst of all self-tormentors—a wild beast

chained. But when it was over he began sullenly again, not even pausing to feel grateful.

His scanty garments were always wet, and soon hung in rags from him. The elements, wandering through the world in search of a plaything, saw him, and made him their target. The hail, the sun, the sirocco, the snow took turns in shying at him, in pinching and torturing him. Gradually his eye lost lustre, his ribs stood out, and a feverish palsy seized on him. He became the ruin of a man. And with all this, the spirit, too, that had borne him up began to droop. Genius, you see, has its limits. The very worst element of his malady was the terrible temptation that seized him in the last days of his toil, voluntarily—defiantly—to hurl his failing limbs into the deeps beneath him.

At last, one day when only a week's labour remained to be done, Nicolo, absorbed in his work, suddenly felt a shiver run through him. He glanced up; the sky was inky in its blackness; underneath, the sea was white with foam, and the breakers were whishing and thundering against the base of the rock. He looked for his boat, and he saw it—but miles away, a black dot on the seething waters. To swim after it in such a sea, in such a current, was a task too great for any man, and he was already very weak. He was a real Prometheus now—chained irrevocably to the rock he had set out to conquer.

He worked night and day, foodless, parched, sleepless, bowing his head before the relentless storm that tugged and tore at him, swinging him viciously from side to side, or battering him against the rock. Had he been a good man, a humble man, he would inevitably have failed; but a demon was in him—and on the morning of the third day he reached out his bony arm, drew himself on to the ledge, and with a deep gasp, fell prone on the object of all his effort, to die.

He lay there without sign of life all that day and another, the storm raging over him; but when it cleared, Nicolo stirred in his long sleep, and awoke to new hope and motion. After all, pain is only pain, and when it is past, seems bearable enough; and was it not for Simonetta—she who, he hoped, had written the sweet hieroglyph, "I love you"—that he had suffered so? And now at last—at last—he had triumphed, and had only to stretch out his hand to take the notes. He never for a moment doubted the correctness of his theory that they had been thrown

there attached to some weight, and if so, it was clear they could not have rolled off, for the inside edge of the ledge was at a lower level than the outside.

He rose to his feet and walked backward and forward several times over the narrow platform. Merciful God! *But there were no notes there!* With his head fallen forward on his breast he sank down again on the rock, moaning piteously, for the first time giving way to utter despair.

Presently it struck him that he was dying of thirst, and he decided to descend, intending to swim round to the other side if his strength sufficed—he hoped that it would not. As he was about to step over the edge, a piece of metal at the very end of the ledge caught his eye. He wondered vaguely what it was doing there, and picked it up. It was a large, heavy nail.

To his surprise, two bits of thin white thread were tied around it. The first of these led up from the piece of metal along the side of the rock above him: he could not follow it far with his eye, but he concluded that it must be fastened to one of the shrubs at the summit. He tugged at it, and it snapped mid-way. Then he looked at the other thread. He was endlessly mystified to see it lead straight up, not along the side of the rock this time, but up into the air, away from the slanting edge of the rock, where this narrowed in to form the peaked summit—straight up and up—till he lost sight of it in the azure, as if, forsooth, this, and no other, were the slight connecting link that binds Heaven to earth. He pulled at it, and it yielded easily to his touch; he commenced to draw it in, as he used to draw in his fishing-line when a "bite" was on, hand over hand. The length seemed endless, but gradually a diminutive round object came into sight above his head. At this object the thread ended.

When the whole length had been thus taken in, Nicolo held in his hand a small balloon, a couple of feet in length, made of a double fold of gold-beater's skin, and filled with hydrogen gas. He tore it open; the notes were within it. With these firmly grasped in his right hand, with both his arms stretched out to Heaven, he dropped sobbing on his knees, uttering agonized thanks to God.

And at that moment his uplifted eyes met a face peering at him over the summit of the rock; far off as it was, he recognised it as the face of Pippo. He guessed at once that Pippo had missed him from the mainland, and, his suspicions being aroused, had come to see how the notes were faring.

In the next moment a pistol shot entered Nicolo's back, and, turning over and over in one horrid, stupendous somersault, he fell into the abyss below.

Before Nicolo struck the sea he was suffocated, but he was not dead. By the strange providence of Heaven, the eye of a bewildered fisherman, being caught from afar by the flash of a white form in human likeness tumbling down the face of the Eagle's Crag, the man rowed up to him and saved him. The wet notes were still in his hand. He was taken to the other side and coaxed back to life by the old fisherwives, who possess a skill all their own, both in surgery and medicine. One fine day, after some weeks, he stole out of his hut when his old nurse's back was turned: it was his first new attempt at walking. On missing him she hurried after him in alarm, and discovered him at the water's edge eagerly looking towards the coast. Nicolo was humming the air of a gay Highland madrigal.

All the birds were singing and shouting on the bright morning that he returned to the mainland, and began to climb the mountains; as for him, his heart was a whole nest of larks.

At a turn of the path he met a woman coming down with a basket of oranges on her head; she glanced curiously at him, and said, as she passed him:—

"Walk fast, Nicolo—or you will be late to see the wedding."

A few yards farther up a boy, tending a herd of goats, called merrily out to him:—

"Walk fast, Nicolo—or you will miss the wedding. Signor Pippo, you know, is to be married this morning. Poor Simonetta! It

is old Francesco's doing, all of it. It was Pippo found his notes, you see, and the old man had sworn that whoever found them should——"

Nicolo answered nothing. He did not even mend his pace; but he looked upwards into the pale sky, as if appealing *there* for justice.

The little church at Arli was crowded that morning. The priest at the altar looked glum, as though conscious that he was helping forward the action of a tragedy. He had already begun, when a strange figure in ragged clothes, with long hair and wild eyes, walked unsteadily up the aisle. So long had he disappeared that many believed him dead, and his coming back was like the uprising of a ghost in their midst. Every eye in the building turned on him in amazement. With bent head he moved slowly up to the altar and stood by the side of the sad-faced bride.

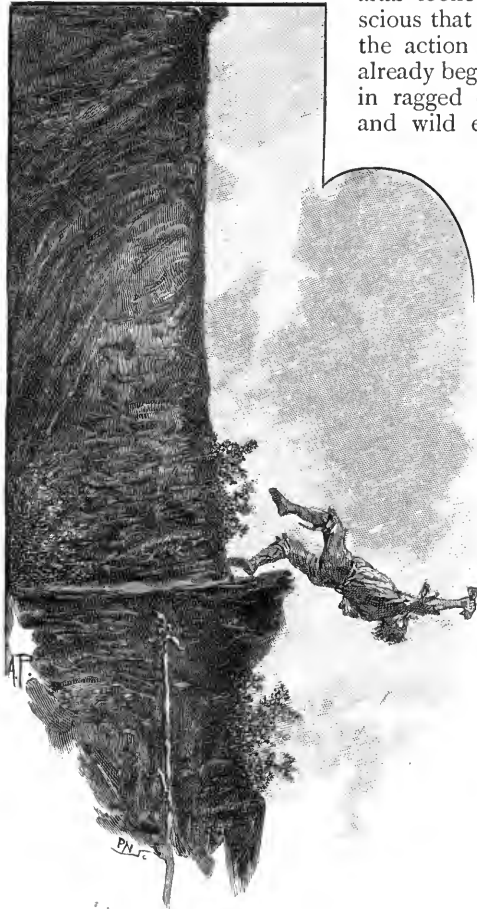
"Do you take this woman for your wife?" asked the priest, ignoring the new presence.

"I do," replied Pippo, defiantly.

"I do," repeated Nicolo, humbly.

This was an embarrassment of riches. Clearly, something must be done, and the *padre* at once referred the question of conjugal rights to Simonetta's better

judgment. Before she could answer, Nicolo, with masterly diplomacy, had whipped out the notes from his pocket, and held them up before the crowd; a word or two sufficed to show that the notes Pippo pretended to have found must have been his own, and not *the* notes at all. With this explanation, popular sentiment turned wildly in Nicolo's favour. Dark, honest faces all round the central figures began to glow sullenly with vindictive rage



"HE FELL INTO THE ABYSS BELOW."

at the deed that had been done in their midst, and a vague threatening rumble began to make itself heard. In one hand Francesco grasped a sailor's bowie-knife, while with the other he pressed that of Nicolo. The dainty little bride, pale and trembling, glanced thankfully up at her deliverer. Meantime, the ominous murmur had swelled into a howl of indignation; the hot blood of the peasants was lashing itself into a fury, and several of the wildest of the lads had already risen from their seats and huddled nearer to the altar. Suddenly a loud voice cried out, "Seize the thief!" followed by a rush that would certainly have borne down Pippo, had he not quickly retreated backward, at the same time drawing out a revolver, and

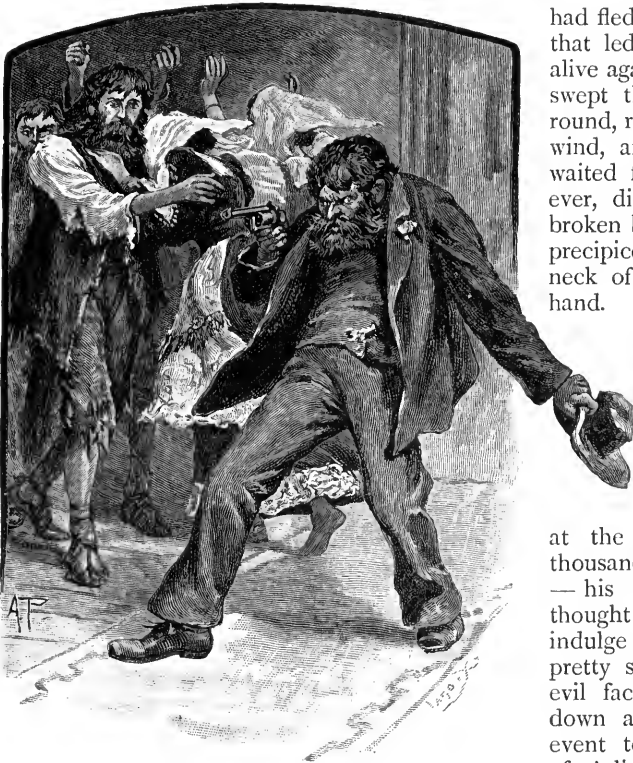
heels and made a dash for an open door. As he did so, one of the men ran rapidly up to him, and by a deft movement snatched the weapon from his hand, but before it could be used against him, Pippo had disappeared through the door, which he slammed behind him.

The keeper of the little *osteria* of Arli told afterwards how, all ghastly and panting, he had then rushed into her shop, shrieking "Brandy, brandy!" She had handed him a bottle, which he half drained before her eyes. "They have my pistol," he exclaimed, "but let them beware of sudden death when Pippo returns with arms. Tell them I go where they may be had in plenty!"

Then with the bottle under his arm he had fled from the shop, taking the road that led to Genoa. He was never seen alive again. All that night a black storm swept the hills, but in many a village round, resolute men, defying thunder and wind, and armed with deadly weapons, waited for his appearing. Pippo, however, did not come. A week later his broken body was found at the foot of a precipice far up the mountains, with the neck of his bottle still grasped in his hand. It was never certain whether he died a suicide's or a drunkard's death, or, as legal people say, "by the act of God."

Old Francesco, with a certain rough sense of the fitness of things, was for having Nicolo married to Simonetta at the Eagle's Crag. He had two thousand napoleoni now instead of one — his own and rich Pippo's — and thought perhaps he could afford to indulge in whims. But Simonetta, with a pretty shudder, said she would see the evil face of Pippo grinning spitefully down at them from the top. So the event took place in the little church of Arli. For many a long year after, it was noticed that Nicolo never went

near that stupendous Strength from which, by much wrestling, he had drawn Sweetness; and even when by chance he cast a glance at the great rock, he was observed to sigh an "Ave," and devoutly and humbly to cross himself.



"DRAWING OUT A REVOLVER."

pointing it at his aggressors. His face was livid, and had in it a something that warned the boldest to beware. At the sight of the cold barrel there was a slight hesitation among the peasants, and Pippo, taking quick advantage of it, turned on his

The Likenesses of Shakespeare.

BY ALEXANDER CARGILL.



PART from the glorious body of writings that bear his name, how very little does the world possess to-day that belonged to Shakespeare. How little is known with certainty regarding his personal history and appearance that can enable us adequately to judge as to what manner of man he was in the flesh—as he lived, moved, and had his being in this work-a-day world some three centuries ago! Many lives of Shakespeare have, it is true, been written with more or less elaboration and ingenuity, yet the really credible facts of his career may amply enough be summarized in a few paragraphs.

What, then, as to his image or likeness? Even of that treasure of the Homer of England—

The maker of our stately English speech—the world has *almost* been denied a copy in which implicit trust may be placed. Would it not, perhaps, have been more in keeping with Shakespeare's transcendent genius, as well as with the mystery that envelops so much of his life, had there never been a single copy left behind him of what, *at best*, only purports to be his likeness?

Be that as it may, there are not a few copies extant that at least exhibit *something* of his likeness in the flesh, and in spite of certain flaws and imperfections attached to most of these copies, they must form a subject of unique interest to all the great poet's admirers—a countless host in almost every country in the civilized world. By far the most important example of these is, of course,

THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE
in the chancel of the Church of Holy Trinity
Vol. viii —43.

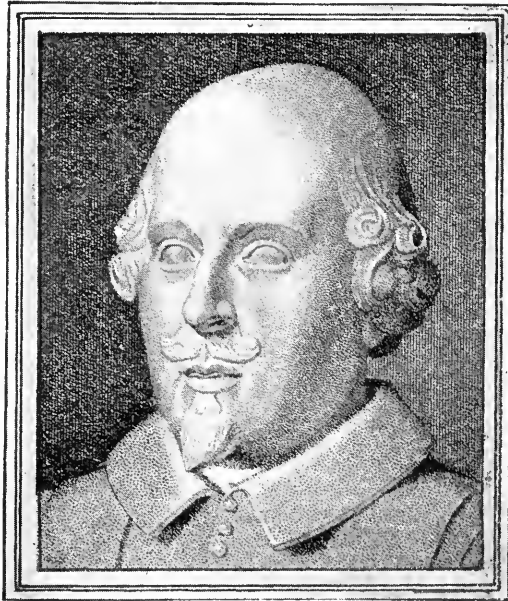
in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. With this likeness generations of pilgrims to that classic shrine have been familiar, ever delighted to gaze upon the marble image with profound admiration. The features of the poet as therein expressed are probably better known than those of any other great Englishman who lived before or after Shakespeare's time—for do they not represent in some fair measure the lineaments of one whose works are the heritage not of a sect, or party, or nation, but of mankind?

It is believed that when Shakespeare died, on the 25th April, 1616, exactly fifty-two years of age, a cast of his features was taken—by whom is not known, though the name of the sculptor of the bust, Gerrard or Gerald Johnson, a Hollander, has been suggested. Johnson has been credited with having done his part of the work well, since, before its erection in the chancel of the church, the bust was probably approved by Shakespeare's relations as a good likeness, and deemed worthy of its conspicuous position and of

the man it represented. As is well known to all who have seen the bust, its prominent characteristic is the calm serenity and stately gentleness of the expression of the features; an expression that fairly well satisfies the popular ideal of England's most glorious poet.

Since its erection in the chancel—some time between 1616 and 1623—the bust has experienced not a few vicissitudes. Originally coloured over to resemble life, a custom of the period, the bust was never once restored

or touched up in any way till 1748—a century and a quarter afterwards—when its condition after such a lapse of time can be readily imagined. In the latter



THE STRATFORD BUST.

year, however, at the instance of an ancestor of the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons, it received careful and loving attention; the old colours were fetched forth anew, and the monumental setting was improved and made worthy of the poet. The necessary expenses of this work were, it is interesting to note, defrayed out of the profits of a representation of the play of "Othello" by a company of actors "strolling" by Stratford-on-Avon at the time.

About fifty years after, Mr. Malone, well known in his day as an enthusiastic admirer and commentator of Shakespeare, bethought him that the bust required further renewing, and took it upon himself to "cover it over with one or more coats of white paint, thus," in the opinion of those who witnessed the sacrilegious act, "at once destroying its original character and greatly injuring the expression of the face." For this unfortunate display of hero-worship, Malone was severely censured, and there is at least one record extant that expresses in a measure the feeling of annoyance his action created at the time. In the old visitors' album at the Church of Holy Trinity, the following lines were inscribed as a protest against Malone's offence:—

Stranger! to whom this monument is shewn,
Invoke the poet's curse upon Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste betrays,
And daubs his tomb-stone, as he marr'd his plays!

The bust remained for many years in the condition in which Malone had left it. Eventually, however, it was restored once more. Malone's daub was completely obliterated, and the original colouring, as "improved" in the year 1748, as far as possible renewed. In that satisfactory condition the bust has, with careful tending, remained ever since, though it has been occasionally touched up to preserve the glorious features of the "carved marble" as they deserve to be, and doubtlessly will be, preserved in all time to come.

The inscriptions on the mural tablet below the bust must, of course, ever claim regard for their references to the death of Shakespeare, but they are quite overshadowed in importance by the well-known inscription engraved on the stone slab that covers the tomb, since tradition has it that the lines were the composition of the poet himself, and penned, very probably, when on his death-bed. They read as follows:—

Good frend for Iesys sake forbear
To digg the dyst enclosed here.
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stoness
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

THE DROESHOUT PRINT.



THE DROESHOUT PRINT.

In point of intrinsic worth and literary interest, the Droeshout print of Shakespeare—an engraving of his likeness given to the world for the first time along with the original edition of his collected works in 1623—ranks next to the Stratford bust. Some authorities place what is known as the Chandos portrait of the poet before the Droeshout print; while, again, others value the print even before the bust. But there are one or two good reasons why, in this particular instance, the work of the engraver should have prior claim

to regard to that of the painter.

In the first place, the Droeshout print was executed by a skilful artist whose profession it was to "draw from the life"; whereas the Chandos portrait is only supposed to have been painted by one or other of two (or perhaps of three) men whose calling was that of the player.

The Droeshout print bears, in the second place, the special *imprimatur* of Shakespeare's ever-glorious associate, Ben Jonson; and not only his, but it also has the indorsement of the poet's intimate friends and "fellowes," Heminge and Condell, who were remembered in his last will and testament.

In the third place, there is the very suggestive fact that between the Stratford bust and

the Droeshout print there are certain striking correspondences, not so observable between the bust and the Chandos portrait, that have led the best authorities to infer that the sculptor of the bust in all probability had the print before him while executing the details of his work, though modelling mainly from the mask taken after the poet's death. If that inference be correct, it again further infers that the Droeshout print had received the approval of the poet's relatives, and also that Heminge and Condell obtained their sanction before affixing it side by side with Ben Jonson's dedicatory lines in the forefront of the famous first folio referred to. These lines declare as follows :—

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doe the life :
O, could he but have drawne the wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse ;
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his Booke.

B. J.

In this work of Martin Droeshout there is nothing, beyond what the print itself bears, to tell of the circumstances in which it was originally executed. Assuming that other portraits of the poet were, in addition to this one, taken during his lifetime, the Droeshout print was doubtlessly one of the earliest copies. Its date, however, is unknown. Judging from the appearance of the face generally, and comparing that with his other likenesses, Shakespeare had not, it is pretty certain, attained his fortieth year when, with this portrait,

. the graver had
a strife
With Nature !

THE CHANDOS
PORTRAIT.

Of the countless editions of the works of Shakespeare that show a frontispiece likeness of the poet, it is a singular fact that by far the greater number favour the Chandos portrait. The face and features

of Shakespeare as "imaged" in that portrait are those with which his readers are probably most familiar. It is not easy to account for this, since the portrait is certainly not the first in point of genuineness, whatever may be its degree of artistic merit. Possibly it satisfies more fully the popular ideal of the likeness of a great creative poet than does the bust or print just referred to. Be that as it may, the Chandos portrait, for various reasons, more than justifies its being kept in the custody of the nation as a very rare and valuable relic of its greatest dramatist. Its history is, briefly, as follows :—

According to the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery, where the relic is now safeguarded : "The Chandos portrait was the property of John Taylor, the player, by whom, or by Richard Burbadge, it was painted. The picture was left by the former in his will to Sir William Davenant. After his death it was bought by Betterton, the actor, upon whose decease Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicholls, of Michenden House, Southgate, Middlesex, whose only daughter married James, Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, father of Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham." Hence the name of the portrait, and such, in substance, is all that is known with certainty regarding its history.

THE JANSEN PORTRAIT.

It is a remarkable circumstance that not a few of the best-known likenesses of Shakespeare should have been executed by others than his own countrymen. As its name would seem to imply, the "Jansen" portrait was also the production of a foreigner. There are others, also, of the Shakespearean likenesses yet to be considered that owe their origin very largely to the skill of devout admirers of the poet who were not in any way of his national kith or kin. In the "Jansen" portrait, so called from the name of the painter, Cornelius Jansen, it is quite



THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.



THE JANSEN PORTRAIT.

possible that we have a picture of Shakespeare that shows him as he appeared about his forty-sixth year, and when fast approaching, if not already arrived at, the summit of his physical and intellectual strength and glory. It is also possible that the likeness was painted as a memento or token of that friendship and regard which were entertained for the poet by the Earl of Southampton almost from the outset of Shakespeare's career.

THE FELTON HEAD.

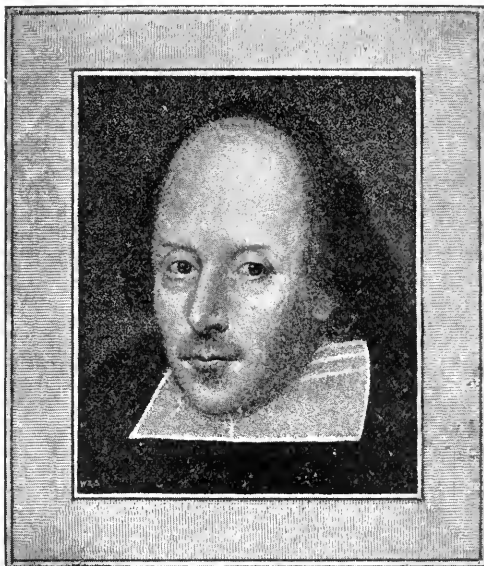
Apart from the question of authenticity, it is safe to say that the likeness of Shakespeare known under the name of the Felton head is one that will probably fascinate, more than any other portrait, the great majority of the poet's admirers. It will, however, speak for itself as to this. But for a somewhat severe and sad, if not dissatisfied, look that seems to haunt the eyes, the portrait takes rank, in at least its excellence of ideality, with any other example. Allowing for some exaggeration in the height of the forehead, a defect which has led some experts to infer that the Felton portrait was in existence even before the Droeshout print, and that, indeed, it served as the model for the engraver, it is assuredly a splendid portrait of Shakespeare, and speaks eloquently of the painter's lofty conception of the poet's features. Its history is curious, if for nothing more than the fact that the name, "Guil-

Shakespear," and the date, "1597," together with the initials, "R. B.," traced on the reverse side of the picture, indicate the likeness to have been, as some authorities believe, the handiwork of Richard Burbadge, the player, who is thus for the second time identified with his great contemporary in this interesting connection.

THE "BECKER" MASK.

In the year 1849 there was discovered at Mayence what bore to be a genuine though gruesome relic of Shakespeare, and claimed to be set almost side by side in value and interest with the Stratford bust itself. This relic was declared to be nothing less than the mask of the face and features of the poet taken after his death in April, 1616. As nothing was ever known as to what befell the mask after Gerard Johnson had manipulated it in the preparation of the bust—assuming it had been in his hands for that purpose—the finding of such an extraordinary relic created widespread interest, not only throughout England and Europe, but in America, where also there were those who were ready to believe in its story with sincere trust.

The resurrection of the veritable death-mask of the immortal author of "Hamlet" not unnaturally suggests, as it no doubt suggested at the time, a famous scene in the last act of that famous tragedy. Nevertheless, its discovery was hailed with enthusiasm, and what purported to be an undoubted clue



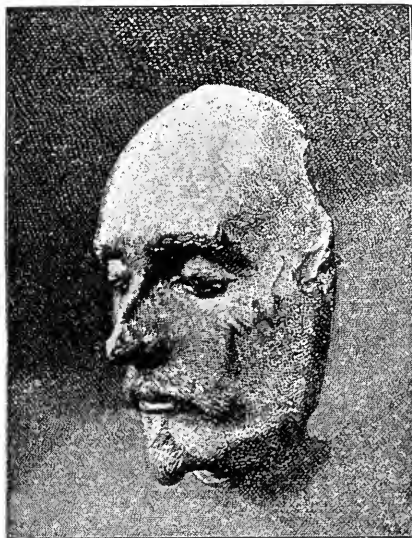
THE FELTON HEAD.

to a mystery more than two centuries old was taken up at once and followed with rare persistence by those who declared they held, in the possession of the mask, the only key to its solution.

The gentleman into whose possession this curiosity came was named Ludwig Becker, who, writing in 1850, gave so entertaining an account of it as to induce Mr Page, a well-known artist of New York, to visit Germany and there examine this famous relic for himself. After a prolonged scrutiny of the mask, Mr. Page declared his firm belief in its *bona fides*, and thereupon made from it a very interesting set of models of the features of Shakespeare, which, at the time, attracted great attention. An excellent account of the history of the mask was also written by Mr. Page for *Scribner's Magazine* of May, 1876. The relic itself was brought to London for exhibition, where it secured many admirers and willing believers, and it is actually recorded that some were so affected by the sight that they burst into tears!

THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

Like the "Becker" mask, the Stratford portrait of Shakespeare, so-called from its having been discovered (in 1860) in that town, is quite a modern "find." Whether the portrait had its original home in London or elsewhere is unknown; but, like the "Becker" mask, it, too, was taken to the Metropolis for public exhibition. Many opinions were pronounced in favour of its genuineness, while many more unhesi-

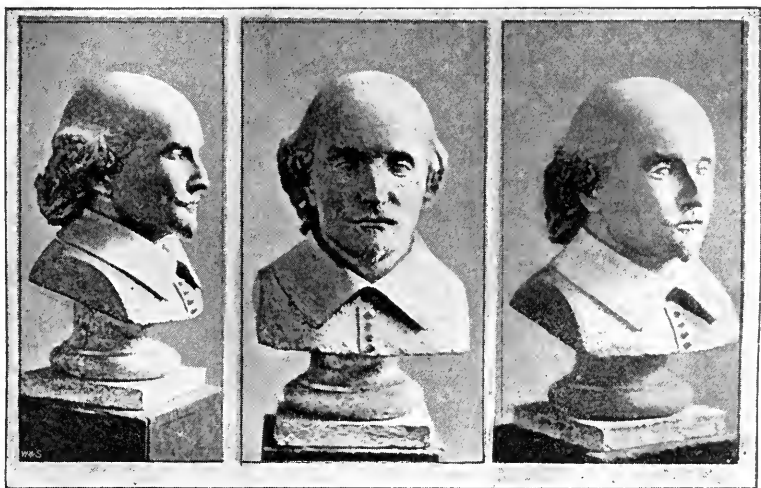


THE "BECKER" MASK.

tatingly discredited it. At the time of its exhibition a newspaper warfare was waged over the question with results that, on the whole, were unfavourable to the pretensions of the portrait.

In this likeness Shakespeare appears as if in the very flush and heyday of his early manhood and strength. A robust, almost bucolic, massiveness and compactness is, perhaps, the prominent physical trait. A calm, dignified repose fills the full, winsome eyes, and at the same time gently compresses the eloquent lips. The forehead is ample: somewhat less lofty than in the bust, much less so than in almost any other portrait, but still a fine, full brow that could only have been that of a highly gifted man. Like so much else connected with Shakespeare, the history of this portrait—when, and by whom, and for whom painted—is enveloped in obscurity.

Some authorities believe it to have been the work of a local amateur, who either painted it to satisfy his own or another's ideal. Some even incline to the view that it was made to order, to do duty as a common tavern-sign! If so, then it is surely one of the best examples of the kind ever executed. After



PAGE'S MODELS OF THE MASK.



THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

having been exhibited in London, the picture was taken back to Stratford, where it has ever since found a place of honour and safety in the house in Henley Street where Shakespeare was born.

THE HILLIARD³ AND AURIOL MINIATURES.

The former is by far the more interesting and meritorious. When its pretensions to genuineness were put forward early in the present century, the Hilliard miniature belonged to Sir James Bland Burges, Bart., who, in a letter to a friend giving an account of it, alleged that it had been discovered in a bureau which belonged to his mother, who had inherited it from her father, Lord Somerville, and thus traced its history



THE HILLIARD MINIATURE.



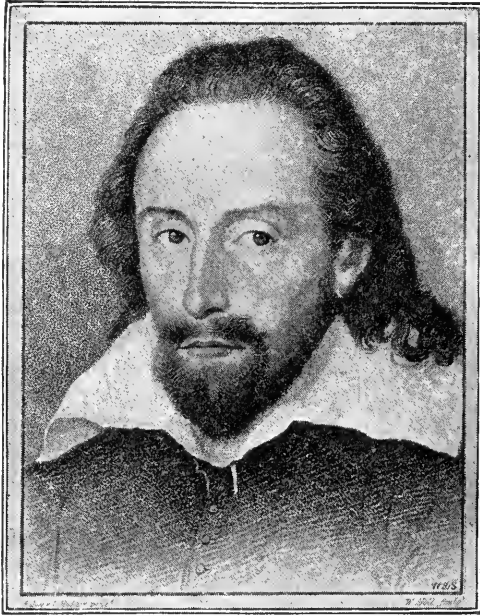
THE AURIOL MINIATURE.

back to the days when the poet lived in retirement at Stratford.

The Auriol miniature is certainly more pretentious than the other, though greatly inferior as a work of art or even as a likeness of the poet. It was claimed for it that it at one time belonged to the Southampton family, but there is no evidence of this. It bears to have been painted when Shakespeare was in his thirty-third year, and it is recorded that "to the bottom of the frame of the miniature was appended a pearl, intended to infer that the original was a *pearl of men!*"

THE DUNFORD LIKENESS.

If the likeness known as the Dunford portrait has the slightest resemblance in any particular to Shakespeare, that individual is exceptionally gifted who can trace the same. When its claims were put forward for the first time in 1815, Mr. Dunford, the owner, assured the public that he "saw in the portrait a likeness to the Droeshout print." Mr. Wivill, the well-known expert, compared them carefully and was afraid the resemblance was of the kind discovered by Fluellan between Macedon and Monmouth! When the portrait was exhibited shortly after its discovery in the year mentioned, it is recorded that "of not more than 6,000 who went to see it, 3,000 declared their belief in its originality." Even an authority like Sir Thomas Lawrence voted in its favour. Moreover, it was twice engraved by Turner in



THE DUNFORD LIKENESS.

mezzotinto, so sincerely did many persons believe in it as a true likeness of Shakespeare. Eventually, however, it lost credit, and is now only remembered as an instance of that strange trait in the character of the British

public, viz., its easy gullibility in matters appertaining to Shakespeare.

ZOUST'S PORTRAIT.

An excellent likeness of the poet, which strikingly recalls the Chandos portrait, is



THE STACE PICTURE.

one that was alleged to have been painted by Soest, or Zoust. As that artist was not born till 1635, when Shakespeare had been dead for nineteen years, his example must have been from a copy—probably that in the possession of Sir William Davenant, afterwards known as the Chandos portrait.

THE STACE PICTURE.

What is known as Stace's picture of Shakespeare is reminiscent, like that by Zoust, of the Chandos likeness, in so far as the arrangement of the figure and dress and the expression of the features are in some points not unlike. The history of this picture is peculiar in that it has had an unusual spirituous aroma about it. Discovered early in the present century in a public-house, "The Three Pigeons," Shoreditch, where it hung for more than forty years, its glory "all unbeknown," it was sold by auction at another public-house, "The Old Green



ZOUST'S PORTRAIT.



GILLILAND'S PORTRAIT.

Dragon," Wilson Street, Moorfields. Its ultimate destination, however, was "farotherwise," if it really was the case that "its purchaser, having formed such an attachment to the portrait, secured it by lock and chain in a costly case to be buried with him at his decease!"

GILLILAND'S PORTRAIT.

If this picture has any merit at all it is in its bald antiquity. In this curious likeness of Shakespeare, which was discovered about seventy years ago, there is at least a guid auld grey-bairdie bit o' a man, as we say in Scotland: nothing more. The purchaser, Thomas Gilliland, writing in 1827, declared it was his impression that the portrait was painted about the time of Shakespeare, "either by an artist who had seen him, or who copied a genuine portrait of the poet *now lost*, as this likeness differs from all the portraits published or known." What an interesting gallery

the lost portraits of Shakespeare would make, to be sure!

THE ZINCKE LIKENESS.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and this of them," is the not inappropriate foot-note which the engraver printed on his



THE ZINCKE LIKENESS.

copy of the likeness of Shakespeare known by the above name. Here again, for the third time, is Richard Burbadge, the actor,

associated with what pretends to be a portrait of his friend; while, for the second time, in like manner, the name of Ben Jonson is connected with it. Of course the picture is only a fabrication, "concocted" about 1820 by the artist whose name it bears.

THE PORTRAIT BY ZUCCHERO.

Those who are familiar with the portrait of Shelley will not fail to note the very striking resemblance between it and the above example. But it, too, has small claims to be regarded as authentic.



THE PORTRAIT BY ZUCCHERO.

READING A PLAY*

BY MARY H.
TENNYSON



he leant back in the luxurious chair and looked around him.

"It's the house of a gentleman and an artist," he muttered, remarking the etchings on the walls, and a picture covered with a curtain on an easel. "Well, it's a comfort to have to do with a cultivated man; they are always more inclined to make allowances. I am glad, after all, I accepted Moore's offer of a personal introduction to Humphrey Warden. It certainly is heart-breaking work sending in plays to managers.

You may wait six months, and then they are returned without having been opened, apparently. In this case I must know my fate, one way or the other, within an hour. It's awfully nervous work, though," he continued, dabbing his forehead. "I'm sick with anxiety. If Warden will only take the little piece, I am certain it would catch on, he is so tremendously popular: and then my fortune would be as good as made, for I know my long plays are better than this—I am sure they are—and yet nobody will even look at them. By Jove! my mouth's getting dry; I hope I shan't stammer! Oh, Lord, here he comes! Confound it! what a fool I am!"

But when Clinton's eyes fell upon Humphrey Warden, the successful actor, and the manager of the most popular comedy house in London, his fears grew quieter. A less alarming, more genial-looking man, in fact, it would be impossible to imagine. Humphrey Warden was diminutive in stature, but he was thoroughly well set-up, and dressed to perfection; his prematurely white hair contrasted pleasantly with his fresh complexion and bright blue eyes, and altogether there was an air of vigour, and yet of homely refinement, about him which comforted Clinton strangely, and he felt almost emo-



LT was cold and dull enough, outside, on that wintry February morning, but in Humphrey Warden's handsomely furnished breakfast-room all was comfort and cosiness, and the heart of George Clinton, the ambitious young dramatic author, grew a trifle braver as he entered the pleasant apartment in the wake of the trim parlour-maid. A glance at the round table, however, with its steaming coffee-pot, and still covered silver dishes, which reflected the flames of the fire in the most cheery fashion, speedily reduced him to his former condition of pitiable nervousness.

"I am afraid," he stammered, indicating the well-spread breakfast-table; "I am afraid there must be some mistake. I am not a friend of Mr. Warden's: I have called on a matter of business."

"Oh, yes, sir, it's quite right," the maid replied, brightly; "master said I was to show you into the breakfast-room, if you came before he was down. I was to ask you to take a comfortable chair, and to give you the paper."

But George Clinton did not attempt to study the news of the day. Seating himself,

tional when the little gentleman advanced towards him with outstretched hand, saying, in brisk, cheery tones:—

"Good morning, Mr. Clinton! I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. It's not like me to do that: I pride myself upon being the most

self and fire away—unless, by the way, you'll join me at breakfast?"

"No, indeed, thank you; I have breakfasted," the young author replied, faintly, opening his manuscript and clearing his throat.

"I'm sorry for that," Warden responded, brightly; "but perhaps we haven't too much time as it is. You won't mind my eating while you read, I'm sure?"

"Not at all; I should like it," Clinton replied, quickly. "I should feel less nervous."

"That's all right, then," the other said, with a smile. "I shall not interrupt you—I feed very quietly. The other two places that you see set are for my daughter and my secretary, Henry Browne. They are used to hearing

plays read, you needn't mind them. Browne's gone round to the theatre for the morning letters, and she's not down yet—was out late last night. My daughter, Mrs. Somerset, is my housekeeper, you understand; she's quite a girl, only twenty-two; but she's been a widow for nearly four years. She was married when she was seventeen, and was a mother on her eighteenth birthday. Now then, let us start."

Again Clinton cleared his throat, and with his heart thumping painfully, straightened his back.

"By-the-bye," the manager remarked, "how long will the play read?"

"Oh, less than half an hour," Clinton answered, moistening his parched lips.

"Good!" Warden ejaculated, briskly. "I put an hour aside for you. You can have no idea, my dear fellow, how I have to plan out my days. First there's this, and then there's that, and then there's the other. Somebody comes for an engagement, for instance—never a day passes without that; and I am not surprised; for, I say it without conceit, there's no theatre managed like mine in London.



"GOOD MORNING, MR. CLINTON!"

punctual man in town. Here, let me take that newspaper and parcel, and then we can shake hands. I am delighted to make the acquaintance of any friend of Moore's. Ah! this is the little play, I see. Well, let us set to work at once. I daresay you are anxious to get it over."

"Why, yes, I confess I am," Clinton answered, with a grateful but sickly smile. "I should consider myself very lucky if I succeeded in pleasing you, sir, for I think if I could once get a hearing, I might do some good work."

"Of course, my dear fellow, why not? Everybody must have a beginning. Now, then, where would you like to sit—back to the fire, or not? I can easily alter the arrangement of the table."

"Oh, pray, don't," Clinton cried. "It doesn't matter a bit, really."

"Ah, but it does," Humphrey Warden persisted, kindly, fussing round the table with much energy. "I want you to be perfectly comfortable, Clinton. Now, what do you say to this place? All right? Very well, then, put your MS. here. Now seat your-

I take a personal interest in all my people, and, no matter how busy I am, can always find time to listen to their hopes and fears."

"That's very good of you," Clinton murmured, smoothing out his manuscript.

Warden pushed back his plate and, rising, walked to the fire-place, jingling his loose money merrily in his pockets.

"I like to encourage young talent," he said, with much earnestness; "but, unfortunately, as a rule the most ridiculously absurd people that ever you saw are those who wish to adopt the stage as a profession. Now, Clinton, what do you imagine to be the qualifications that are necessary before a man or woman can hope for success on the stage?" Clinton hesitated and fingered his manuscript anxiously. "You can't give an opinion, eh? Well, I'll tell you, and you may be sure I know what I'm talking about."

Drawing a deep breath, the little man folded his arms across his breast, and straightening his figure, with his eyes sparkling with animation, proceeded in full, round tones:—

"You want, in the first place, good appearance; in the second, good voice; in the third, marked intellectual powers; in the fourth, grand facial expression, an eye which indicates a mind of no common order—an eye wherein the soul of the man is reflected; a figure of dignity—not necessarily tall, mind you—and a general air of capability and superiority. I say it without conceit, but you may take my word for it, all these things are absolutely necessary to success."

Crimson in the face, Clinton made a desperate effort.

"I am afraid I made a slight mistake," he faltered; "I fancy now that my play will read a trifle over half an hour."

"Well, we've allowed a good margin," Warden responded, cheerily, reseating himself. "I always allow a good margin in these cases, because there are certain to be plenty of small details to consult over. I'm considered a capital adviser on these subjects. I've got the bump of construction very strongly developed in my cranium; my head's a most remarkable shape—in fact, the imaginative faculties are simply abnormally developed; and I'm sure any assistance I can give you with regard to your little play, I shall be most——"

"You'll tell me the truth, sir, I hope," Clinton interrupted; "you won't try to spare my feelings. I want your genuine opinion."

"And you shall have it, my dear boy," the other replied, warmly. "If I don't like your

piece, I'll tell you so candidly; if I do—well, I won't raise hopes which may not be realized, but I should be really glad to do a good turn for any friend of Moore's. Now, fire away!"

"And you will not let my bad reading prejudice you against the piece?" the palpitating author continued, with a sickly smile. "Authors never can read their own works, I'm told."

"They can't, my boy, I know it!" Warden assented, with a laugh. "I say it, without conceit: there's no man living who's a better elocutionist than I am; but even I cannot read my own plays."

"I wasn't aware, sir, that you were a writer as well as an actor," Clinton cried, impulsively.

Rising quickly, Warden crossed the room. "Come here," he said, briskly.

With rather a scared countenance, Clinton placed his manuscript upon the table, and joined the manager, who stood before a well-filled book-case.

"Do you see that row of quarto volumes?" the dapper little man asked, with his head on one side, and his bright eyes gleaming with interest.

"Yes," Clinton stammered.

"All bound manuscripts, my dear fellow; my own, every one of them. Look here. Strong titles these! 'The Human Scorpion'; 'Herod Out-Heroded'; 'The Red Hand.' A splendid character-part for a man in 'The Human Scorpion.' Irving didn't seem to see it; yet—I say it in all modesty—I don't believe any such part has ever been written before. He'd have made a tremendous hit in it. Now, in 'Herod Out-Heroded,' the man's part is strong; stronger, I can confidently assert, than most of the parts one finds in plays; a man who has to say in the last scene—'I am not a murderer, I *despise* the word! I am Nemesis! Others kill their tens: they murder in detail. I make of the whole world a holocaust!' You won't find a speech like that in any play that I know of. 'The Red Hand,' too, has magnificent parts all round, simply magnificent! If a man wants an opportunity for tenderness, for passionate declamation, and for high comedy, he couldn't get a better chance—I speak it impartially—than the hero in 'The Red Hand'; *but* 'The Human Scorpion' is simply a dramatic inspiration! Such a situation has never been dreamt of before. The Scorpion is a good man, mind you, a noble character, but he suffers from a strange affliction. The end of his fingers sting

everyone that he touches, and the sting is poisonous! There you are, you see. It's a grand idea. His mother dies mysteriously. His lover dies mysteriously, and in the last scene he commits suicide in a very curious manner. Quite original, I assure you. Stings himself—you understand? Irving, with his long, white fingers, would have made your blood creep. But, there, the cleverest men can't recognise their opportunities sometimes. Now, the manner in which the plot of 'The Human Scorpion' was first suggested to my mind was rather extraordinary. You know plots flash across your brain in a moment——"

"They do!" Clinton cried, with a catch in his breath, "they undoubtedly do. The plot of that little play I'm here to read to you, for instance, came to me in an instant."

Dropping the volume he had abstracted from the shelf, Warden ran his fingers through his hair, and hurriedly led the way towards the table.

"Why, bless me, of course, I had forgotten!" he murmured, penitently. "I must apologize, really. Please sit down and commence. I've finished my breakfast, and can attend entirely. The others are extra late to-day, I suppose——"

"I have not named the play yet," Clinton explained.

"Indeed!" Warden cried, starting forward in his chair. "I may be able to help you there. I am especially good at titles."

His forehead growing moist, Clinton proceeded hastily, paying no heed to the interruption.

"These are the characters represented: the Reverend Felix Findlater; Frederick Hammer; Joseph, a footman; Marjorie Findlater; Sybil Findlater; Emma, a housemaid. The scene is the morning-room at——"

Clinton stopped abruptly. The door opened softly, and an elderly, spectacled man came in.

"Ah, Browne, good morning!" the manager cried, heartily. "Here, come along, old man, your breakfast is getting cold. Now, what will you have? Bacon, kidneys, fish? But first let me introduce you to Mr. George Clinton, a friend of Jack Moore's, who has come to read a play to me."

The author and secretary bowed to each other, while Warden continued, with genuine feeling:—

"Clinton, this is my right hand, my old school chum, Henry Browne. If you knew half the good of him that I do——"

Helping himself quietly to bacon and coffee, with a glance at the flushed, anxious young author, Browne remarked, gently:—

"Mr. Clinton will not care to discuss my virtues now, I'm sure. Go on with your reading, please."

"Just one moment," Warden said, deprecatingly. "Clinton will excuse me, I'm sure. Any letters, Browne?"

"Not one of any interest," the secretary replied, firmly.

"Let me have a look at them, my boy."

"But Mr. Clinton is reading, isn't he?"

"No. We haven't begun yet."

"Oh, haven't you?" the other responded, meaningly. "Well, here they are, but I assure you there's nothing in them."

"By George!" Warden cried, looking over the bulky bundle, perfectly oblivious of the blank expression of the perturbed author. "By George! plenty of ladies this morning, any way!"

"All applications for seats or engagements," Browne explained, curtly.

"Any good, the latter?"

"Not a bit. Fashionable amateurs."

Throwing himself back in his chair, Warden thrust his hands into his pockets, and once more jingled the contents loudly, saying, merrily:—

"As I remarked just now, Clinton, you would scarcely credit the people who write for engagements. You remember the squinting girl with no chin, Browne? The one who actually sent her photo! Ha! ha! Where is that photo, by the way? I've got it somewhere, I know."

Springing up, he turned towards an escritoire; but before he could take a step, Browne laid his hand upon his arm.

"Come, Warden," he said, "Mr. Clinton doesn't want to see that hideous thing."

"I am sure he does," the other answered, innocently; "it's quite a curiosity."

"Give him the choice, any way," the secretary urged.

"I don't think I do care about seeing it just now, thank you all the same," Clinton said, hoarsely.

"Oh, all right, please yourself—you don't know what you've missed, that's all," Warden replied, reseating himself with a slightly aggrieved countenance. "Now, Clinton, I'm ready. First, though—How's the wind, Browne?"

"West."

"Good! I might have known without asking, though. I feel thoroughly fit this morning. You can't imagine the effect

atmospheric changes have on me, Clinton ; I am no use at all when the wind is in the east. I am simply a cumberer on the earth at such times. The fact is, my nerves are too highly strung, altogether. It's my artistic temperament, I suppose. Lord bless me, I led my poor dear mother a life when I was a child. Why, before I was twelve I had measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, chicken-pox"—Browne coughed—"I beg your pardon, did you speak, Browne?"

"Certainly not," the secretary replied, emphatically: "I am waiting for Mr. Clinton to begin."

"To be sure," Warden assented, kindly. "Your pardon again, Clinton. Now, then."

Clinton's voice shook a little, as with a relieved countenance he re-commenced: "Scene, interior of morning-room at——"

Once more the door opened and a lady entered. Clinton's nerves were beginning to assert themselves very inconveniently, but notwithstanding his uncomfortable condition he noted that the new-comer was charming to look upon, and that she strongly resembled the genial manager. Very quietly she took her seat at the foot of the table, with a gesture to show that she perceived the necessity for silence. Bowing politely to the author, she blew a kiss to her father, nodded familiarly to Browne, and then noiselessly

helped herself to food. But Warden was not to be restrained.

"Ah, Dolly, my love!" he cried, warmly; "you are late, little woman. Quite well to-day, dear?"

"Quite, thank you, father," Mrs. Somerset replied, quickly.

"This is my daughter, Clinton," Warden continued, regarding her with loving pride. "Mr. Clinton has come to read a play, my dear."

"I know. I am so sorry to have interrupted," the lady said, turning graciously to the young man. "Please go on."

"One moment, Clinton. I'm glad you've come in, Dolly," Warden proceeded, passing toast and potted meat fussily, "because now you can give your opinion on the play. I assure you, Clinton, Mrs. Somerset has very correct judgment. Her taste has been cultivated carefully. She has read the whole of my plays, and I've even altered scenes at her suggestion."

Again he threw himself back in his chair, and stretching out his neat little feet, rattled his money and keys, and smiled benevolently at his sweet daughter.

"You remember that scene in 'The Human Scorpion,' Dolly?" he asked, with a happy twinkle in his bird-like, brown eyes.

Flushing charmingly, Mrs. Somerset stole a swift glance at Clinton's rapidly paling face, and then answered, with a pretty little frown at her unconscious father:—

"Yes, dear, I recollect it perfectly. Now, Mr. Clinton, do please go on. If you haven't gone far, I shall gather your meaning, I'm sure."

"Oh, we haven't got far!" the father exclaimed, cheerfully.

"Only as far as the description of the characters, yet," Browne interposed, meaningly.

"Oh!" Mrs. Somerset ejaculated, doubtfully.

"It's fortunate, isn't it?" Warden continued. "Would you mind just running through the characters again, Clinton, for my daughter's sake?"

"Not at all," Clinton answered,



"YOU REMEMBER THAT SCENE IN 'THE HUMAN SCORPION'?"

earnestly. "Mrs. Somerset honours me by showing an interest in my play." His heart growing lighter, he raised the manuscript and read:—

"The Reverend Felix Findlater; Frederick Hammer; Joseph, a footman; Marjorie Findlater; Sybil Findlater; Emma, a housemaid."

Warden placed the tips of his fingers together, and nodded his white head approvingly.

"Nice, compact little cast. Three men and three women."

"Oh, ah, I ought to have explained," Clinton interposed; "Sybil Findlater is a child."

"A child! Good!" Humphrey Warden cried, enthusiastically. "You are fond of children, Clinton?"

"Very," the author replied, readily.

His face beaming with smiles, Warden sprang up, and going to the door, opened it.

"Sophie, bring Miss Mabel," he called. Then turning to Clinton, he continued: "If you are fond of children, you must see my grandchild."

With a very pale countenance and a wan smile, Clinton replaced his manuscript upon the table; but he did not speak: he could not.

"Father," Mrs. Somerset said, firmly, "please don't call Sophie, I told her not to bring Mabel in this morning."

"But, my darling," the father expostulated, "the child always comes in just to say how do you do. I daresay the dear little soul is in great distress at being kept away. She won't hinder us a moment; besides, Clinton is fond of children. Ah, here she is! Here's my pet! Come here, come to grandpa, Mabel!"

But before the golden-haired toddler could

obey his behest, the young mother took its little hand in hers, and said, with an air of sweet severity:—

"Now, Mabel, kiss grandpapa, and then run away with Sophie at once, because we're busy."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Warden, with a humorous grimace; "oh, dear, mother is cross this morning, isn't she?"

Lifting the child, he fondled the golden head lovingly. "That's my darling!" he murmured, holding the soft cheek against his own. "Now, Mabel, how d'ye do—and a kiss for Brownie, old friends first."

The child stretched towards the secretary, who, rising, kissed her hastily and re-seated himself.

"Halloa!" the manager exclaimed, "that was rather a peck, wasn't it, my precious? Never mind, birdie, there's another instead."

Kissing her again and again, the little man pranced round the room, still carrying



"THE LITTLE MAN PRANCED ROUND THE ROOM."

the child, who laughed and screamed with pleasure; leaning her sunny head against his, the gold and silver threads mingling together. It was a pretty picture, the two were so thoroughly happy, but neither of the silent lookers-on appreciated it. Presently, out of breath, Warden stopped at Clinton's side.

"Now, Mabel," he panted, "how do, and a kiss for Mr. Clinton, my sweet."

"Father!" Mrs. Somerset cried, advancing. "Nonsense, Dolly," the father retorted. "Clinton's fond of children. Now then, pet."

Terribly ill at ease, the unfortunate author rose; but his woe-begone visage was not inviting, and after a glance at it, Mabel turned away, and, clutching her grandfather tightly round the neck, hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, come, come, Mabel, that's silly!" Warden said, with a chuckle of delight; "the gentleman's waiting. Now, darling, do as grandfather tells you."

But the baby clung the closer, and Warden's face grew quite grave.

"Mabel," he went on, earnestly, "kiss Mr. Clinton, or I shall be angry."

With the flush getting deeper on her cheeks, Mrs. Somerset went to her father.

"Father, dear," she pleaded, "as a favour to me, let the child go. She is inclined to be naughty altogether, this morning."

Warden shook his head and tried to look stern.

"All the more reason not to give in to her," he remarked, firmly. "Mabel, kiss Mr. Clinton at once! Clinton, please hold your face a little nearer."

With a sensation as of cold water running down his back, the hapless author protruded his forlorn countenance; but the child, having stolen a peep at him, began to cry vigorously, and even to kick, whereat her grandfather lost patience.

"Hang it all!" he ejaculated, warmly; "this child is getting too obstinate by half. But I will not be beaten by her. Come here, Dolly, and make her do as I tell her. Oh, don't move, Clinton, keep your face just as it is."

Clinton began to totter on his feet, and Mrs. Somerset, with sparkling eyes, took the child from the somewhat irate, elderly man, and put her into the arms of the maid, crying sharply:—

"Take her away at once; at once, Sophie, do you hear? I am sorry, father, to interfere," she continued, more gently—"but, dear, do recollect Mr. Clinton's business is important."

His good temper quite restored, Warden turned to the agitated young man.

"My dear boy," he said, "you must forgive me. That small minx is the apple of my eye, bless her! Now, Dolly, attend, please: don't talk."

Browne smothered a laugh, and Clinton recommenced unsteadily:—

"Interior of morning room at Mr. Findlater's. Handsomely furnished apartment. Family portraits on walls. Old Master over mantelshelf——"

"Pictures! Old Master! Good!" Warden cried, rattling his money excitedly. "Are you fond of pictures, Clinton?"

Mrs. Somerset and Browne coughed simultaneously, and the scared author raised his eyes, but he could make nothing of their signals and head shakings.

"Yes," he replied, drearily, "yes, I'm fond of pictures."

Warden rose, and walking briskly to the easel, withdrew the curtain and disclosed an utterly incomprehensible painting: a worthless imitation of a well-known artist, meaningless daubs of yellow being depicted upon an impenetrably black background.

"If you're fond of pictures, here's something will delight you," Warden cried, gloatingly. "Now, what do you think of that?"

The young man hesitated.

"I don't call that a picture," Warden proceeded.

"No, no more do——"

"It's a poem, sir, not a picture. I say it, and you won't find me far wrong in matters artistic. I am an art critic by instinct, in fact. Never had a lesson, but I know exactly how a thing ought to be. If I hadn't taken to the stage, I should have made a first-rate painter. Why, I have suggested a dozen subjects, any one of which might have made a big sensation; but painters are queer folk: they never seem disposed to take an idea from anyone else. Now, that man is an exception, that landscape is the result of a suggestion of mine; but he's a genius, this fellow is, and yet he has never once been hung at the R.A. But how can you wonder? Think who are the successful artists nowadays—just you run through their names——"

"Father!" Mrs. Somerset interrupted, desperately. "Unless he goes on, I shall forget the names of Mr. Clinton's characters."

"By Jove! Yes, of course. My dear, you are perfectly right. Clinton, I must apologize again. Sit down, my boy. By-the-bye, would you mind giving me some idea of the idiosyncrasies of the characters before you start off? It helps one so much in understanding a play. One doesn't miss points."

Greatly reassured, for Warden appeared at last to have settled down calmly, Clinton replied, quite cheerfully:—

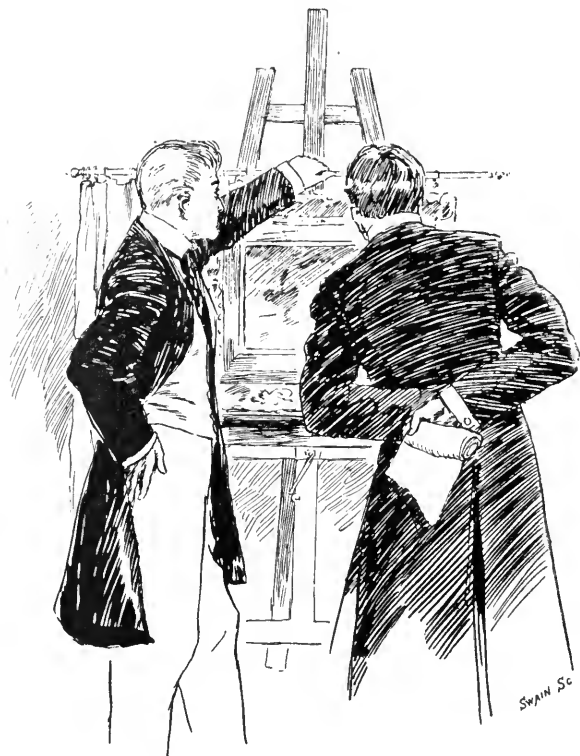
"By all means. Well, the Rev. Felix Findlater is a man who thoroughly believes in himself——"

"I know," chuckled Warden; "I know, a very objectionable sort of person——"

"A man," continued Clinton, "who has all sorts of new theories, and lays down the law about them."

Raising his hand with an excited gesture, the manager cried, triumphantly:—

"New! Lay! I understand it now! It's



"THIS IS A SUGGESTION OF MINE."

been bothering me all along ; but those words of yours have solved the mystery. Browne, where's your new-laid egg ?"

"I have not ordered it to-day, father," Mrs. Somerset replied, quickly.

"Why, my child ? Isn't there one ?"

"Oh, yes," the lady replied ; "but I told them not to send it in, as Mr. Clinton was reading."

"My dear, you were wrong," the father said, in gentle reproof ; "that accounts for the little pet's naughtiness altogether. Order it at once."

Mrs. Somerset saw Clinton lay down the MS. with shaking hands.

"I really cannot," she said, decisively.

"Then I will," Warden remarked, slightly ruffled, striking a small gong. "I am sure," he continued, amiably, "Clinton is too kind-hearted to take offence. This is a little custom, Clinton, and a pretty custom, too. Sophie," to the maid who had entered, "send in Mr. Browne's egg at once."

"Very well, sir, it is boiled. Cook didn't know it wasn't to come in till after she had boiled it."

"Browne had an awfully bad illness a year ago, Clinton," the manager explained, his

bright eyes suddenly growing misty ; "we thought he'd have slipped through our fingers, by George, we did ! And the first thing he ate, after refusing food for weeks, was an egg that the baby carried to his bedside. Ever since that, Mabel has brought in her dear Brownie's new-laid egg each morning. That's what upset the sensitive little soul. She didn't see why she should be done out of her privileges. Curious, wasn't it ? Your words 'New theories which he lays down' reminded me of it."

Once more the door opened, and the child appeared, her cherubic face suffused with smiles, carrying with elaborate care an egg in a silver cup.

"Come on, ducky !" Browne cried, hastening her. "Be quick, I'm waiting. That's right : thank you very much. Now be off to Sophie."

"Ah, but where are the wages, Browne ?" Warden asked, beaming with joy.

Hastily taking a lump of sugar, the secretary thrust it into the child's outstretched hand, and then pushed her gently towards the maid ; but the proud grandfather was irrepressible.

"Let's look, birdie," he said, holding out his arms. "Oh, that's a wretched bit ; tell him he's a mean cad, my sweet ! Here's a bigger one. What do you say ? Kiss me for it. That's right, that was a lovely one ; here's another lump for that. Mabel's a good girl, I'm sure ; I know she'll kiss Mr. Clinton now."

The unhappy young man fell back in his chair, powerless to utter any protest, but Mrs. Somerset rose, with a face of righteous indignation.

"I will not have it, father !" she cried ; "it is too much, really ! Sophie, take that child away and keep her in the nursery."

The maid retired quickly, and Warden sighed.

"My dear," he remonstrated, "you really are a little—well, never mind. Now, Clinton, please go on with the *dramatis personæ* ; the conceited reverend gentleman is the part for me, I presume ? It's curious that people should fancy I can play that sort of rôle, for you wouldn't easily find a more modest man than I am ; in fact, I——"

Clinton's voice was almost strident from agitation as he proceeded :—

"The next on the programme is Frederick Hammer; Hammer is an ordinary young man enough——"

Warden started violently.

"My dear fellow, excuse me a moment. You've just reminded me—Browne, is the carpenter here?"

"Yes, that's all right; don't you worry."

"But are you sure he's mended the desk and the arm-chair?"

"Yes, long ago; it's all right, I tell you."

"Ah, very well. Ten thousand pardons for interrupting you, Clinton; but if I hadn't got the matter off my mind, my attention might have wandered from your play. Now I'm perfectly ready."

"The footman comes next," Clinton explained, tersely: "low comedy."

"Good! Pass on to the women," Warden cried, sharply; "pardon my brusque manner, dear boy, but fewest words are best in these matters."

"Quite so," the author agreed. "Marjorie Findlater is rather a strange sort of girl; attractive, but a creature of impulse with a fiery temper."

"By Jove!" Warden ejaculated, "another Evelyn Thompson!"

"I beg your pardon——"

"Evelyn Thompson is the principal woman in one of my comedies. Recollect that character, Dolly?"

"Perfectly, father," Mrs. Somerset responded, curtly.

"There's a capital scene in that play," Warden continued, stretching out his thin legs, and resuming his rattling of the contents of his pockets, while a shadow of green overspread Clinton's moist and pallid face. "I say it without conceit, but that scene positively sparkles with epigram. Where is that MS., Dolly?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father," she replied, her heart thrilling with sympathy for the unhappy author.

"But, my dear, you *should* know," the unconscious manager remarked, gently.

"Dear father," she responded, pleadingly, "I'll look for it directly Mr. Clinton has finished; but he must get on now. See, the time is going quickly."

"By George! So it is! Fire away, Clinton. We understand about the characters now. I like the introduction of the child. Queer little souls, they are! Mabel's tantrum this morning reminds me of the time Fraser called. You recollect that time, Dolly?"

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"No, father, I do not," Mrs. Somerset answered, compressing her charming mouth with an air of determination. "Now, Mr. Clinton, please."

Very tremulously, the hapless George Clinton recommenced, but hardly had he spoken the first words, than his throat seemed to close, and an overwhelming attack of nervous coughing seized upon him. He was just recovering, and was dabbing his crimson face, when once more the door opened and Sophie reappeared, ushering in a lady.

"Mrs. Blunt," the maid announced.

With a musical ejaculation of pleasure, Humphrey Warden sprang up.

"Mrs. Blunt!" he cried, delightedly, while the agonized author groaned inwardly. "Dolly, here's Mrs. Blunt come to see us! Ah, Mrs. Blunt, I caught sight of you at the private view the other day. *Now*, what do you think of British art? How about the comparative merits of the French and English schools, now?"

An hysterical desire to burst into tears came upon George Clinton, and placing his hand over his trembling lips he got up hastily, and walking to the window stood gazing disconsolately out, struggling to prevent his eyes welling over. But when Mrs. Blunt's reply fell upon his ears, his heart rose a little. Sharply and brusquely the lady spoke, with a decided American accent.

"Can't argue about that this morning, Mr. Warden; guess I haven't time. My visit's to Dolly on business. Dolly——!"

Mrs. Blunt was an especial favourite with the manager; but finding that for once her object in coming had not been to chat with him, she became suddenly perfectly uninteresting to him, and drawing himself up with dignity he said, somewhat coldly :—

"Mrs. Blunt, you'll excuse my wishing you good morning. The fact is, this gentleman, Mr. Clinton"—Clinton bowed gloomily, trusting nobody would notice the condition of his eyes—"this gentleman is reading a play to me."

Hastily Mrs. Blunt broke in :—

"Sorry I interrupted, then. Shan't be a moment. Dolly, meet me this afternoon."

"You see, Mrs. Blunt," the manager proceeded, with mild severity, "an author's time is precious. That must be my excuse for hurrying you off. Good morning to you."

With a humorous twinkle in her eyes, Mrs. Blunt bustled to the door.

"Marshall and Snelgrove's, Silk Depart-

ment, 3 sharp, Dolly. Good-bye all, don't move, anyone."

With a smothered laugh, the visitor departed. For a moment Warden looked almost cross, and then his face lighted up again.

"By George! How that little woman does talk!" he exclaimed, good-humouredly. "I hope she didn't think me rude, but I was obliged to hurry her off. Women really haven't the slightest idea of the value of time."

"Oh, father, dear!" Mrs. Somerset cried, whilst Browne turned away to conceal the amusement excited by poor Clinton's blank stare of amazement. But Warden noticed nothing; settling himself comfortably, perfectly unconsciously he continued, smilingly:—

"It's quite true, Dolly, I never knew a woman who realized the value of time, yet. I remember a very funny instance of my dear wife's disregard of time, Clinton——"

"Father!"

"My child," Warden said, deprecatingly, "what an awkward habit you have of interrupting! That's another womanly weakness. It seems to be a positive impossibility to a woman to keep her attention fixed: her mind invariably wanders from the subject. Well, Clinton, on this particular occasion I was playing a character-part. I only came on in one scene, but, I say it without conceit, that scene made the piece; my performance was as highly polished as a gem. Where do you find that sort of polish nowadays, eh? Nowhere. It's these stylish amateurs have spoilt the artistic standard. Now, this very Mrs. Blunt wants to go upon the stage. What are her qualifications? Youth and beauty, you'll answer. Granted. But where is the beautiful humility and modesty, that doubt of her own powers, without which there can be no true art? There's no man, I say it without conceit, who can read character better than I can. I can read Mrs. Blunt. Mrs. Blunt believes in herself, and therefore she's a duffer."

The table began to shake; Clinton had suddenly turned deadly cold, and he shivered involuntarily as he sat with depressed head and dreary eyes.

"My boy," Warden cried, almost tenderly, "you don't look comfortable—not a bit of it. You are cold?"

"I am not, indeed," Clinton muttered, hoarsely. "I'll get on now, please."

"Stop a bit, don't be in a hurry!" was the kindly rejoinder. "You must come nearer

the fire. It's quite impossible to do yourself justice while you feel uncomfortable. Come over here."

The blood singing in his ears, Clinton rose, and, walking unsteadily round the table, dropped into the chair Warden had placed for him. Then, raising his MS. once more, he cried, in trembling tones:—

"The scene you have heard described. Enter Frederick Hammer, carrying bouquet of flowers——"

"Ah!" Warden exclaimed, drawing in his breath appreciatively—"Ah, you are fond of flowers, Clinton?"

"No, I am not!" the desperate author shouted, his very lips growing pale as he clutched his MS. hard.

"Really, now, that's very strange!" Warden remarked, bending towards him with much interest; "not fond of flowers! Well, well, and I love them myself! Not fond of flowers: how queer! Why, to me a rose is the incarnation of beauty. And then a lily! Purity symbolized! Daisies, cowslips, primroses, violets! But, there, I worship Nature in every aspect. That's where I get my power both as author and actor. I am a student of Nature. I say it in all becoming humility, but in my plays my men and women live and breathe; they are not puppets: they are human beings with souls! While on the stage—— How many parts have you seen me play, Clinton?"

Completely crushed with bitter disappointment, his brain dizzy and his heart aching, Clinton gazed blankly at his kindly torturer.

"I haven't the least idea," he faltered.

"But you know which you consider my greatest effort?"

"No, I don't," the young man responded, faintly, consumed with a terrible fear that he should never get away without breaking down altogether.

"Oh, but think, think, my boy," Warden continued, energetically. "There's Sir Peter, Sir Anthony Absolute, Touchstone——" The clock commenced striking; Clinton could not suppress a smothered groan of misery.

"God bless me, what's that?" Warden cried. "Not twelve, surely!"

"Yes, it is," Browne said, ominously.

Mrs. Somerset was silent, but she looked in almost tearful sympathy at Clinton.

Warden rose and fussily buttoned up his coat. "Dear, dear," he said, "I'm so awfully sorry, but I must go. I've called a rehearsal for twelve, and I never keep people waiting. I'm really grieved that we shan't be able to finish the play, though. It opened capitally.



"I'M SO AWFULLY SORRY, BUT I MUST GO."

The child, the pictures, the flowers, all first-rate! Fresh and unconventional, that's what we want nowadays. That's how I've made my hit. I'm unconventional; there's no actor like me, in fact. I combine old-fashioned finish with modern go-aheadness. I'm not boasting, you understand—I detest that sort of thing—it's a fact. Now, Browne, come along, I want to talk to you. Good morning, Clinton"—shaking hands warmly with the speechless author—"good morning to you; I hope we shall meet again at some future time when I'm not so busy; you see how it is with me to-day. So pleased to have made your acquaintance. I shall tell Moore I think your piece commenced remarkably well. By-bye, Dolly. Good morning, again!"

The two were gone, but Clinton could not speak. Sinking into a chair he leant his bewildered head on his hand.

"Mr. Clinton, oh! Mr. Clinton, I'm so very sorry; I don't know what to say," Mrs. Somerset faltered.

Pulling himself together, the young man rose, and began with trembling fingers rolling up his MS.

"Don't say anything, Mrs. Somerset," he stammered, with a brave attempt to speak lightly; "at least, I don't mean that, but it's of no consequence, thank you."

"But it *is* of consequence," she retorted. "Oh, if the wind had only been in the east!"

"The wind in the east!" he repeated, disconsolately. "I don't understand."

"That is the only time when it's possible to read a play to father."

"Indeed!"

"When the wind is in the east," she explained, very earnestly, "father is subject to rheumatism in his jaws; talking under those circumstances is painful to him."

"I understand," Clinton murmured, regretfully; "I wish I had known."

"Will you leave the play with me?" Mrs. Somerset asked, flushing prettily. "The wind may change at any moment, you know, and I promise you I wouldn't lose an opportunity."

A gleam of hope came into Clinton's weebegone eyes.

"Do you really mean," he cried, "that you would read my unfortunate little piece to your father yourself?"

"Indeed, I would."

Poor Clinton's voice shook with emotion.

"You take away my breath," he said.

"It might be the making of me if your father would accept the play. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try to thank me now," Mrs. Somerset murmured, lowering her eyes demurely; "thank me when you come to fetch the MS."

Clinton's heart suddenly leapt, and an unaccountable thrill passed through him.

"I may come again?" he said, quite tenderly; "you really are serious?"

"Of course I am," she responded, softly, "and I hope I shall have good news for you."

"Oh, I don't care about that now," he cried, irrationally; "that is to say, so long as I may come and talk it over with you I shall be more than content."

Somewhat confused, the lady held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, gently; "good-bye for the present; I hope we shall meet again soon."

"I hope so, indeed," Clinton answered, pressing her hand slightly; "good-bye, I can't tell you how grateful I am. I was so awfully down ten minutes ago. Good-bye, again."

Mrs. Somerset stood at the window watch-

ing until Clinton's tall figure was lost in the distance; then she turned towards the fire and seated herself with his MS. in her hand.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured. "Poor fellow. How good-tempered and how good-looking he is. I wonder if his play is clever! I am almost afraid to look, I should be so sorry to find it wasn't. Ah, Sophie, clear away the breakfast things."

Opening the MS., she glanced rapidly through the first page, while the maid loaded the tray with plates and dishes; she read rapidly for a few minutes, and then her countenance began to beam.

"Good!" she cried, involuntarily. "Capital! That's awfully funny, really! Oh, Sophie, for mercy's sake do leave off making that dreadful noise. Clear the things presently."

"And what time is Miss Mabel to go out, ma'am?" Sophie inquired. But Mrs. Somerset did not reply, and the maid raised her voice. "Nurse says, what time is Miss Mabel to go out for her walk, ma'am?"

With an impatient gesture, Mrs. Somerset shook her charming head.

"Good gracious, Sophie! do go, and don't bother," she cried. Sophie raised her brows in astonishment, and was about to close the door quietly when Mrs. Somerset looked up sharply. "Sophie," she said, excitedly, "what quarter is the wind in now? I thought I heard the window rattle. Go and look—make haste!"

The maid crossed the room, while the mistress continued, in an undertone:—

"It's really wonderfully good! Poor fellow, how disappointed he must have felt. So modest he was about it, too. Father must and shall take it. I hope we sha'n't keep him long in suspense. Well, Sophie?"

"The wind's changed, ma'am," Sophie said; "poor master will feel it in his face: it's in the east."

But Mrs. Somerset expressed no commiseration for her suffering father. Pressing the MS. to her breast, she looked up at the astonished maid, and murmured, ecstatically, "In the east—already in the east! Oh, I am so glad!"



"THE WIND'S CHANGED, MA'AM."